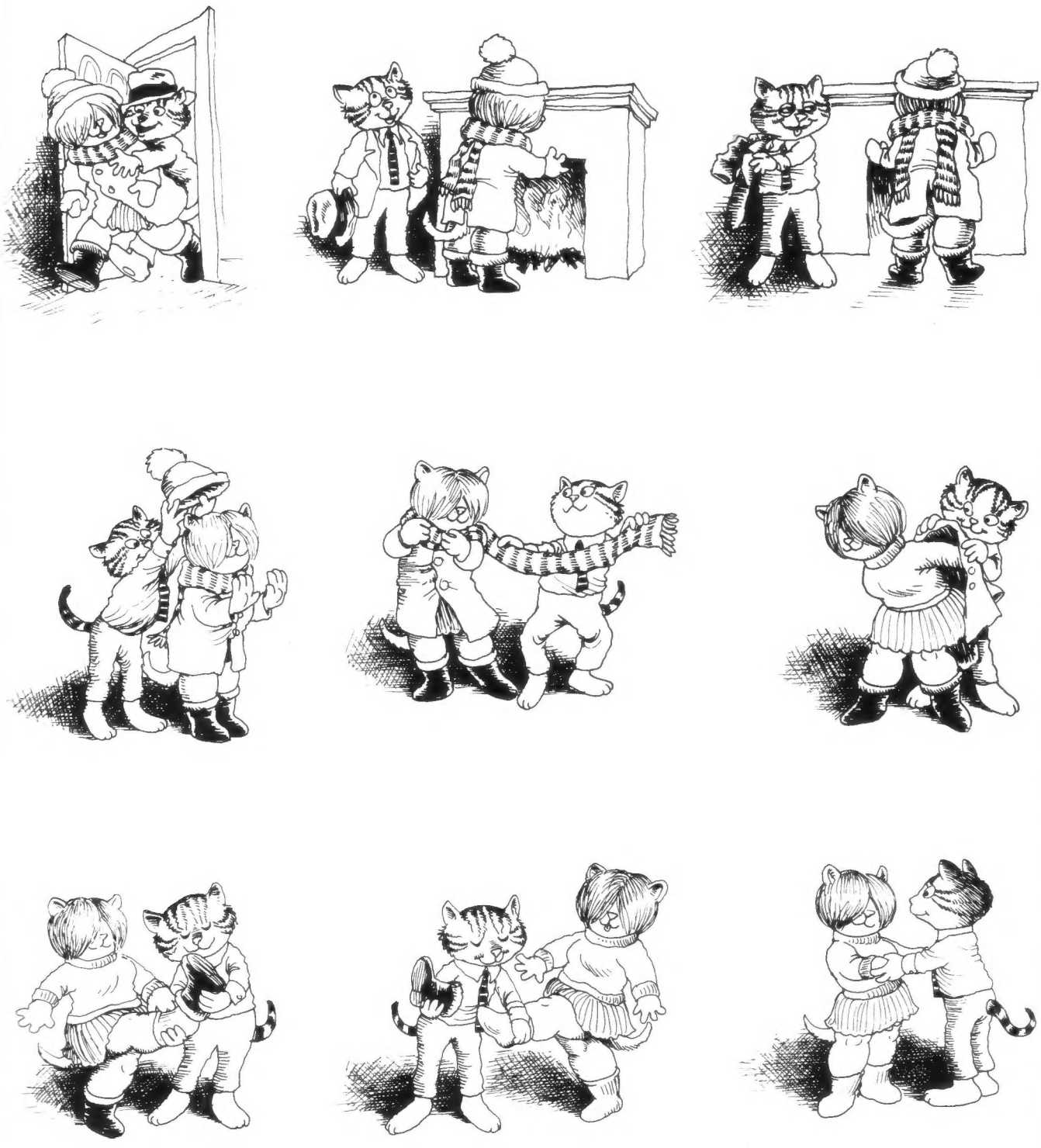
Fritz the Cat, Ace Salesman
AHH... DROOL DROOL... THIS NEIGHBORHOOD LOOKS VIRTUALLY UNTAPPED.. ALL THE HOUSES LOOK SO GOOD I DONT KNOW WHERE TO START!
THE JAYS
by R. CRUMB
GUESS IT DOESNT REALLY MATTER
KNOCK KNOCK
GOOD MORNING MADAM! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU AND YOUR FAMILY SAVE YOUR SOULS FROM DAMNATION!
MAY I COME IN?
WELL, I UH...
NICE MORNING, ISNT IT? HA HA... YES SIR... HEH HEH...
MADAM, I REPRESENT AN ORGANIZATION THAT IS WITHOUT EQUAL IN ANY FIELD... I'M SELLING A COMMODITY THAT NO ONE CAN DO WITHOUT...
BUT—
WE CALL OURSELVES GOD INCORPORATED
ONE QUESTION MADAM... JUST ONE QUESTION... IS YOUR HOME SUFFICIENTLY HOLY?— DOES YOUR FAMILY DWELL IN A SANCTIFIED HOUSE? ARE YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND AND CHILDREN SAFE FROM SATANIC INFECTION?...

NOW, THINK ABOUT THAT FOR A MINUTE, MADAM! THAT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY... THIS IS NO EVERY DAY ORDINARY SALES PITCH I'M GIVING YOU!
WHILE YOU'RE THINKING, LET ME TELL YOU A LITTLE BIT ABOUT "GOD INCORPORATED".
NOW YOU KNOW THAT IN THIS DAY AND AGE WHEN WE'RE ALL SO CAUGHT UP IN THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF THE MODERN SCHEME OF HURRY HURRY HURRY THAT, WELL.... MOST OF US FORGET TO TAKE TIME OUT NOW AND THEN...
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH!
YOU KNOW THIS YOURSELF, I'M SURE, MADAM... DON'T YOU SOMETIMES FIND THAT YOU'VE JUST COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOUR DUTIES TO THAT GOOD OLD LITTLE GUY UP THERE... HMMM?
WELL, HE HASN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOU!
SO, THE PEOPLE AT "GOD INCORPORATED" CAME UP WITH A WONDERFUL IDEA TO SAVE YOU TIME AND KEEP THE MAN UPSTAIRS HAPPY TOO!
IT'S A NEW MIRACLE OF AUTOMATION! A WONDERFUL DEVICE WHICH COMBINES THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES WITH THE FINEST KNOWLEDGE OF THE MEN OF FAITH!
....NEW EASY-TO-USE "SANCT-O-SPRAY"!
YOU JUST PUSH THIS LITTLE BUTTON... IT'S AS EASY AS THAT, AND-WOOSH! - YOUR HOUSE IS AS HOLY AS A CHURCH!

YOU CAN FEEL THE DIFFERENCE ALREADY, CAN'T YOU, MADAM? NOW, OUR NEW INTRODUCTORY OFFER WILL MEAN BIG SAVINGS FOR YOU!
WE'LL GIVE YOU.... UH.. WE'LL ... UH....
WHAT'S.....
NATALIE!
NATALIE! DON'T BE SO RUDE! TURN OFF THAT TV AND GET OUT OF THE LIVING ROOM!
GO ON! GET OUT! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TALKING TO THIS MAN?
OW.
THUD!
WAAH! WAAH! WAAH!
THAT NATALIE...HEH HEH...SOMETIMES SHE'S JES' A PAIN! A REAL PAIN....
YOUR DAUGHTER, TAKE IT?
UH..YEAH... THAT NATALIE! SHE'S A REAL PAIN SOME TIMES!
MADAM, NOW THAT I'VE SHOWN YOU WHAT SANCT-O-SPRAY CAN DO, HAVE YOU ANY DOUBTS ABOUT IT'S HOLY PURIFYING POWERS?

WELL, IT SEEMS TO BE PRETTY GOOD!
AAH! WELL NOW... IF I'M NOT BEING TOO PERSONAL, MADAM, I PERCIEVE THAT YOU ARE HAVING A PROBLEM HERE WITH YOUR DAUGHTER...
OH, YOU'RE NOT KIDDING!
I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE WORRIED THAT SHE MAY BECOME CORRUPT.... MAY FALL UNDER EVIL INFLUENCES...
THAT'S TH' TRUTH!
LET SANCT-O-SPRAY END THOSE WORRIES QUICKLY, EASILY... A THOROUGH SPRAYING OF SANCT-O-SPRAY ON YOUR DAUGHTER AND YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER!
OH THAT SOUNDS WONDERFUL!
YOUR DAUGHTER WILL REMAIN PURE FOR MONTHS, INNOCENT AND SAINTLY AS A NEWBORN LAMB!
AND BECAUSE I FEEL SUCH STRONG SYMPATHY FOR YOU IN YOUR PLIGHT, MADAM, I'M WILLING TO GIVE YOU A FREE DEMONSTRATION!
OH, YOU DON'T HAVE TO.—I'LL BUY SOME!
A WISE DECISION MADAM... YOU WILL NEVER REGRET IT! BUT I MUST SHOW YOU THE CORRECT METHOD!
METHOD?
YES.. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW! TO GET THE BEST USE OUT OF YOUR SANCT-O-SPRAY..
WHY DON'T YOU CALL NATALIE BACK INTO THE ROOM.. I'LL GIVE HER THE BIZ—ER—THE BLESSED PURIFICATION SHE NEEDS....
OH THIS IS WONDERFUL!
NATALIE! COME DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW!
HEH HEH HEH

FRITZ THE CAT *in* "FRITZ COMES ON STRONG"

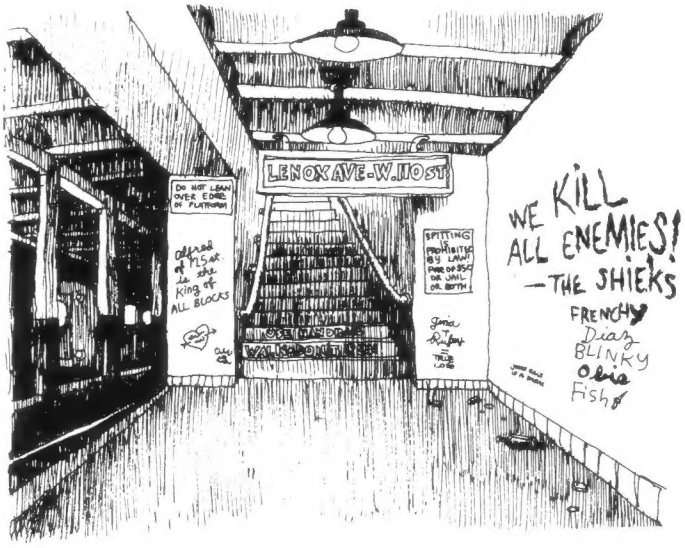


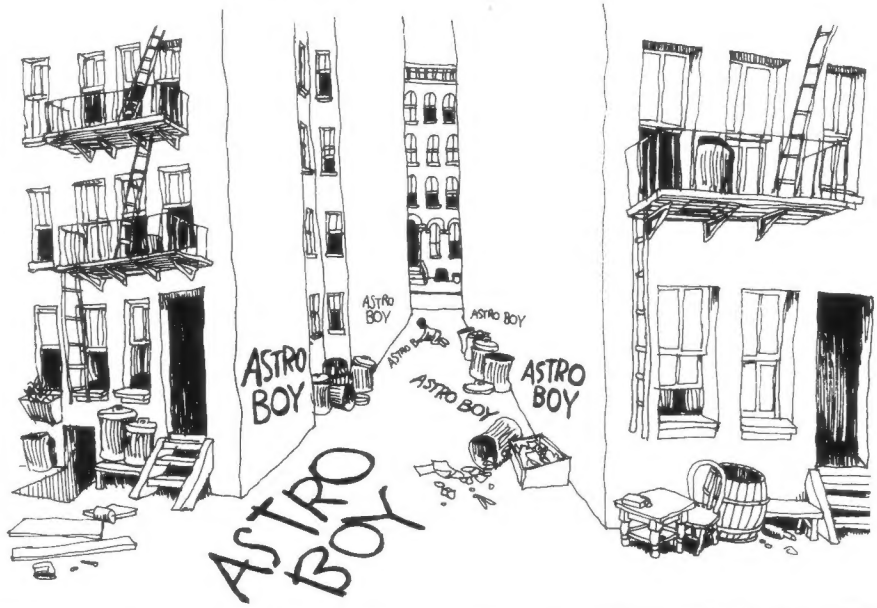
NOW BE PATIENT, MY SWEET... THEM LITTLE FLEAS ARE HARD T' GET HOLD OF!

HARLEM

HEY EMILY HONEY! LEN' ME YO' CHILLUNS... AH'M GOIN' FOR MAH WELFARE CHECK!

COMING YOUR WAY
ANOTHER GOOD HOME OF LEARNING
TEMPORARY PORTABLE BUILDINGS
BEING ERECTED FOR THE CITY
OF NEW YORK
HON. ROBERT F. WAGNER
MAYOR is a mother


LENOX AVE-W.110 ST
DO NOT LEAN OVER EDGE OF PLATFORM
SPITTING IS PROHIBITED BY LAW! FINE OF $50 OR JAIL OR BOTH
WE KILL ALL ENEMIES! —THE SHIEKS
FRENCHY
Diaz
BLINKY
Olie
Fish


ASTRO BOY
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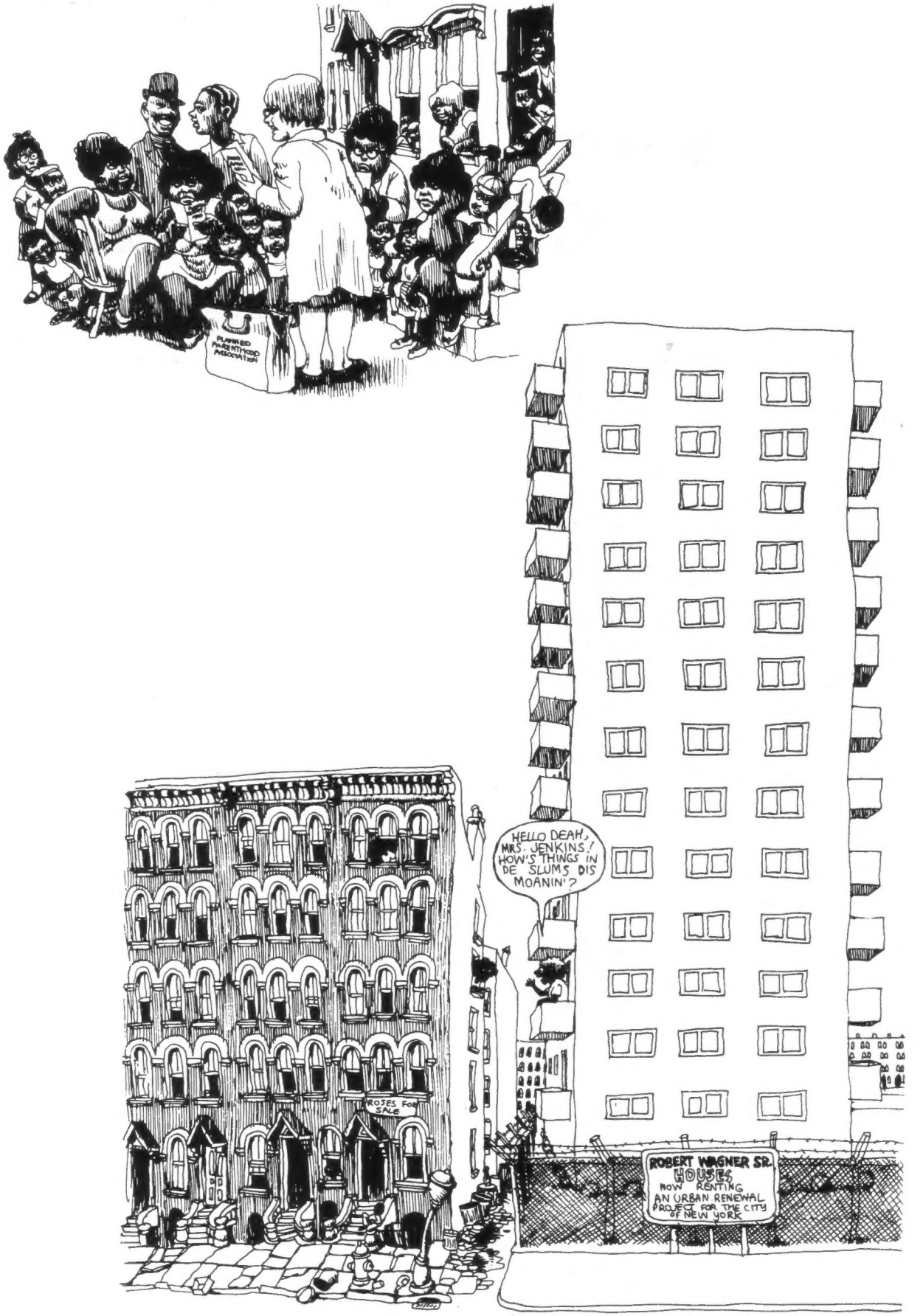
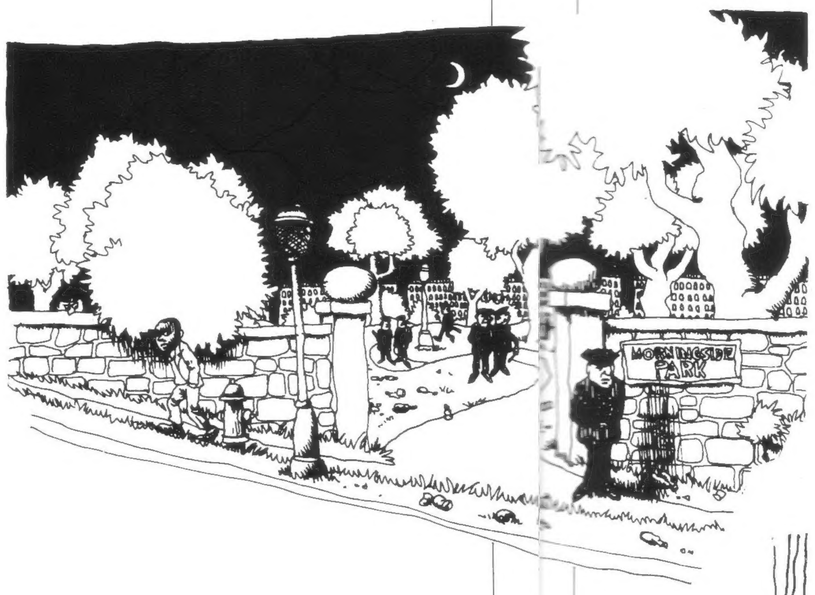
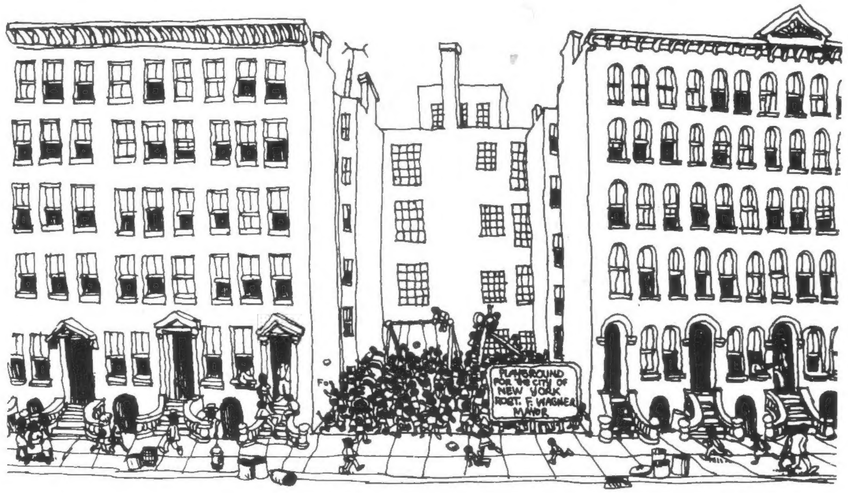

PLANNED PARENTHOOD ASSOCIATION
HELLO DEAH, MRS. JENKINS! HOW'S THINGS IN DE SLUMS DIS MOANIN'?
ROSES FOR SALE
ROBERT WAGNER SR. HOUSES
NOW RENTING
AN URBAN RENEWAL PROJECT FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK

A FEW OF THE GANGS OF HARLEM





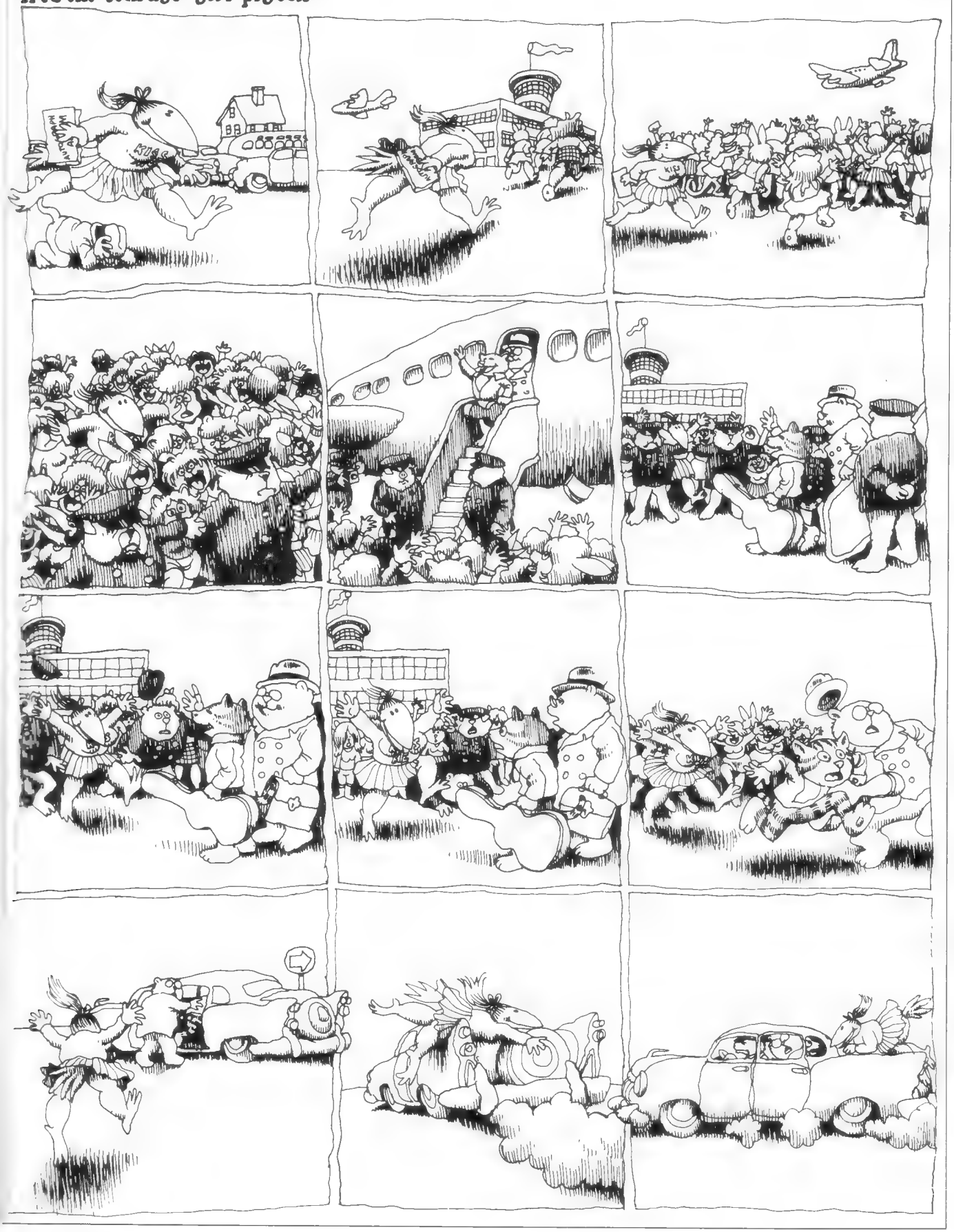
RKO ALHAMBRA
"THE BLOODFEAST"
PLUS "THE KILLERS"
THERE IS MORE THAN ONE WAY TO KILL A MAN
MORE GRISLY THAN EVER!!!
NOTHING SO APPALLING IN THE ANNALS OF HORROR!
THE TORTURE OF THIS GIRL MUST BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED!
TICKETS

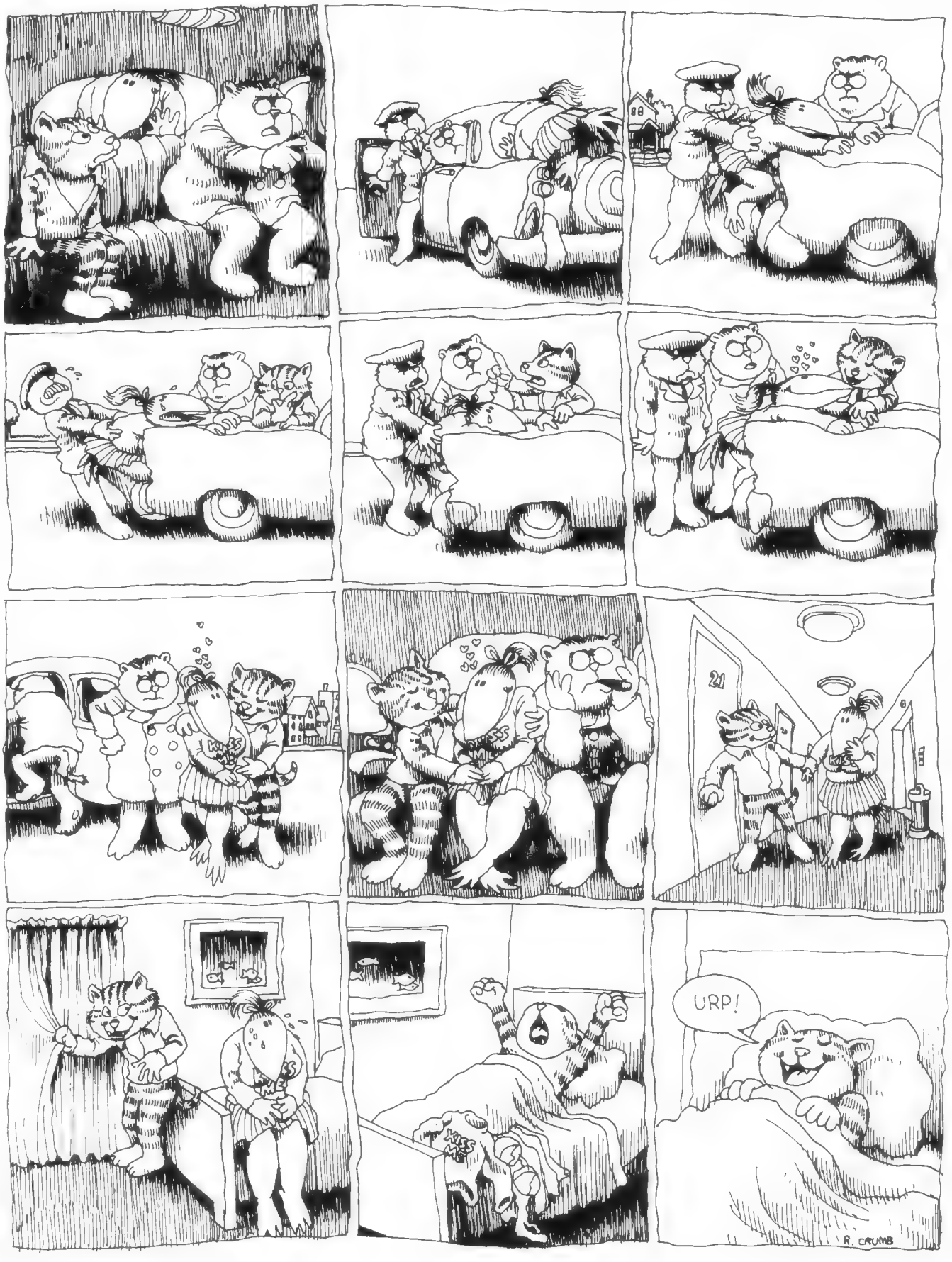
FRESH FRUIT
TOMATOES 25¢ LB
PLUMS 25¢ LB

YOU MUST BE REGISTERED
SPECIAL SUMMER REGISTRATION

MAH POINT IS THAT WE, AS AN ETHNIC GROUP, HAVE DEVELOPED PARANOIC PSYCHOLOGICAL COMPLEXES WHICH, CONSIDERING SUBCONSCIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF IDENTITY, RENDERS US A SOCIAL ENIGMA WHICH....
JOP
FOOFOO SANDWICH SHOP
WEENIE
HOT DOG 20
HOTCHA
WIMPIE'S FOOD SHOPPE
BAR
HARLEM SWAN 2
ALVIN VALENTINE & HIS
TONIGHT
COZY BAR
LEEDS STETSON HATS
AFRICAN LOBSTER

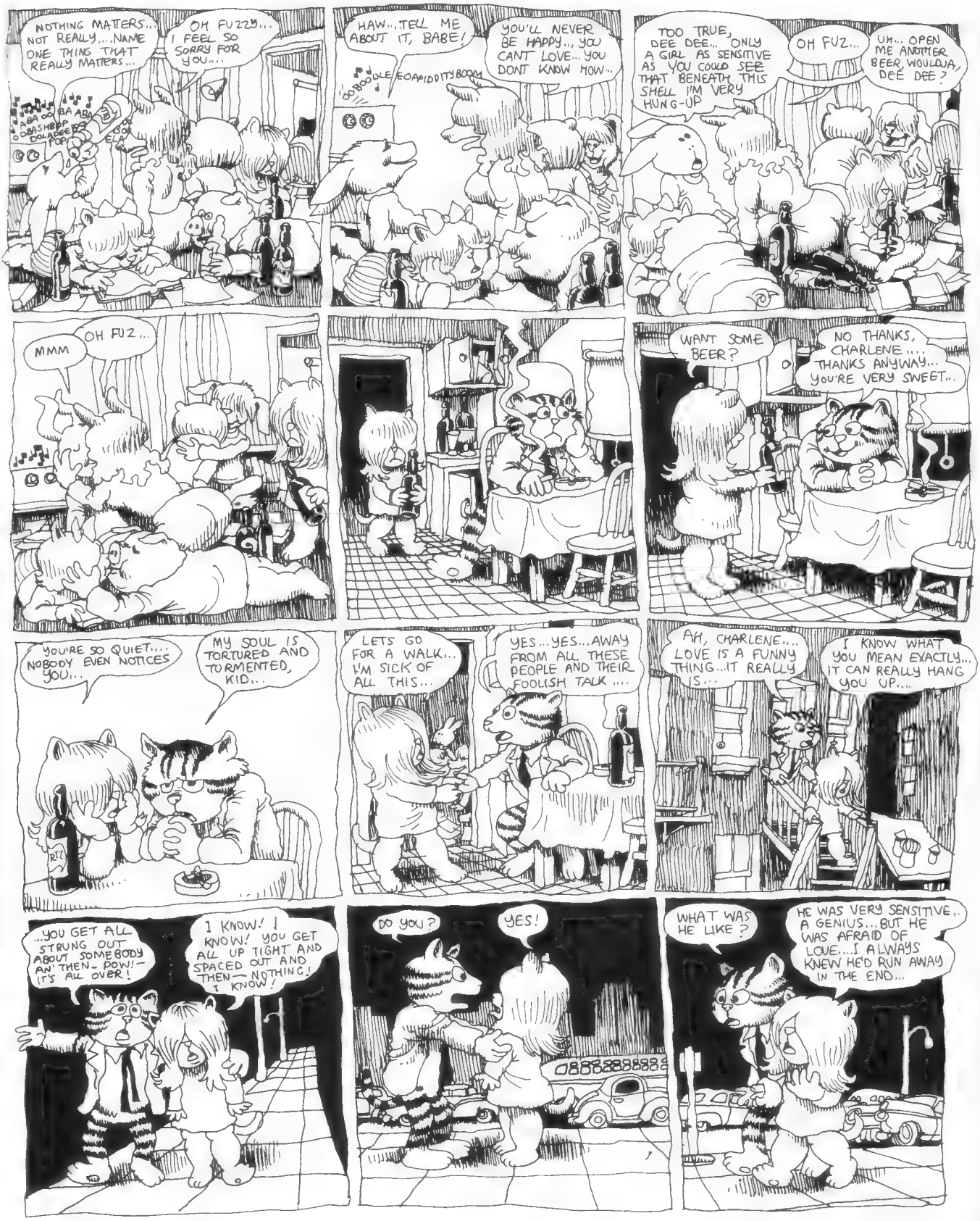
fred the teen-age girl pigeon

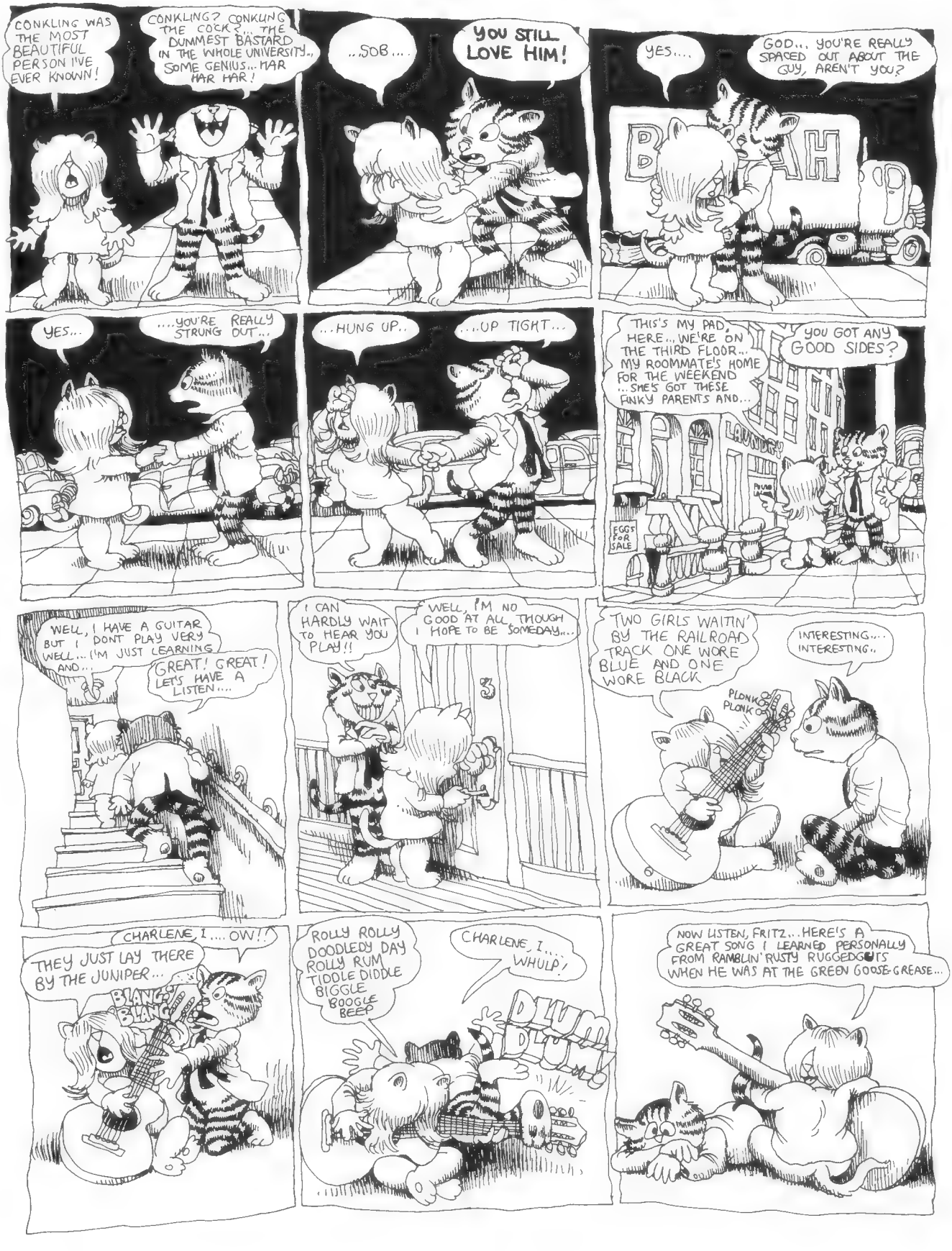


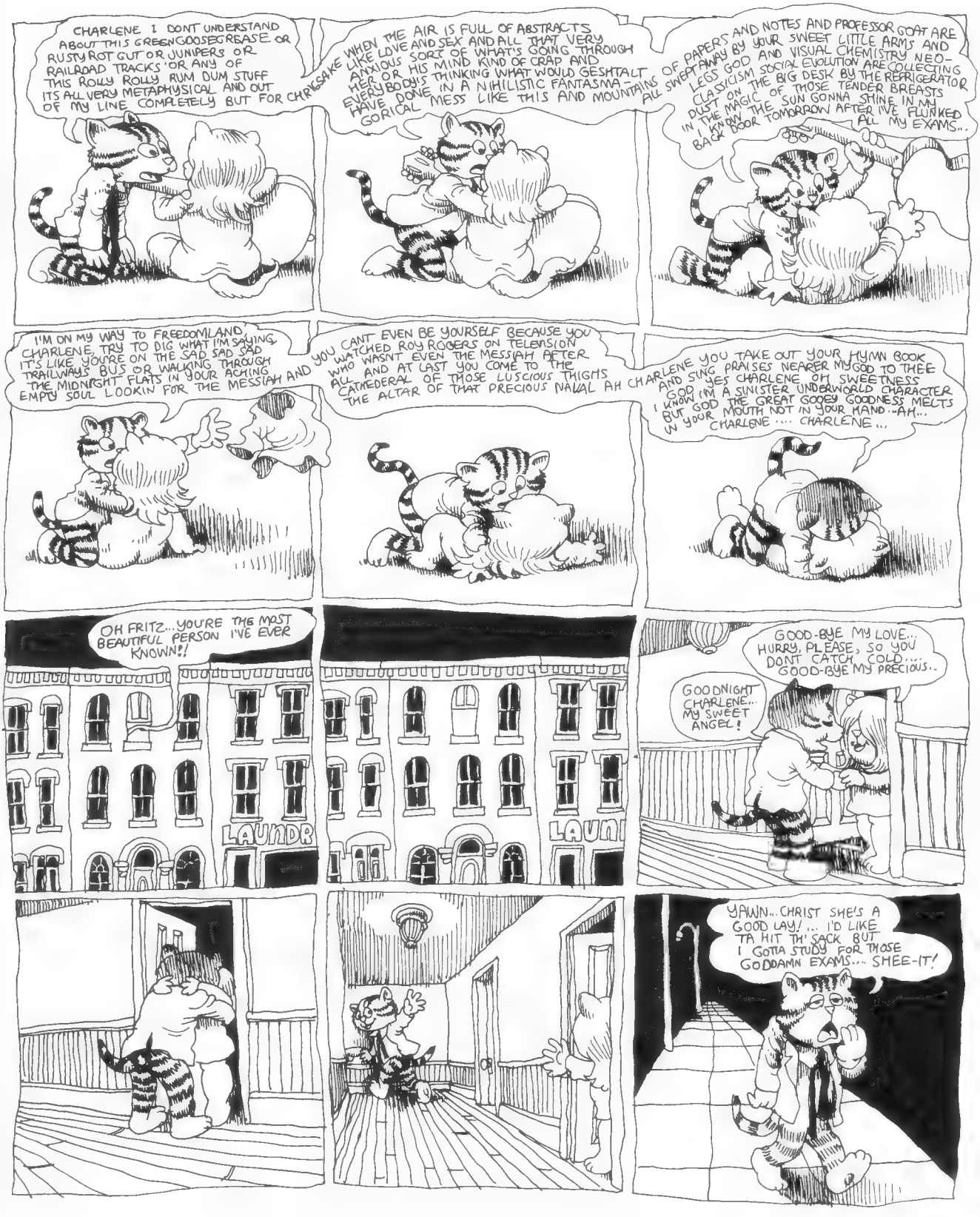

21
URP!
R. CRUMB

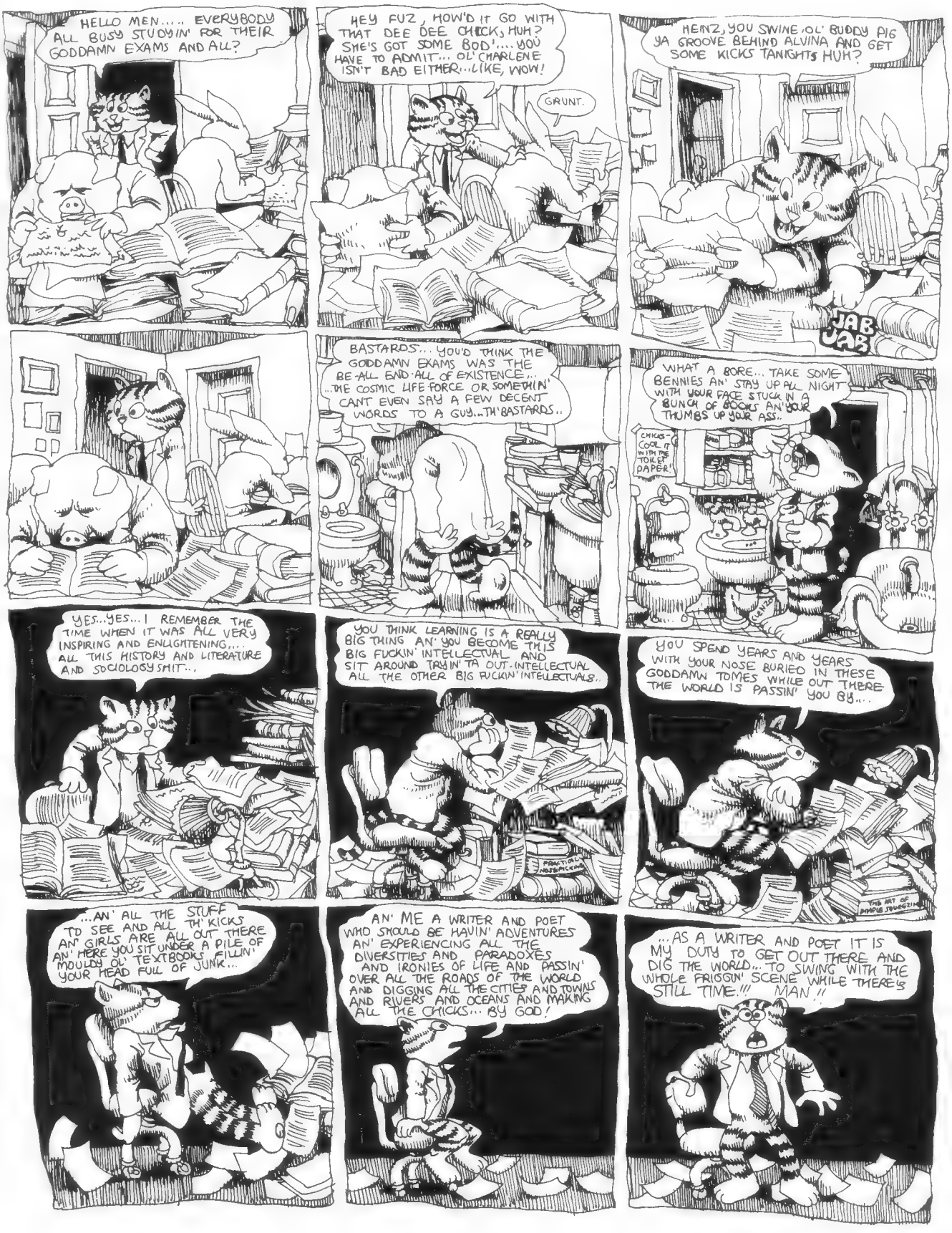
FRITZ
the cat
IN
FRITZ BUGS OUT
I ADMIT I'M A NO-GOOD BASTARD, BUT... I.... I NEED HER MEN... I NEED THE GIRL!
LISTEN, FRITZ, CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THE RELATIONSHIP WAS DOOMED FROM THE START?
WHY DON'T WE JUST GET SOME BOOZE AND FORGET IT!?
I KNOW IT WAS! I KNOW IT!
YOU WOULD HAVE DESTROYED EACH OTHER... IT WAS THIS SADO-MASOCHISTIC THING!
LET'S GET SOME BOOZE AND FORGET IT! HUH?
I KNOW IT WAS, BUT I NEED HER... I CANT LIVE WITHOUT OLD WINSTON!!
MAN! YOU'RE IN A REAL BAD BAG OVER OLD WINSTON!
LET'S GET SOME BEER!
I'M HUNG UP!
STRUNG OUT!
UP TIGHT!
WHY DON'T WE JUST GET SOME BOOZE AND FORGET IT!
YOU SWINE!
IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT?
WELL, I...
LISTEN, HEINZ! HERE'S A FIVE! RUN DOWN TO HIGH STREET AN' GET A COUPLE SIX PACKS AN' MEET US BACK AT THE PLACE!
NO PROBLEM!
C'MON FRITZ... WE'RE GONNA DROWN YOUR TROUBLES... I GOT THIS ORGY ALL PLANNED OUT, MAN...
I WOULD BE WISER TO DROWN ME! I CAN'T GO ON WITHOUT HER!
COOL IT, PAL.. LISTEN, I GOT SOME GIRLS TO CALL... WHY DON'T YOU SEE IF YOU CAN DIG UP SOME POT?..
POT? HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO MOURN MY LOST LOVE IF I'M HIGH ON GODDAMN POT!?
FRITZ, YOU'RE A HOPELESS ROMANTIC!
YEAH YEAH... LOOK, I'VE GOT STUDYING TO DO, MAN... WE GOT SIX MILLION EXAMS COMING UP SOON, AN' I GOTTA MAKE THIS QUARTER OR.....
QUIT TRYIN' TO FINK OUT... THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS IN LIFE THAN EXAMS... YOU KNOW THAT...
YEAH... MORE IMPORTANT THINGS...

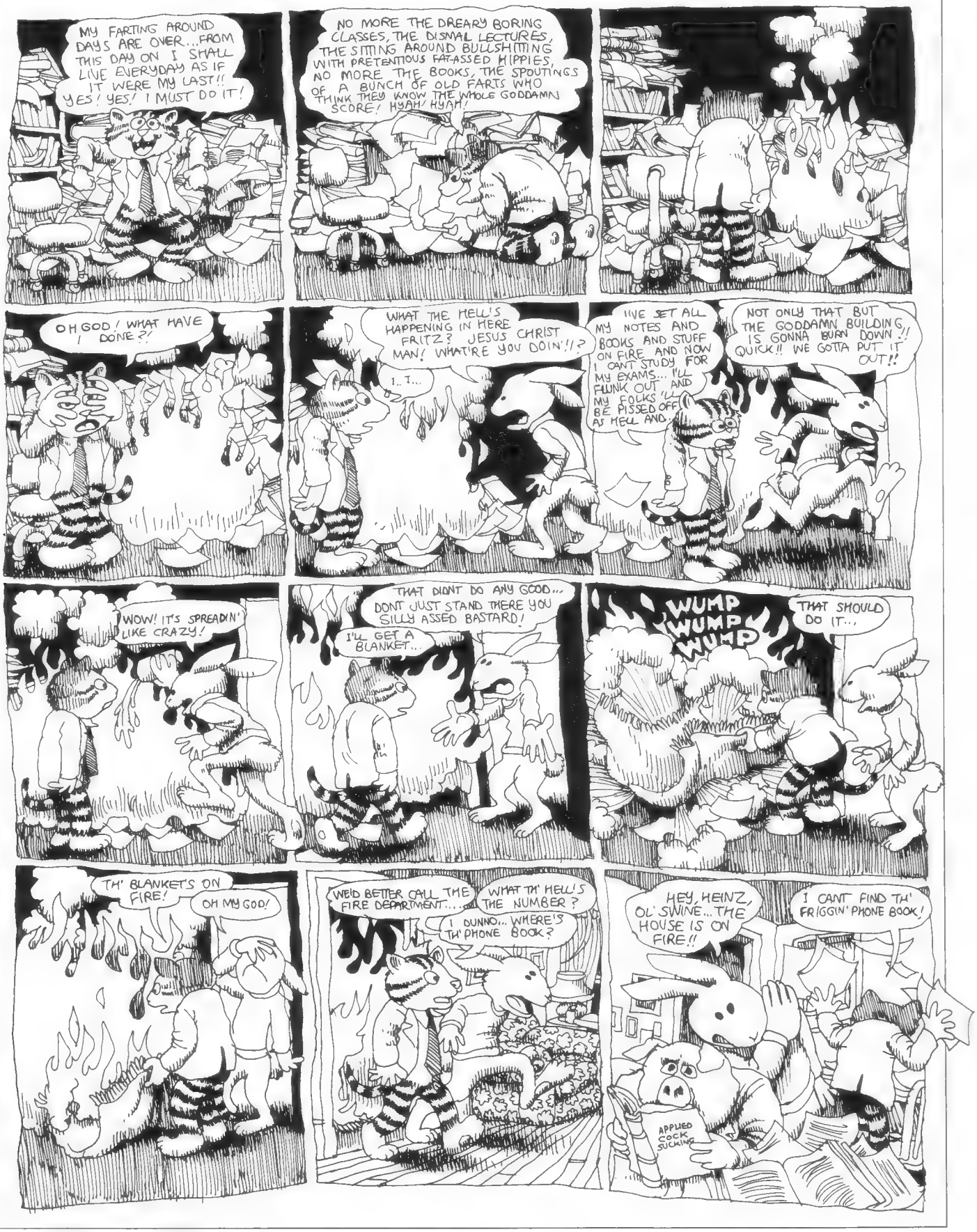
WINSTON! WINSTON! COME BACK TO ME, MY LOVE!
HI ALVINA...THIS IS FUZ...WHAT'S HAPPENING?.... YEAH?...WHO ALL IS THERE?
LET ME ONCE AGAIN KNOW THE BEAUTY OF YOUR LOVE, MY WINSTON!
OH, ALICE IS THERE...AND OLD SEXY DEEDEE, EH? WHO ELSE?...CHARLENE? DONT KNOW HER....
OH SHE'S IN YOUR FAMILY PLANNING CLASS... YOU'RE ALL CRAMMING FOR EXAMS... ....UH HUH...YEAH...HE'S HERE WITH ME NOW....
UH... I DUNNO... HE'S NOT IN A VERY COOL MOOD OR ANYTHING...
...WELL, I'LL TRY TO PERSUADE HIM... AT ANY RATE, ME 'N' HEINZ'LL BE OVER...
YEAH, I'LL SEE YA, KID....
THIS CHARLENE CHICK HAS HEARD ALL ABOUT WHAT A COOL STUD YOU ARE AND SHE WANTS TO MEET YOU...
YEAH?
...WELL...JESUS... I DUNNO.... I GUESS IF SHE'S REALLY STRUNG OUT ABOUT MEETING ME...
YEAH..SHE'S REALLY UPTIGHT ABOUT IT... ....HUNG UP... ...SPACED OUT....
...SPACED OUT...
YEAH... SPACED OUT... ...UP TIGHT...STRUNG OUT... HUNG UP...
OH OKAY
I'M HIP
AHHA! HERE IS OUR BUDDY HEINZ WITH THE BOOZE! MY GOD, A WHOLE CASE! HOW IN THE HELL —
HOR HOR HOR! I DIN'T HAFTA EVEN PAY FOR IT... COPPED IFFA BACK OF A TRUCK WHEN NOBODY WAS LOOKIN!
BLURTZ BEER
HEINZ, YOU'RE ABOUT THE COOLEST GUY AROUND....
TRUE! TRUE!
WHERE WE GOIN', HUH FUZ HUH WE GONNA GEE SOME GIRLS HUH?
BLURTZ BEER
OTHER TIMES, HEINZ, YOU'RE THE BIGGEST FINK IN THE WORLD ... C'MON, LE'S GO!
BLURTZ

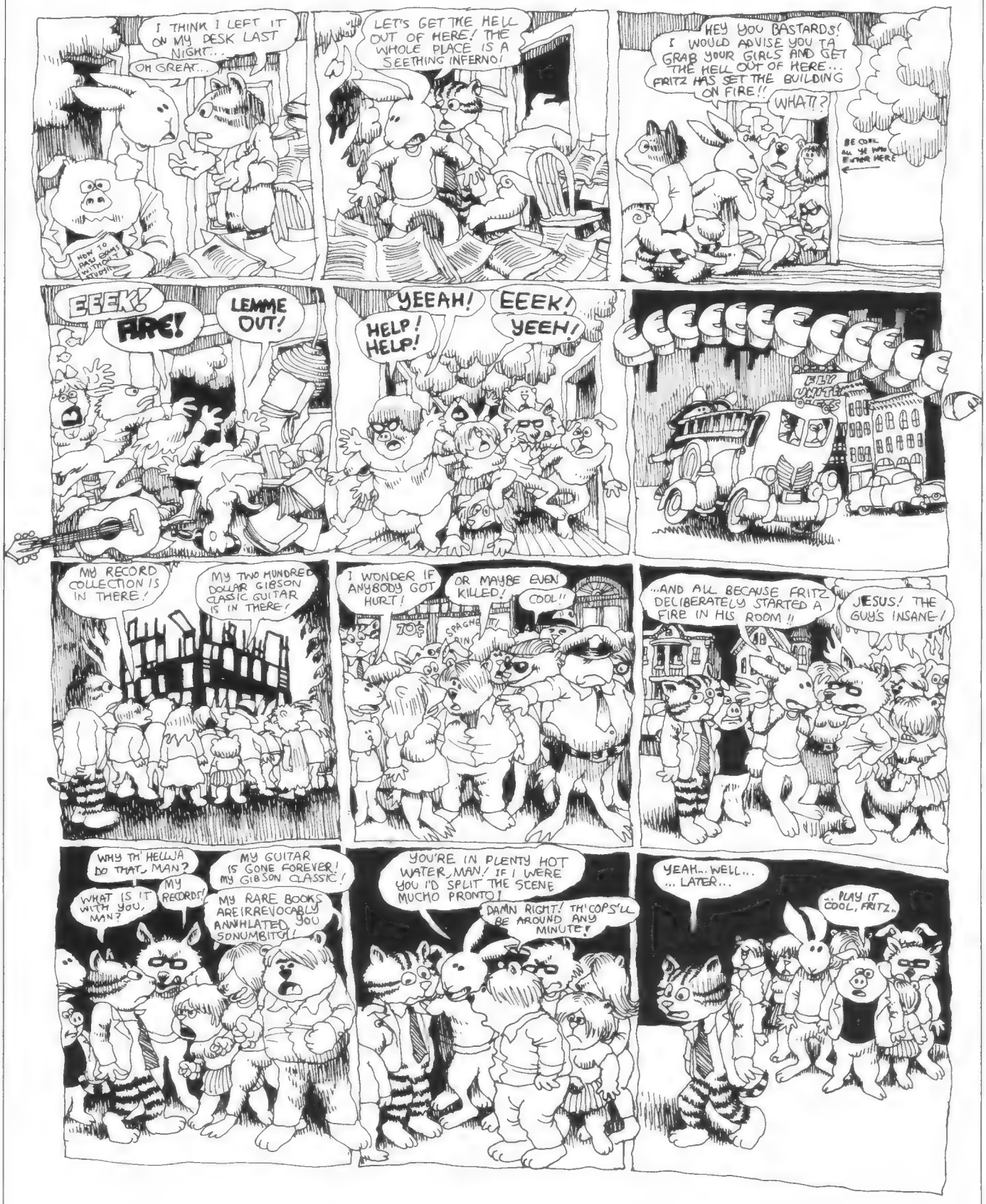

NOTHING MATTERS... NOT REALLY... NAME ONE THING THAT REALLY MATTERS...
OH FUZZY... I FEEL SO SORRY FOR YOU...
HAW... TELL ME ABOUT IT, BABE!
YOU'LL NEVER BE HAPPY... YOU CANT LOVE... YOU DONT KNOW HOW...
TOO TRUE, DEE DEE... ONLY A GIRL AS SENSITIVE AS YOU COULD SEE THAT BENEATH THIS SHELL I'M VERY HUNG-UP
OH FUZ...
UH... OPEN ME ANOTHER BEER, WOULDJA, DEE DEE?
MMM
OH FUZ...
WANT SOME BEER?
NO THANKS, CHARLENE... THANKS ANYWAY... YOU'RE VERY SWEET...
YOU'RE SO QUIET... NOBODY EVEN NOTICES YOU...
MY SOUL IS TORTURED AND TORMENTED, KID...
LETS GO FOR A WALK... I'M SICK OF ALL THIS...
YES... YES... AWAY FROM ALL THESE PEOPLE AND THEIR FOOLISH TALK...
AH, CHARLENE... LOVE IS A FUNNY THING... IT REALLY IS...
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN EXACTLY... IT CAN REALLY HANG YOU UP...
...YOU GET ALL STRUNG OUT ABOUT SOMEBODY AN' THEN- POW!- IT'S ALL OVER!
I KNOW! I KNOW! YOU GET ALL UP TIGHT AND SPACED OUT AND THEN— NOTHING! I KNOW!
DO YOU?
YES!
WHAT WAS HE LIKE?
HE WAS VERY SENSITIVE.. A GENIUS... BUT HE WAS AFRAID OF LOVE... I ALWAYS KNEW HE'D RUN AWAY IN THE END...

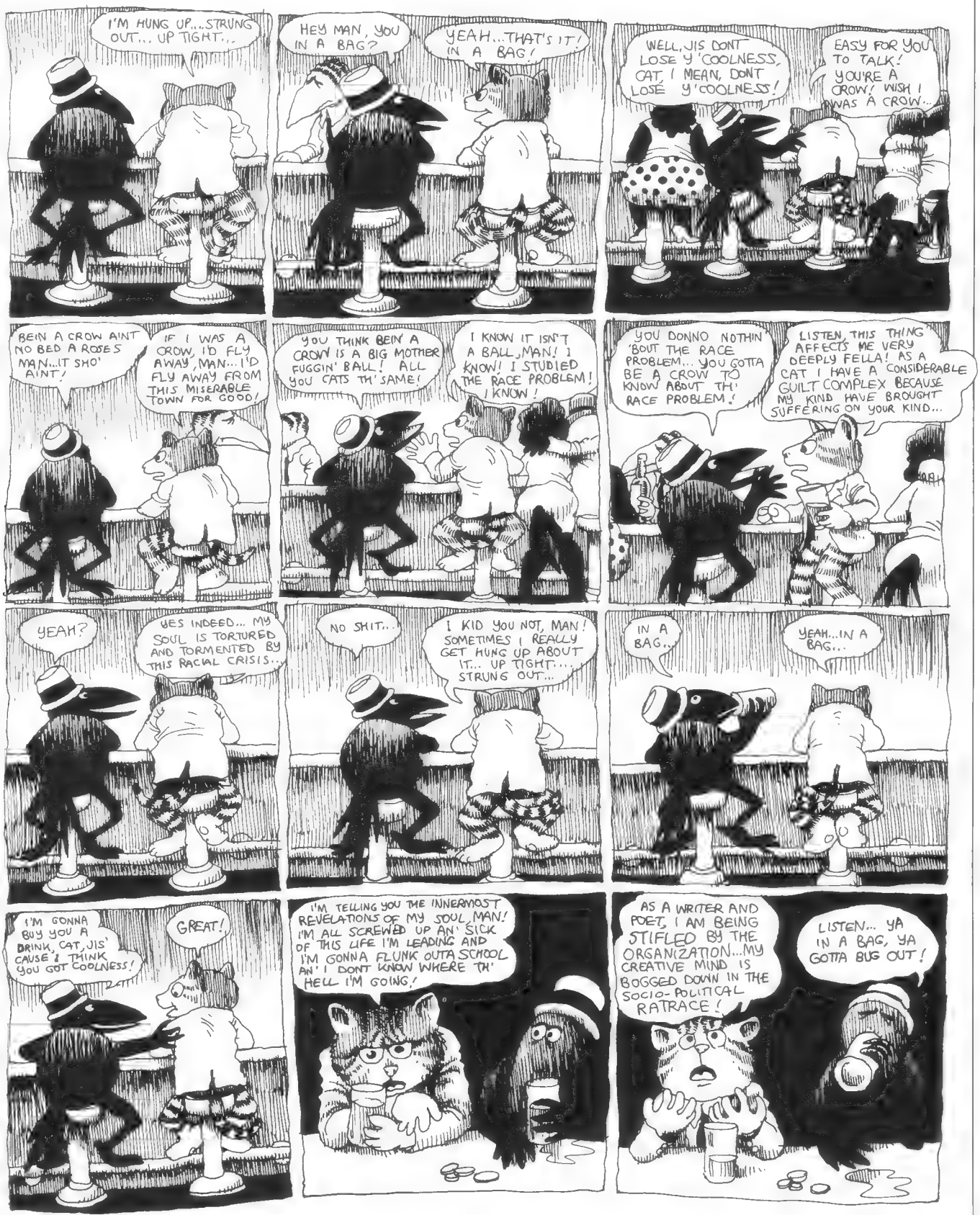

CONKLING WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PERSON I'VE EVER KNOWN!
CONKLING? CONKLING THE COCK?... THE DUMMEST BASTARD IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSITY.. SOME GENIUS... HAR HAR HAR!
..SOB....
YOU STILL LOVE HIM!
YES....
GOD.. YOU'RE REALLY SPACED OUT ABOUT THE GUY, AREN'T YOU?
BLAH
YES...
....YOU'RE REALLY STRUNG OUT...
..HUNG UP..
...UP TIGHT...
THIS'S MY PAD, HERE.. WE'RE ON THE THIRD FLOOR.. MY ROOMMATE'S HOME FOR THE WEEKEND ..SHE'S GOT THESE FUNKY PARENTS AND...
YOU GOT ANY GOOD SIDES?
LAUNDRY
EGGS FOR SALE
WELL, I HAVE A GUITAR BUT I DONT PLAY VERY WELL.. I'M JUST LEARNING AND...
GREAT! GREAT! LET'S HAVE A LISTEN....
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HEAR YOU PLAY!!
WELL, I'M NO GOOD AT ALL THOUGH I HOPE TO BE SOMEDAY...
3
TWO GIRLS WAITIN' BY THE RAILROAD TRACK ONE WORE BLUE AND ONE WORE BLACK
INTERESTING... INTERESTING..
PLONK PLONK
CHARLENE, I.... OW!!
THEY JUST LAY THERE BY THE JUNIPER...
BLANG BLANG
ROLLY ROLLY DOODLEDY DAY ROLLY RUM TIDDLE DIDDLE BIGGLE BOOGLE BEEP
CHARLENE, I.... WHULP!
DLUM DLUM
NOW LISTEN, FRITZ.. HERE'S A GREAT SONG I LEARNED PERSONALLY FROM RAMBLIN' RUSTY RUGGEDGUTS WHEN HE WAS AT THE GREEN GOOSE GREASE...


CHARLENE I DONT UNDERSTAND ABOUT THIS GREENGOOSEGREASE OR RUSTY ROT GUT OR JUNIPERS OR RAILROAD TRACKS OR ANY OF THIS ROLLY ROLLY RUM DUM STUFF ITS ALL VERY METAPHYSICAL AND OUT OF MY LINE COMPLETELY BUT FOR CHRISSAKE
WHEN THE AIR IS FULL OF ABSTRACTS LIKE LOVE AND SEX AND ALL THAT VERY ANXIOUS SORT OF WHAT'S GOING THROUGH HER OR HIS MIND KIND OF CRAP AND EVERYBODY'S THINKING WHAT WOULD GESHTALT HAVE DONE IN A NIHILISTIC FANTASMA-GORICAL MESS LIKE THIS AND MOUNTAINS OF PAPERS AND NOTES AND PROFESSOR GOAT ARE ALL SWEPT AWAY BY YOUR SWEET LITTLE ARMS AND LEGS GOD AND VISUAL CHEMISTRY NEO-CLASICISM SOCIAL EVOLUTION ARE COLLECTING DUST ON THE BIG DESK BY THE REFRIGERATOR IN THE MAGIC OF THOSE TENDER BREASTS I KNOW THE SUN GONNA SHINE IN MY BACK DOOR TOMORROW AFTER I'VE FLUNKED ALL MY EXAMS...
I'M ON MY WAY TO FREEDOMLAND CHARLENE, TRY TO DIG WHAT I'M SAYING IT'S LIKE YOU'RE ON THE SAD SAD SAD TRAILWAYS BUS OR WALKING THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT FLATS IN YOUR ACHING EMPTY SOUL LOOKIN FOR THE MESSIAH AND YOU CANT EVEN BE YOURSELF BECAUSE YOU WATCHED ROY ROGERS ON TELEVISION WHO WASN'T EVEN THE MESSIAH AFTER ALL AND AT LAST YOU COME TO THE CATHEDERAL OF THOSE LUSCIOUS THIGHS THE ALTAR OF THAT PRECIOUS NAVAL AH CHARLENE YOU TAKE OUT YOUR HYMN BOOK AND SING PRAISES NEARER MY GOD TO THEE GOD YES CHARLENE OH SWEETNESS I KNOW I'M A SINISTER UNDERWORLD CHARACTER BUT GOD THE GREAT GOOEY GOODNESS MEETS IN YOUR MOUTH NOT IN YOUR HAND..AH... CHARLENE .... CHARLENE ...
OH FRITZ...YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PERSON I'VE EVER KNOWN!!
LAUNDR
LAUNDR
GOOD-BYE MY LOVE... HURRY, PLEASE, SO YOU DONT CATCH COLD.... GOOD-BYE MY PRECIOUS..
GOODNIGHT CHARLENE... MY SWEET ANGEL!
YAWN...CHRIST SHE'S A GOOD LAY!... I'D LIKE TA HIT TH' SACK BUT I GOTTA STUDY FOR THOSE GODDAMN EXAMS.... SHEE-IT!

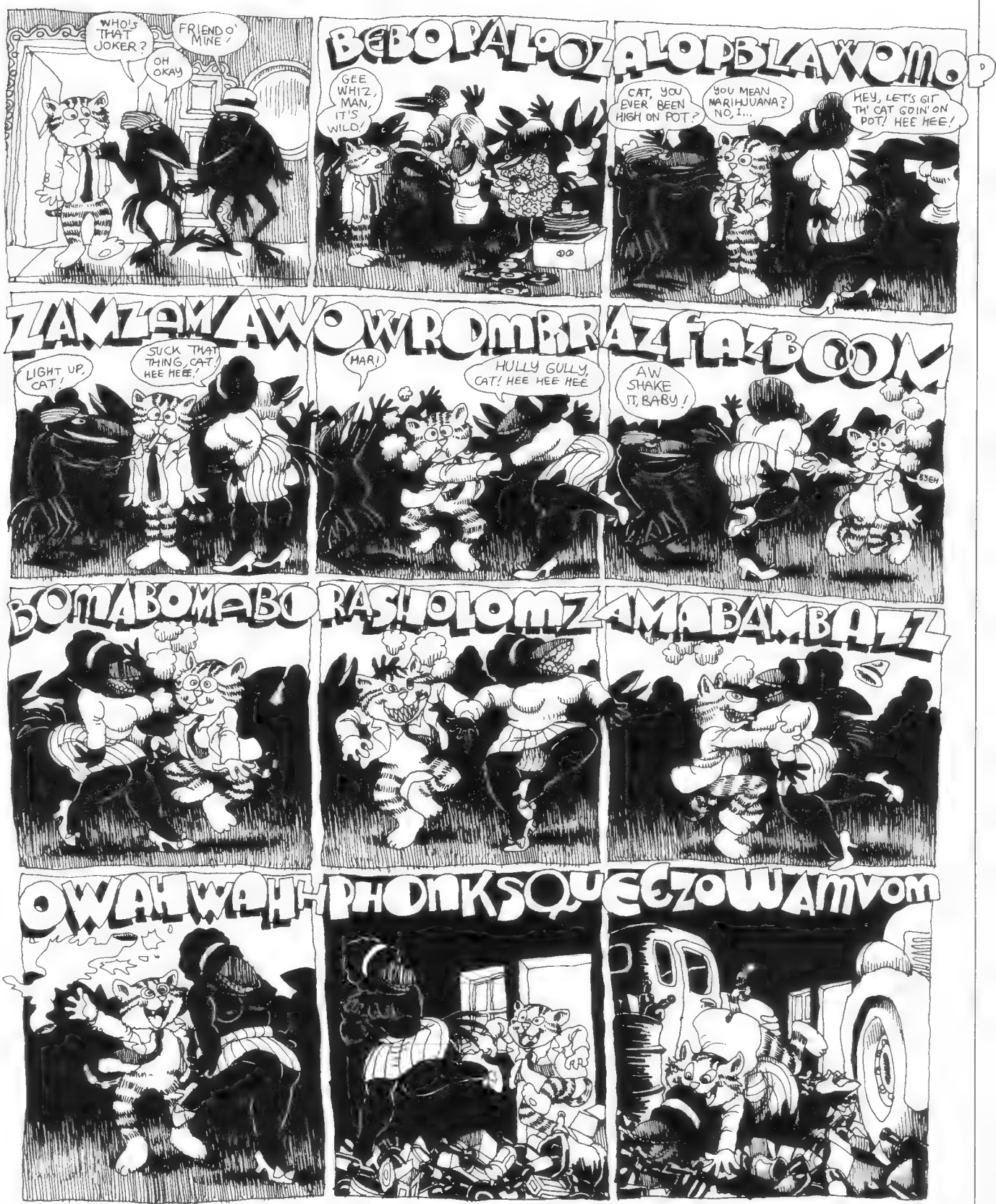

HELLO MEN..... EVERYBODY ALL BUSY STUDYIN' FOR THEIR GODDAMN EXAMS AND ALL?
HEY FUZ, HOW'D IT GO WITH THAT DEE DEE CHICK, HUH? SHE'S GOT SOME BOD'.... YOU HAVE TO ADMIT... OL' CHARLENE ISN'T BAD EITHER...LIKE, WOW!
GRUNT.
HEINZ, YOU SWINE, OL' BUDDY PIG YA GROOVE BEHIND ALVINA AND GET SOME KICKS TANIGHT? HUH?
JAB JAB
BASTARDS... YOU'D THINK THE GODDAMN EXAMS WAS THE BE-ALL END-ALL OF EXISTENCE... ...THE COSMIC LIFE FORCE OR SOMETHIN' CANT EVEN SAY A FEW DECENT WORDS TO A GUY...TH'BASTARDS..
WHAT A BORE... TAKE SOME BENNIES AN' STAY UP ALL NIGHT WITH YOUR FACE STUCK IN A BUNCH OF BOOKS AN' YOUR THUMBS UP YOUR ASS..
CHICKS - COOL IT IN TH' TOILET PAPER!
YES...YES... I REMEMBER THE TIME WHEN IT WAS ALL VERY INSPIRING AND ENLIGHTENING.... ALL THIS HISTORY AND LITERATURE AND SOCIOLOGY SHIT...
YOU THINK LEARNING IS A REALLY BIG THING AN' YOU BECOME THIS BIG FUCKIN' INTELLECTUAL AND SIT AROUND TRYIN' TA OUT-INTELLECTUAL ALL THE OTHER BIG FUCKIN' INTELLECTUALS..
PRACTICAL MASTERCRAFT
YOU SPEND YEARS AND YEARS WITH YOUR NOSE BURIED IN THESE GODDAMN TOMES WHILE OUT THERE THE WORLD IS PASSIN' YOU BY....
THE ART OF JUGGLING
...AN' ALL THE STUFF TO SEE AND ALL TH' KICKS AN' GIRLS ARE ALL OUT THERE AN' HERE YOU SIT UNDER A PILE OF MOULDY OL' TEXTBOOKS FILLIN' YOUR HEAD FULL OF JUNK...
AN' ME A WRITER AND POET WHO SHOULD BE HAVIN' ADVENTURES AN' EXPERIENCING ALL THE DIVERSITIES AND PARADOXES AND IRONIES OF LIFE AND PASSIN' OVER ALL THE ROADS OF THE WORLD AND DIGGING ALL THE CITIES AND TOWNS AND RIVERS AND OCEANS AND MAKING ALL THE CHICKS... BY GOD!
...AS A WRITER AND POET IT IS MY DUTY TO GET OUT THERE AND DIG THE WORLD... TO SWING WITH THE WHOLE FRIGGIN' SCENE WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!!! MAN!!


MY FARTING AROUND DAYS ARE OVER...FROM THIS DAY ON I SHALL LIVE EVERYDAY AS IF IT WERE MY LAST!! YES! YES! I MUST DO IT!
NO MORE THE DREARY BORING CLASSES, THE DISMAL LECTURES, THE SITTING AROUND BULLSHITTING WITH PRETENTIOUS FAT-ASSED HIPPIES, NO MORE THE BOOKS, THE SPOUTINGS OF A BUNCH OF OLD FARTS WHO THINK THEY KNOW THE WHOLE GODDAMN SCORE! HYAH! HYAH!
OH GOD! WHAT HAVE I DONE?!
WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING IN HERE FRITZ? JESUS CHRIST MAN! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'!!?
I.. I...
I'VE SET ALL MY NOTES AND BOOKS AND STUFF ON FIRE AND NOW I CAN'T STUDY FOR MY EXAMS... I'LL FLUNK OUT AND MY FOLKS'LL BE PISSED OFF AS HELL AND...
NOT ONLY THAT BUT THE GODDAMN BUILDING IS GONNA BURN DOWN!! QUICK!! WE GOTTA PUT IT OUT!!
WOW! IT'S SPREADIN' LIKE CRAZY!
THAT DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD... DON'T JUST STAND THERE YOU SILLY ASSED BASTARD!
I'LL GET A BLANKET..
WUMP WUMP WUMP
THAT SHOULD DO IT..
TH' BLANKET'S ON FIRE!
OH MY GOD!
WE'D BETTER CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT...
WHAT TH' HELL'S THE NUMBER?
I DUNNO.. WHERE'S TH' PHONE BOOK?
HEY, HEINZ, OL' SWINE... THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!!
I CAN'T FIND TH' FRIGGIN' PHONE BOOK!
APPLIED COCK SUCKING


I THINK I LEFT IT ON MY DESK LAST NIGHT...
OH GREAT...
HOW TO PAY RENT WITHOUT STUDYIN'
LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE! THE WHOLE PLACE IS A SEETHING INFERNO!
HEY YOU BASTARDS! I WOULD ADVISE YOU TA GRAB YOUR GIRLS AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE... FRITZ HAS SET THE BUILDING ON FIRE!!
WHAT!?
BE CUEL AL YE WHO ENTHER HERE
EEEK! FIRE!
LEMME OUT!
YEEAH! HELP! HELP!
EEEK! YEEH!
FLY UNITED
MY RECORD COLLECTION IS IN THERE!
MY TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR GIBSON CLASSIC GUITAR IS IN THERE!
I WONDER IF ANYBODY GOT HURT!
OR MAYBE EVEN KILLED!
COOL!!
70¢
SPAGHETTI
..AND ALL BECAUSE FRITZ DELIBERATELY STARTED A FIRE IN HIS ROOM!!
JESUS! THE GUY'S INSANE!
WHY TH' HELLJA DO THAT, MAN?
WHAT IS IT WITH YOU, MAN?
MY RECORDS!
MY GUITAR IS GONE FOREVER! MY GIBSON CLASSIC!
MY RARE BOOKS ARE IRREVOCABLY ANNIHLATED YOU SONUMBITCH!
YOU'RE IN PLENTY HOT WATER, MAN! IF I WERE YOU I'D SPLIT THE SCENE MUCHO PRONTO!
DAMN RIGHT! TH'COPS'LL BE AROUND ANY MINUTE!
YEAH.. WELL... ... LATER...
.. PLAY IT COOL, FRITZ..

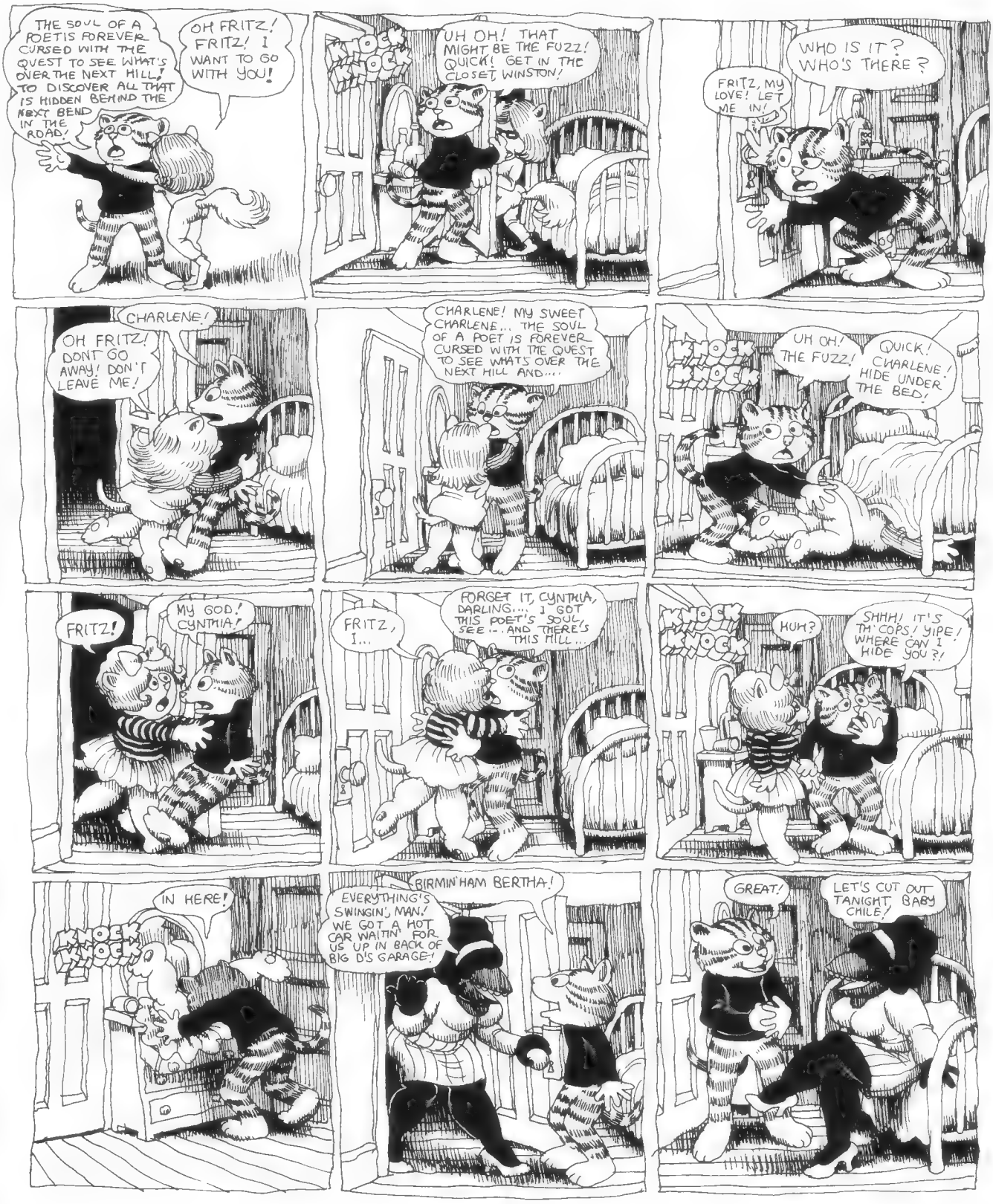

I'M HUNG UP....STRUNG OUT... UP TIGHT...
HEY MAN, YOU IN A BAG?
YEAH...THAT'S IT! IN A BAG!
WELL, JIS DONT LOSE Y 'COOLNESS, CAT! I MEAN, DONT LOSE Y 'COOLNESS!
EASY FOR YOU TO TALK! YOU'RE A CROW! WISH I WAS A CROW...
BEIN A CROW AINT NO BED A ROSES MAN...IT SHO' AINT!
IF I WAS A CROW, I'D FLY AWAY, MAN... I'D FLY AWAY FROM THIS MISERABLE TOWN FOR GOOD!
YOU THINK BEIN A CROW IS A BIG MOTHER FUGGIN' BALL! ALL YOU CATS TH'SAME!
I KNOW IT ISN'T A BALL, MAN! I KNOW! I STUDIED THE RACE PROBLEM! I KNOW!
YOU DONNO NOTHIN 'BOUT THE RACE PROBLEM... YOU GOTTA BE A CROW TO KNOW ABOUT TH' RACE PROBLEM!
LISTEN, THIS THING AFFECTS ME VERY DEEPLY FELLA! AS A CAT I HAVE A CONSIDERABLE GUILT COMPLEX BECAUSE MY KIND HAVE BROUGHT SUFFERING ON YOUR KIND...
YEAH?
YES INDEED... MY SOUL IS TORTURED AND TORMENTED BY THIS RACIAL CRISIS...
NO SHIT...
I KID YOU NOT, MAN! SOMETIMES I REALLY GET HUNG UP ABOUT IT... UP TIGHT... STRUNG OUT...
IN A BAG...
YEAH...IN A BAG...
I'M GONNA BUY YOU A DRINK, CAT, JIS' CAUSE I THINK YOU GOT COOLNESS!
GREAT!
I'M TELLING YOU THE INNERMOST REVELATIONS OF MY SOUL, MAN! I'M ALL SCREWED UP AN' SICK OF THIS LIFE I'M LEADING AND I'M GONNA FLUNK OUTA SCHOOL AN' I DONT KNOW WHERE TH' HELL I'M GOING!
AS A WRITER AND POET, I AM BEING STIFLED BY THE ORGANIZATION...MY CREATIVE MIND IS BOGGED DOWN IN THE SOCIO-POLITICAL RATRACE!
LISTEN... YA IN A BAG, YA GOTTA BUG OUT!

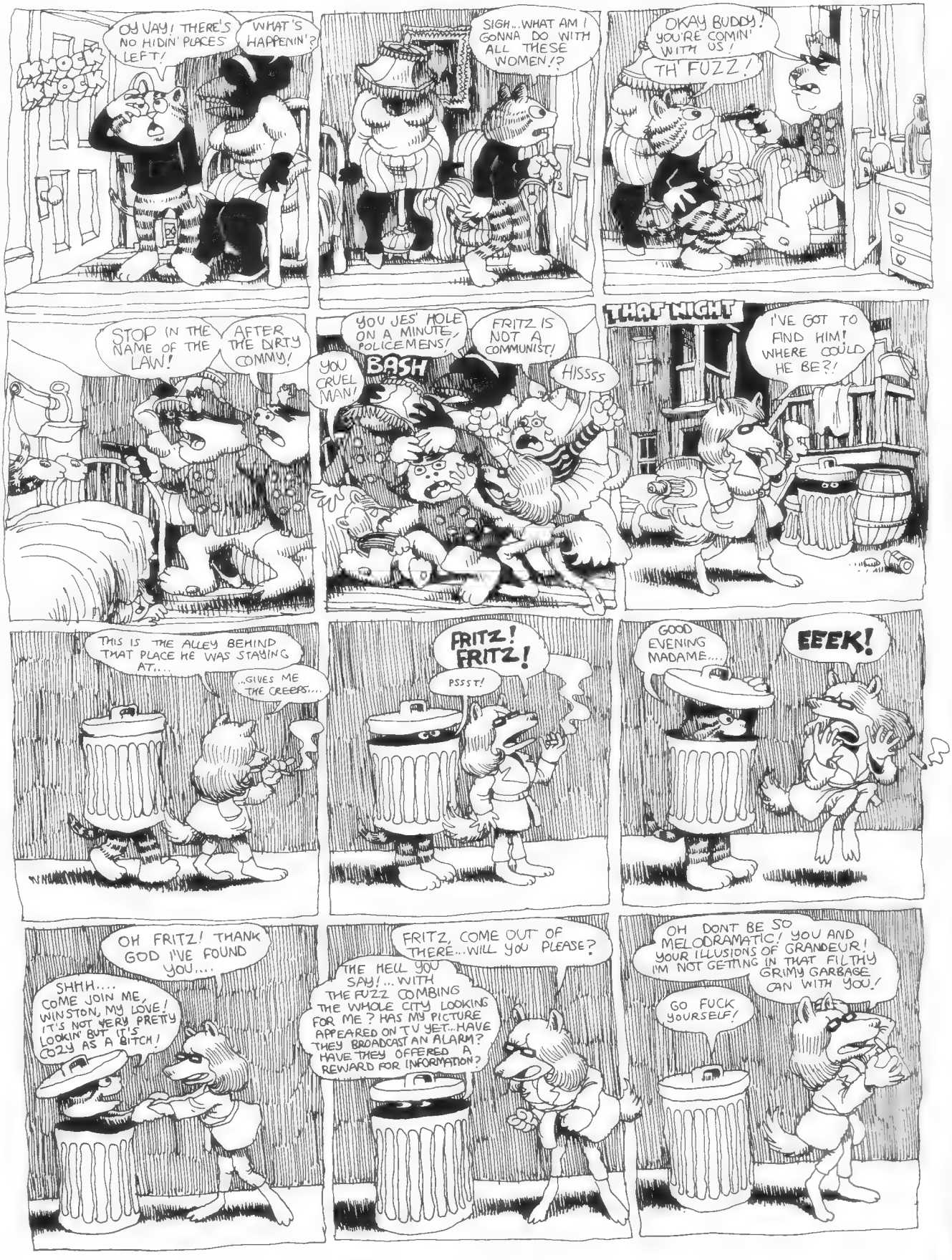
BUG OUT!
BY GOD, MAN, I'M GONNA BUG OUT!
LET'S SPLIT!
ANYBODY LOOKIN' OUR WAY?
NOPE!
BLACK SWAN CLUB
BIRDLEGS
X3469
SOME STUD GONE AN' LEFT HIS KEYS!
HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING? YOU STEALING THAT CAR?!
HAW! MOVE IT OUT!
SHOVE OVER, JACK... LEMME DRIVE THE GODDAMN THING!
69
BOOP
DISCOUNT BAR
PIGFOOT SAM'S
VROOOOM
SMASH
MAN! THIS BOMB HAS GOT POWER!
MADONNA MIA!
CRASH
YOU SAVED MY LIFE, MAN!
WILD!
HEY DUKE! THEY BLOWIN' POT LIKE MAD UP AT MILDRED'S PAD!
I'M ON MY WAY, MAN!
ME TOO!


WHO'S THAT JOKER?
FRIEND O' MINE!
OH OKAY
BEBOPALOOZALOPBLAWOMOP
GEE WHIZ, MAN, IT'S WILD!
CAT, YOU EVER BEEN HIGH ON POT?
YOU MEAN MARIHUANA? NO, I...
HEY, LET'S GIT TH' CAT GOIN' ON POT! HEE HEE!
ZAMZAMAWOWROMBRAZFAZBOOM
LIGHT UP, CAT!
SUCK THAT THING, CAT! HEE HEE!
HAR!
HULLY GULLY, CAT! HEE HEE HEE
AW SHAKE IT, BABY!
BOMABOMABO
RASHOLOMZAMABAMBAZZ
OWAHWAHH
PHONKSQUEEZOWAMVOM

THAT OL' BLACK MAGIC! MMM...
AHHH.... AH'M WILD ABOUT THAT THING!!!
SUDDENLY IT IS ALL VERY CLEAR! I MUST TELL THE PEOPLE ABOUT THE REVOLUTION!
HUH?
REVOLT! REVOLT!
WHAT THE HELL YOU JABBERIN' ABOUT!?
REVOLT, YOU THICK SKULLED IDIOTS!
YOU HAVE CARRIED HEAVY BURDENS FOR THE BOSSES! YOU HAVE SWEAT YOUR LIVES AWAY FOR THE BOSSES! THE BOSSES, THEY RIDE AROUND IN LIMOUSINES! THE BOSSES, THEY'RE EATING STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM!
YOU TELL TH' WORLD, JACK!
HAW HAW!
COME THE REVOLUTION THERE GONNA BE NO MORE LIMOUSINES!
COME THE REVOLUTION THERE GONNA BE NO MORE STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
THERE HE IS! HE'S THE ONE WHO KEEPS THE BOSSES IN POWER! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S HOLDIN' YOU DOWN! THE SPIKED BOOT OF CAPITALISM! THE IRON THUMB ON THE HEADS OF THE PROLETARIET!
OKAY, STEP ASIDE! LET ME THROUGH!
LET'S GO, YA COMMY RAT!
LOUSY STINKIN' FLATFOOT!
DIRTY COPPER!
SOCK
POW
BOP
SMACK
GET THAT GUY!
GODDAMN RED AGITATOR!
WE SHALL OVERCOME!

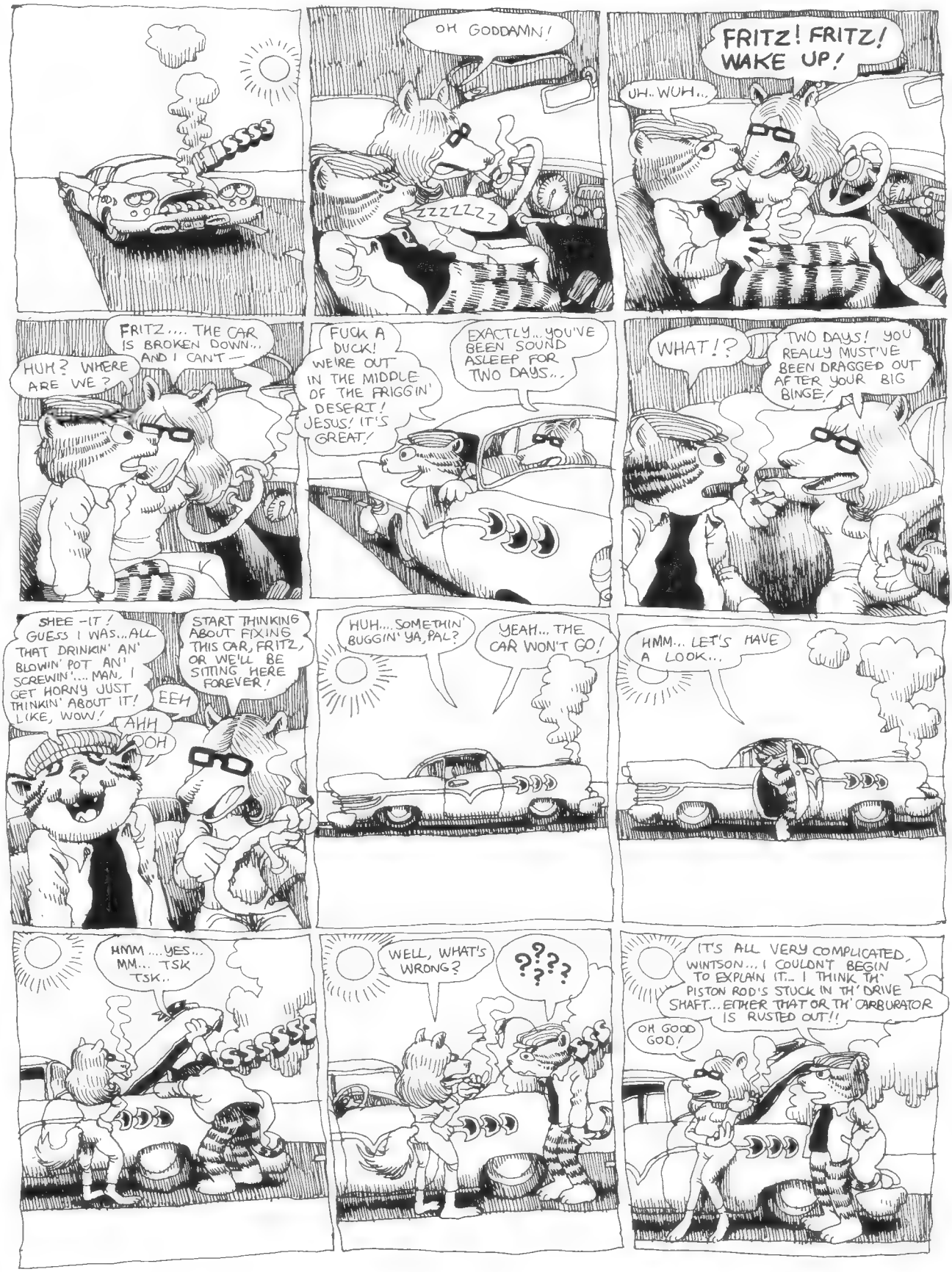
FRITZ! FRITZ!
WHO IZZIT?
IT'S ME, HEINZ YOU DECENT?
HEINZ! GOOD GOD!
POUND POUND
WHAT THE FUG IS THIS?
HEINZ, YOU OLD SWINE! HOW'RE Y' HANGIN'? LOOSE, I HOPE!
I BEEN LOOKIN' ALL HELL OVER FOR YOU, MAN... WHATSIS...SOME KINDA FUGGIN' ORGY OR SOMEPIN'?
LISTEN, HEINZ, I'M PLAYIN' IT COOL JUST LIKE YOU SAID...EVERY COP IN THIS FRIGGIN' CITY IS OUT FOR MY ASS...I'M PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, PAL O'MINE!
JESUS CHRIST, YOU IN MORE TROUBLE, MAN?
HEINZ, I'M IN SO DEEP IT'S NOT EVEN FUNNY! I HAVEN'T EATEN OR SLEPT FOR FOUR DAYS AND FOUR NIGHTS... HEE... I JUST BEEN HAVIN' ME A BLAST.. I MEAN NO SHIT, A BLAST!
SIGH... YOU COMIN' BACK TO THE GODDAMN UNIVERSITY?
HELL NO! I'M BUGGIN' OUT FOR GOOD, MAN! NO MORE O' THAT STUDYING CRAP FOR ME....I GOT A WHOLE LOTTA LIVIN' N' LOVIN' T' DO, BOY!
WHY, RIGHT THIS MINUTE I'M NEGOTIATIN' TA GET ME A CAR SO I CAN HIT THAT OLD ROAD....I'M GONNA BURN UP TH' ROAD I'M GONNA LEAVE THIS TOWN IN A CLOUD O' DUST, MAN, LIKE I SAY, I'M BUGGIN' OUT!
WHERE'S MAH CLOTHES HONEY!?
OLD WINSTON'S BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR Y'... THAT'S WHY I CAME.. SHE'S REALLY GOT A HOT TWOTTY FOR YOU, MAN!
WINSTON! YOU CLEAN UP YOUR LANGUAGE WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT WINSTON, BOY!
HEINZ, GET THEE HENCE AND TELL HER WHERE I AM... I GOTTA SAY GOOD-BYE TO OLD WINSTON... GOTTA SEE HER BEFORE I BUG OUT!
SIGH...SOME BASTARDS HAVE ALL THE FUGGIN' LUCK!
1 HOUR LATER
WINSTON!
FRITZ!
DON'T BUG OUT, FRITZ!
I LOVE YOU WINSTON... YOU KNOW I DO.... BUT I GOTTA DO IT... I GOTTA BUG OUT, KID!
BUT WHY? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS CRAZY THING, FRITZ?
SOMETHING'S CALLIN' ME OUT THERE, WINSTON! AND MY SOUL IS HEEDIN' THE CALL.. I GOTTA GO!

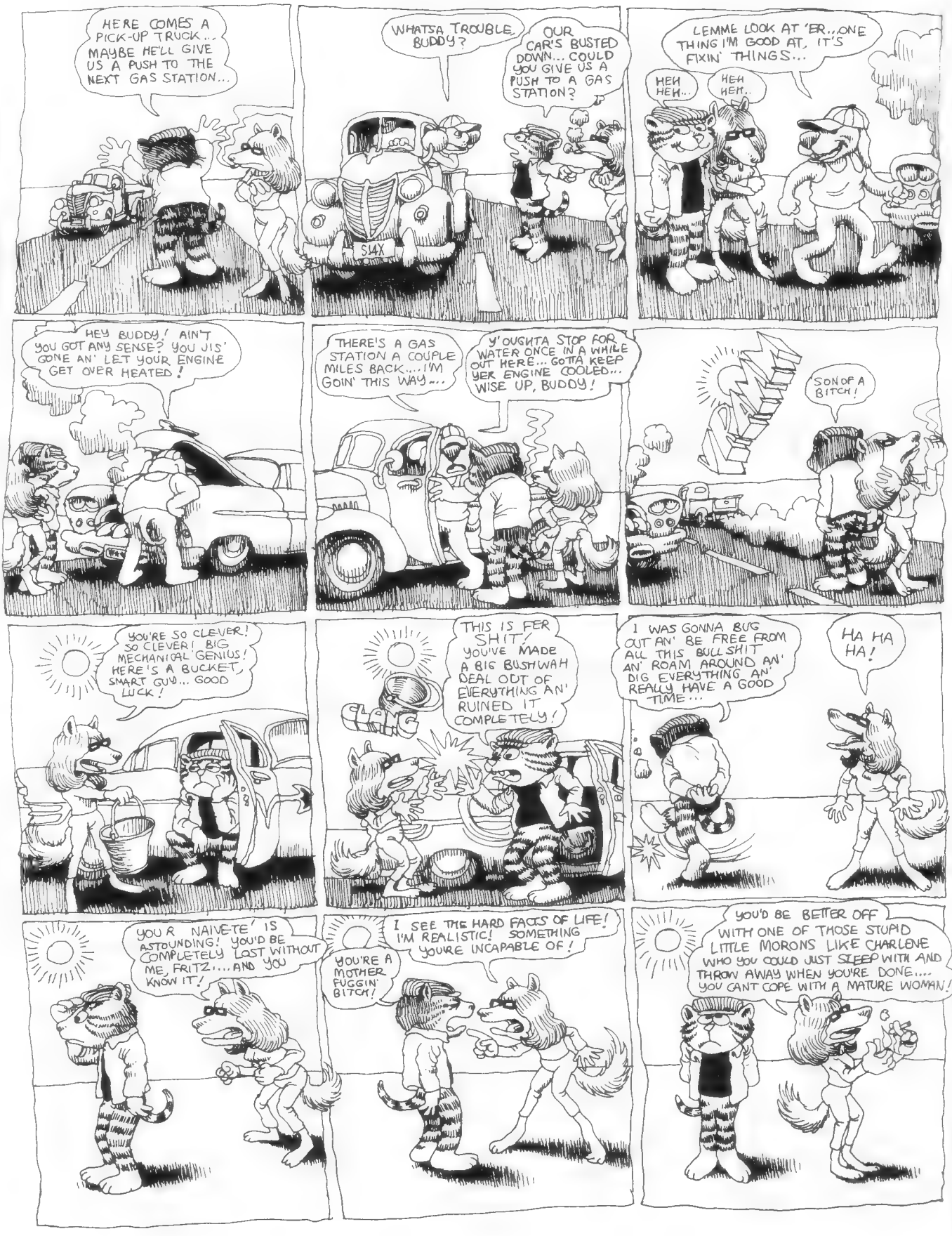

THE SOUL OF A POET IS FOREVER CURSED WITH THE QUEST TO SEE WHAT'S OVER THE NEXT HILL, TO DISCOVER ALL THAT IS HIDDEN BEHIND THE NEXT BEND IN THE ROAD.
OH FRITZ! FRITZ! I WANT TO GO WITH YOU!
UH OH! THAT MIGHT BE THE FUZZ! QUICK! GET IN THE CLOSET, WINSTON!
FRITZ, MY LOVE! LET ME IN!
WHO IS IT? WHO'S THERE?
CHARLENE!
OH FRITZ! DONT GO AWAY! DON'T LEAVE ME!
CHARLENE! MY SWEET CHARLENE... THE SOUL OF A POET IS FOREVER CURSED WITH THE QUEST TO SEE WHAT'S OVER THE NEXT HILL AND....
KNOCK KNOCK
UH OH! THE FUZZ!
QUICK! CHARLENE! HIDE UNDER THE BED!
FRITZ!
MY GOD! CYNTHIA!
FRITZ, I...
FORGET IT, CYNTHIA, DARLING.... I GOT THIS POET'S SOUL, SEE -- AND THERE'S THIS HILL...
KNOCK KNOCK
HUH?
SHHH! IT'S TH' COPS! YIPE! WHERE CAN I HIDE YOU?!
IN HERE!
KNOCK KNOCK
BIRMIN'HAM BERTHA!
EVERYTHING'S SWINGIN', MAN! WE GOT A HOT CAR WAITIN' FOR US UP IN BACK OF BIG D'S GARAGE!
GREAT!
LET'S CUT OUT TANIGHT, BABY CHILE!

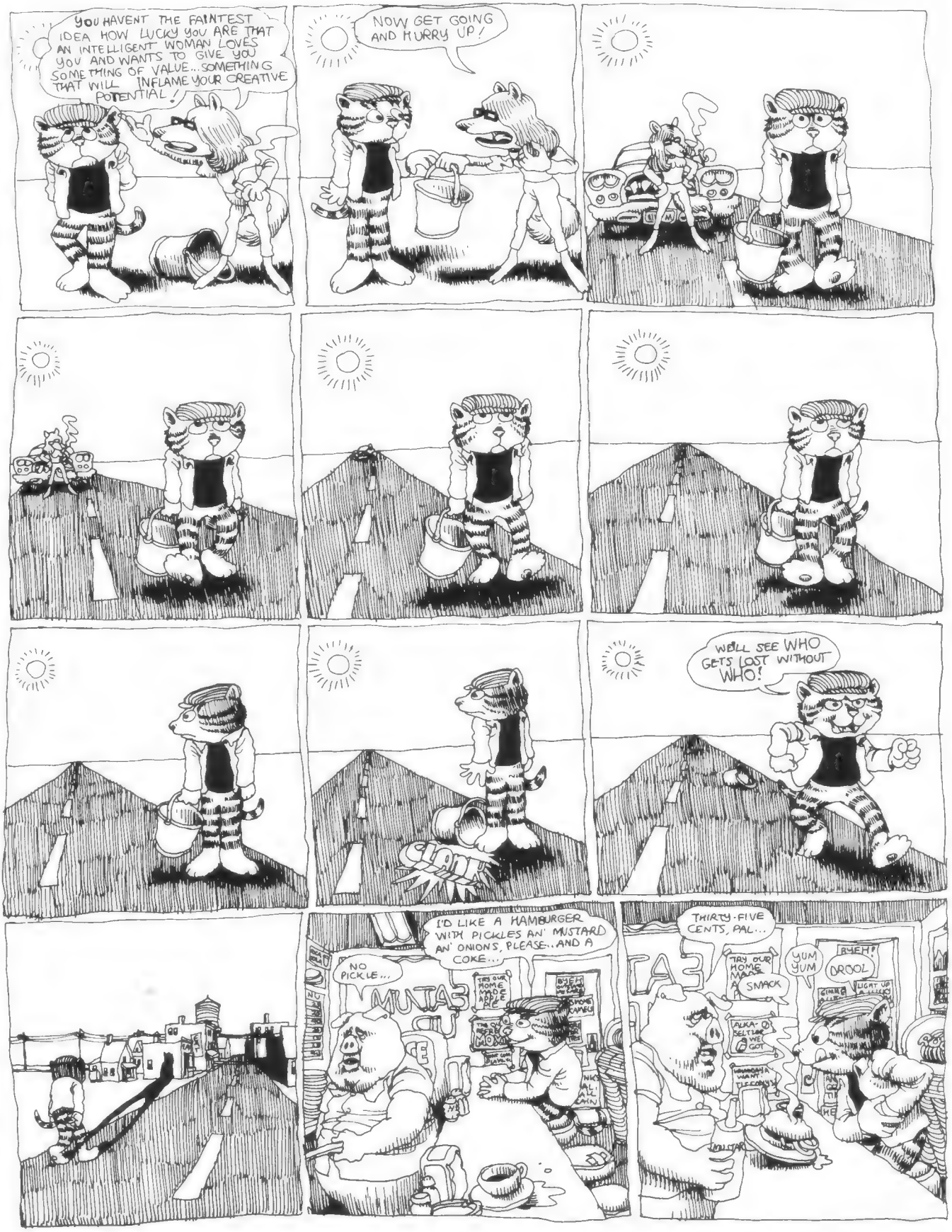

KNOCK KNOCK
OY VAY! THERE'S NO HIDIN' PLACES LEFT!
WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?
SIGH...WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH ALL THESE WOMEN!?
OKAY BUDDY! YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US!
TH' FUZZ!
STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
AFTER THE DIRTY COMMY!
YOU JES' HOLE ON A MINUTE, POLICEMENS!
FRITZ IS NOT A COMMUNIST!
BASH
YOU CRUEL MAN!
HISSSS
THAT NIGHT
I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! WHERE COULD HE BE?!
THIS IS THE ALLEY BEHIND THAT PLACE HE WAS STAYING AT....
..GIVES ME THE CREEPS....
FRITZ! FRITZ!
PSSST!
GOOD EVENING MADAME....
EEEK!
OH FRITZ! THANK GOD I'VE FOUND YOU....
SHHH.... COME JOIN ME, WINSTON, MY LOVE! IT'S NOT VERY PRETTY LOOKIN' BUT IT'S COZY AS A BITCH!
FRITZ, COME OUT OF THERE...WILL YOU PLEASE?
THE HELL YOU SAY!... WITH THE FUZZ COMBING THE WHOLE CITY LOOKING FOR ME? HAS MY PICTURE APPEARED ON T.V YET..HAVE THEY BROADCAST AN ALARM? HAVE THEY OFFERED A REWARD FOR INFORMATION?
OH DONT BE SO MELODRAMATIC! YOU AND YOUR ILLUSIONS OF GRANDEUR! I'M NOT GETTING IN THAT FILTHY GRIMY GARBAGE CAN WITH YOU!
GO FUCK YOURSELF!

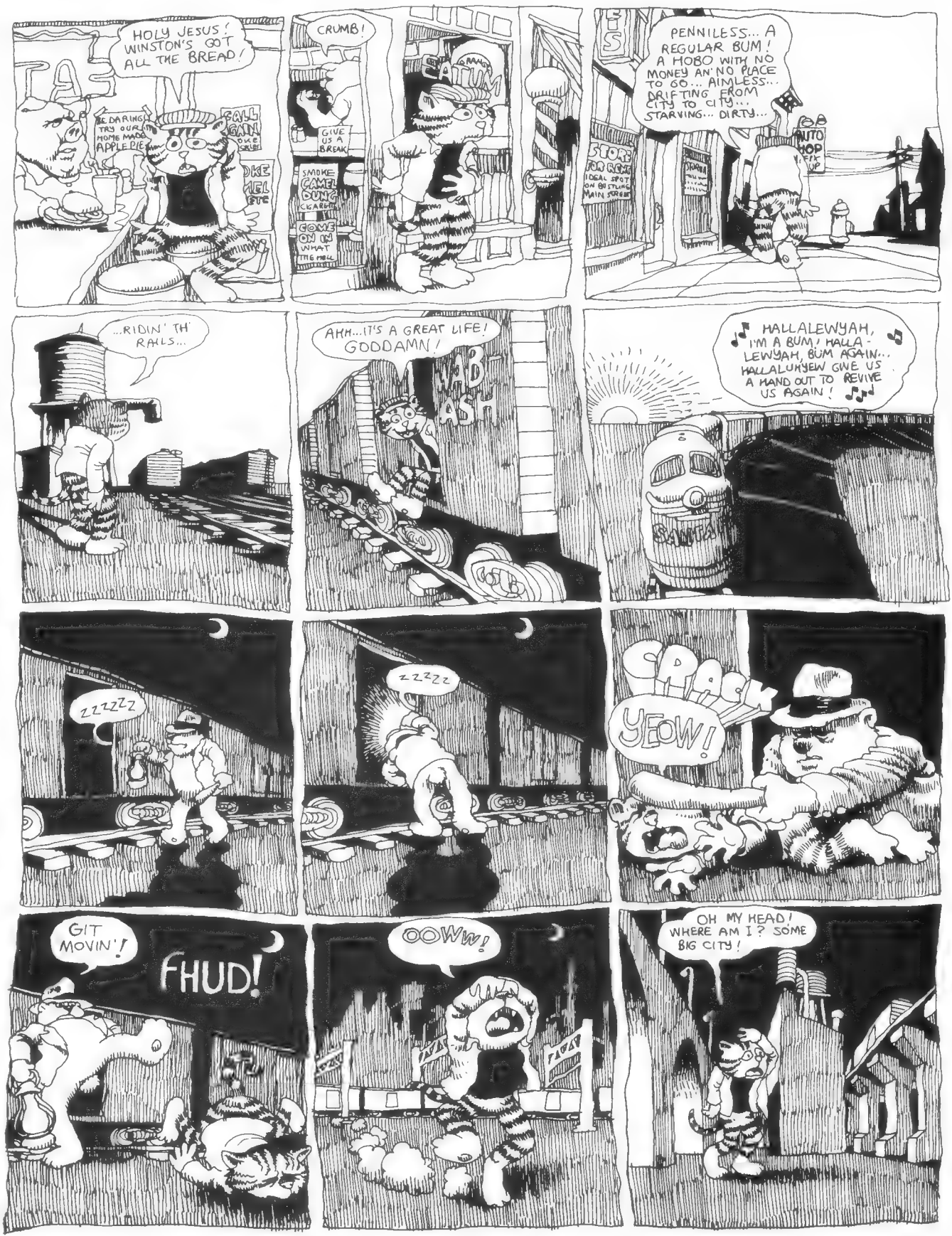
OH YOU'RE SUCH A CHILD! SUCH A SELF-CENTERED, EGOTISTIC CHILD!
THIS IS DISGUSTING!
LOOK, IF YOU'RE GONNA TALK ABOUT MY GARBAGE CAN THAT WAY, YOU CAN JUST GET THE HELL OUT!
LISTEN, FRITZ.. ARE YOU STILL GOING TO BUG OUT OR NOT?
ARE YOU KIDDIN', TOOTS? I GOT NO CHOICE AT THIS POINT! I'M AN OUTLAW.... A RENEGADE.... A THREAT TO THE PUBLIC SAFETY... A CAT WITHOUT A COUNTRY!
MY NAME AND FACE ARE SYNONYMOUS WITH EVIL.. EVERY COP HARBORS A PASSIONATE HATRED OF ME IN HIS HEART... MOTHERS TELL THEIR CHILDREN TO BE GOOD OR OLD FRITZ THE CAT WILL—
OH STOP IT! YOU'RE RIDICULOUS! YOU'RE MAGNIFYING THE SITUATION COMPLETELY OUT OF PROPORTION!
YOU THINK SO, DO YOU?
LISTEN TO ME, WILL YOU? I'VE GOT A CAR AND SOME MONEY..! CAN GET ALL THE THINGS WE'LL NEED AND WE CAN LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!
OH... OKAY...
WE CAN GO OUT TO THE COAST.... I'LL GET A GOOD JOB AS A PRIVATE SECRETARY AND YOU CAN WORK ON YOUR POETRY AND ALL...
OH.... OKAY...
WE CAN GET MARRIED AND RENT A NICE LITTLE PAD IN FRISCO AND DIG THE SCENE OUT THERE.... IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A GREAT TOWN!
YEH.... OKAY....
AND SO...
AHH WINSTON! MY LOVE! AT LAST WE'RE ZOOMIN' DOWN THAT OL' LONESOME HIGHWAY! AHH, IT'S WILD!
X4913614895
YES IT'S MARVELOUS!
MARVELOUS, MY ASS! IT'S EXALTING! ELATING! THAT COOL NIGHT WIND BLOWIN' PAST THE WINDOW.... MAN!
I'M HUNGRY...LET'S STOP SOMEPLACE...
TH' HELL WITH STOPPIN'.... I JUST WANT THOSE MILES T' KEEP FLYING BY!
I'M HUNGRY!
OKAY! OKAY! LET'S DIG ONE O' THOSE LITTLE GREASY TRUCK STOPS... I'D LIKE TA TALK WITH THOSE TRUCK DRIVERS... N' HEAR WHAT THEY GOTTA SAY ABOUT LIFE ON THE ROAD!

YEAH.. I BET THEY GOT WILD STORIES OF THE ROAD.... DRIVERS... TRUCKS.... HIJACKERS... FIGHTS... YEAH!
HERE'S A GOOD PLACE!
I'LL HAVE YOUR DE LUXE STEAK WITH SALAD AND COFFEE....BLACK..
ALLLRIGHTIE! AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE, SIR?
HOWARD JOHNSON'S FINE FOOD
MMM...THAT WAS RILLY A FINE STEAK! YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON HOWARD JOHNSON'S!
LET'S GIT BACK ON TH' ROAD!
HOWARD JOHNSON RESTAURANT
THIS IS BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, WINSTON! BEHOLD NATURE! MAN, CITY LIFE IS A DRAG!
STOP THE CAR WINSTON! PULL OVER!
OH HONESTLY!
HONK HONK
DIG THIS SCENE, WINSTON... DIG! THE MOON... THE RIVER... THE TREES...MY GOD! MY GOD! I MUST WRITE OF THE BEAUTIES OF THIS PLACE!
I SHALL SIT BY THE RIVER BANK HERE AND WRITE A LOVE POEM TO GREAT GREEN MOTHER NATURE!
HM....
M...
MMMMM

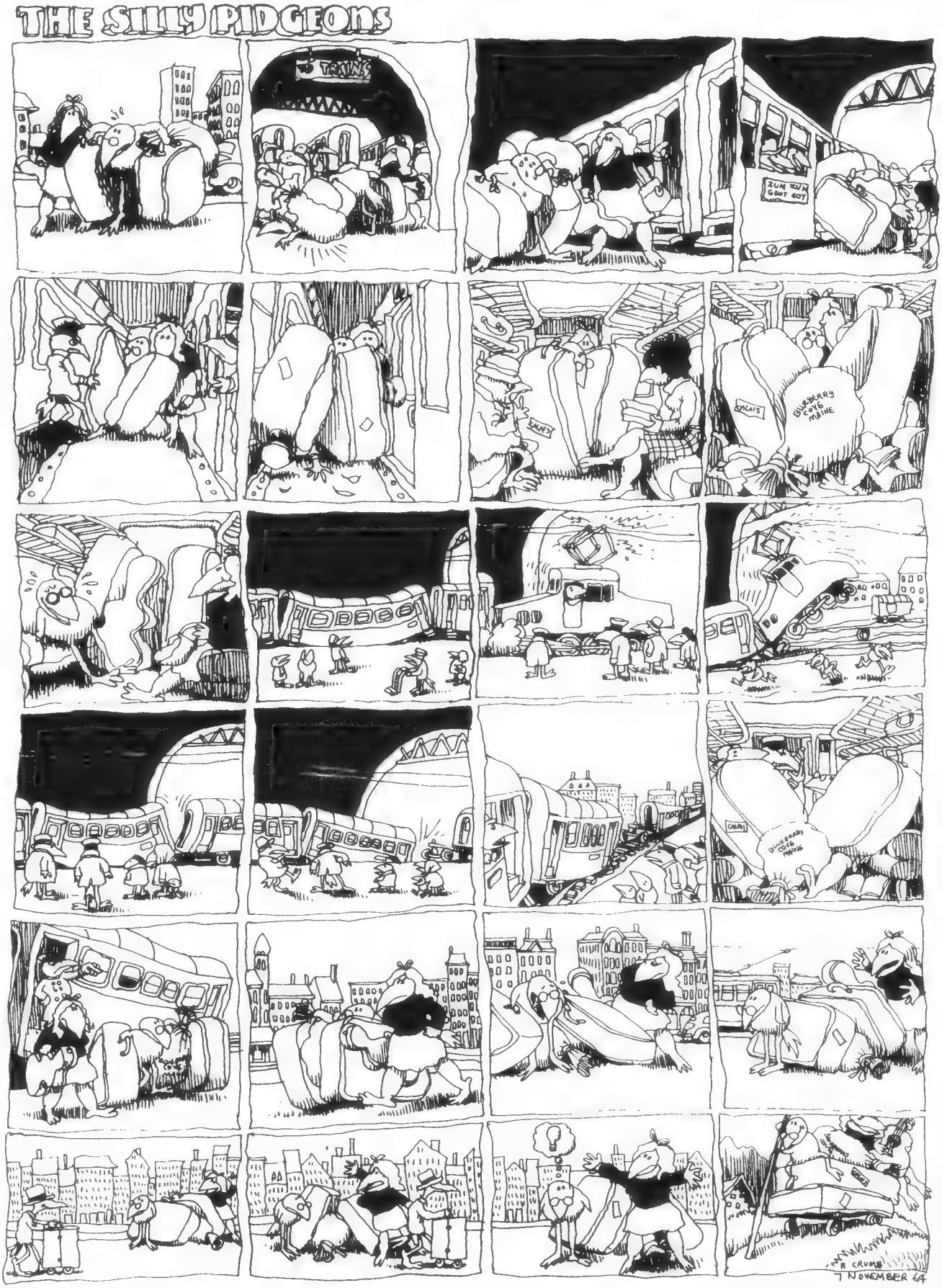

OH GODDAMN!
ZZZZZZZ
FRITZ! FRITZ! WAKE UP!
UH.. WUH...
HUH? WHERE ARE WE?
FRITZ.... THE CAR IS BROKEN DOWN.. AND I CAN'T—
FUCK A DUCK! WE'RE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FRIGGIN' DESERT! JESUS! IT'S GREAT!
EXACTLY.. YOU'VE BEEN SOUND ASLEEP FOR TWO DAYS..
WHAT!?
TWO DAYS! YOU REALLY MUST'VE BEEN DRAGGED OUT AFTER YOUR BIG BINGE!
SHEE-IT! GUESS I WAS...ALL THAT DRINKIN' AN' BLOWIN' POT AN' SCREWIN'.... MAN, I GET HORNY JUST THINKIN' ABOUT IT! LIKE, WOW!
AHH
OOH
EEH
START THINKING ABOUT FIXING THIS CAR, FRITZ, OR WE'LL BE SITTING HERE FOREVER!
HUH.... SOMETHIN' BUGGIN' YA, PAL?
YEAH... THE CAR WON'T GO!
HMM... LET'S HAVE A LOOK...
HMM ....YES... MM... TSK TSK..
WELL, WHAT'S WRONG?
??? ??
IT'S ALL VERY COMPLICATED, WINTSON... I COULDN'T BEGIN TO EXPLAIN IT... I THINK TH' PISTON ROD'S STUCK IN TH' DRIVE SHAFT... EITHER THAT OR TH' CARBURATOR IS RUSTED OUT!!
OH GOOD GOD!


HERE COMES A PICK-UP TRUCK... MAYBE HE'LL GIVE US A PUSH TO THE NEXT GAS STATION...
WHATSA TROUBLE, BUDDY?
OUR CAR'S BUSTED DOWN... COULD YOU GIVE US A PUSH TO A GAS STATION?
LEMME LOOK AT 'ER...ONE THING I'M GOOD AT, IT'S FIXIN' THINGS...
HEH HEH...
HEH HEH...
HEY BUDDY! AIN'T YOU GOT ANY SENSE? YOU JIS' GONE AN' LET YOUR ENGINE GET OVER HEATED!
THERE'S A GAS STATION A COUPLE MILES BACK...I'M GOIN' THIS WAY...
Y'OUGHTA STOP FOR WATER ONCE IN A WHILE OUT HERE... GOTTA KEEP YER ENGINE COOLED... WISE UP, BUDDY!
SON OF A BITCH!
YOU'RE SO CLEVER! SO CLEVER! BIG MECHANICAL GENIUS! HERE'S A BUCKET, SMART GUY... GOOD LUCK!
THIS IS FER SHIT! YOU'VE MADE A BIG BUSHWAH DEAL OUT OF EVERYTHING AN' RUINED IT COMPLETELY!
I WAS GONNA BUG OUT AN' BE FREE FROM ALL THIS BULLSHIT AN' ROAM AROUND AN' DIG EVERYTHING AN' REALLY HAVE A GOOD TIME...
HA HA HA!
YOUR NAIVETE' IS ASTOUNDING! YOU'D BE COMPLETELY LOST WITHOUT ME, FRITZ.... AND YOU KNOW IT!
I SEE THE HARD FACTS OF LIFE! I'M REALISTIC! SOMETHING YOU'RE INCAPABLE OF!
YOU'RE A MOTHER FUGGIN' BITCH!
YOU'D BE BETTER OFF WITH ONE OF THOSE STUPID LITTLE MORONS LIKE CHARLENE WHO YOU COULD JUST SLEEP WITH AND THROW AWAY WHEN YOU'RE DONE.... YOU CAN'T COPE WITH A MATURE WOMAN!

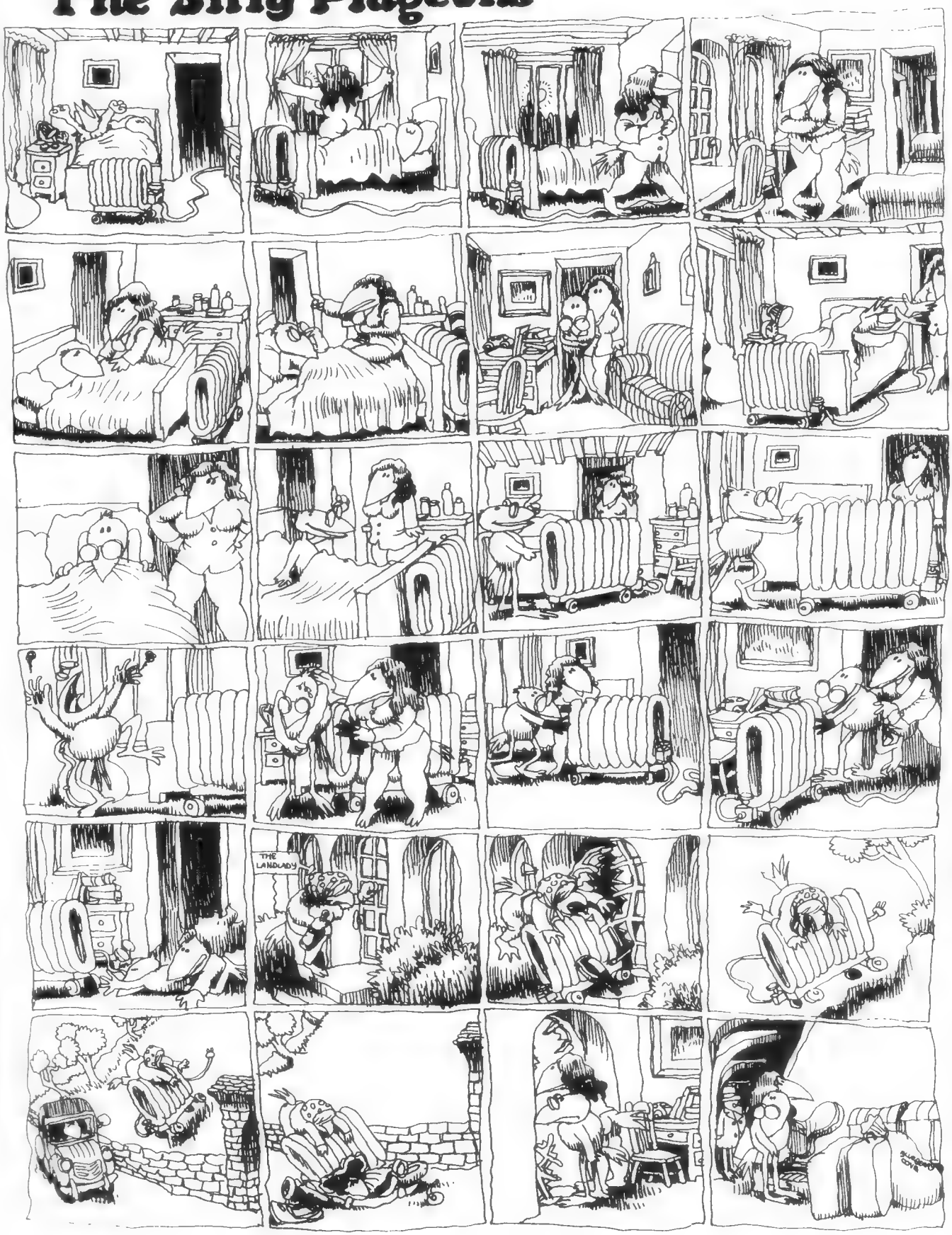

YOU HAVENT THE FAINTEST IDEA HOW LUCKY YOU ARE THAT AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN LOVES YOU AND WANTS TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING OF VALUE... SOMETHING THAT WILL INFLAME YOUR CREATIVE POTENTIAL!
NOW GET GOING AND HURRY UP!
WE'LL SEE WHO GETS LOST WITHOUT WHO!
I'D LIKE A HAMBURGER WITH PICKLES AN' MUSTARD AN' ONIONS, PLEASE... AND A COKE...
NO PICKLE...
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS, PAL...
YUM YUM
BYEH!
DROOL
TRY OUR HOME MADE SMACK

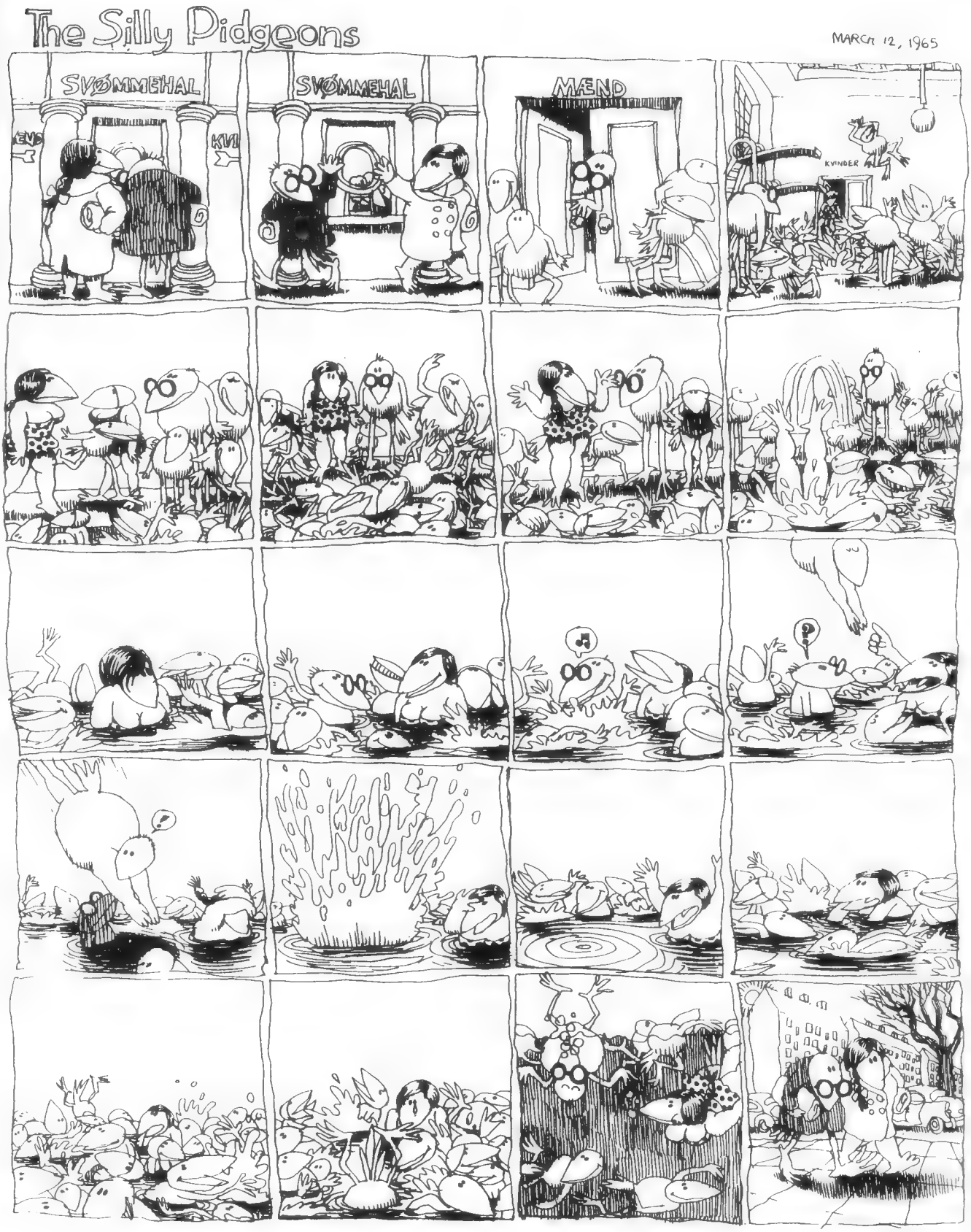

HOLY JESUS! WINSTON'S GOT ALL THE BREAD!
BE DARING TRY OUR HOME MADE APPLE PIE
FALL AGAIN
CRUMB!
GIVE US A BREAK
SMOKE CAMEL DUNG CIGARETTES
COME ON IN WHAT THE HELL
PENNILESS... A REGULAR BUM! A HOBO WITH NO MONEY AN' NO PLACE TO GO... AIMLESS... DRIFTING FROM CITY TO CITY... STARVING... DIRTY...
AUTO HOP
...RIDIN' TH' RAILS...
AHH...IT'S A GREAT LIFE! GODDAMN!
HALLALEWYAH, I'M A BUM! HALLA-LEWYAH, BUM AGAIN... HALLALUHYEW GIVE US A HAND OUT TO REVIVE US AGAIN!
SANTA FE
ZZZZZZ
ZZZZZ
CRACK
YEOW!
GIT MOVIN'!
FHUD!
OOWW!
OH MY HEAD! WHERE AM I? SOME BIG CITY!

JESUS! I'M HUNGRY!
HIGH VOLTAGE WIRES
GENERAL MONOPOLY
THUD
CLABASH
CLATTER
BLONG
HI GROUP!
The End


THE SILLY PIDGEONS
TRAINS
ZUM ZUM GOOT GOT
CALAIS
BLUEBERRY COVE MAINE
R. CRUMB
7 NOVEMBER 64

The Silly Pidgeons



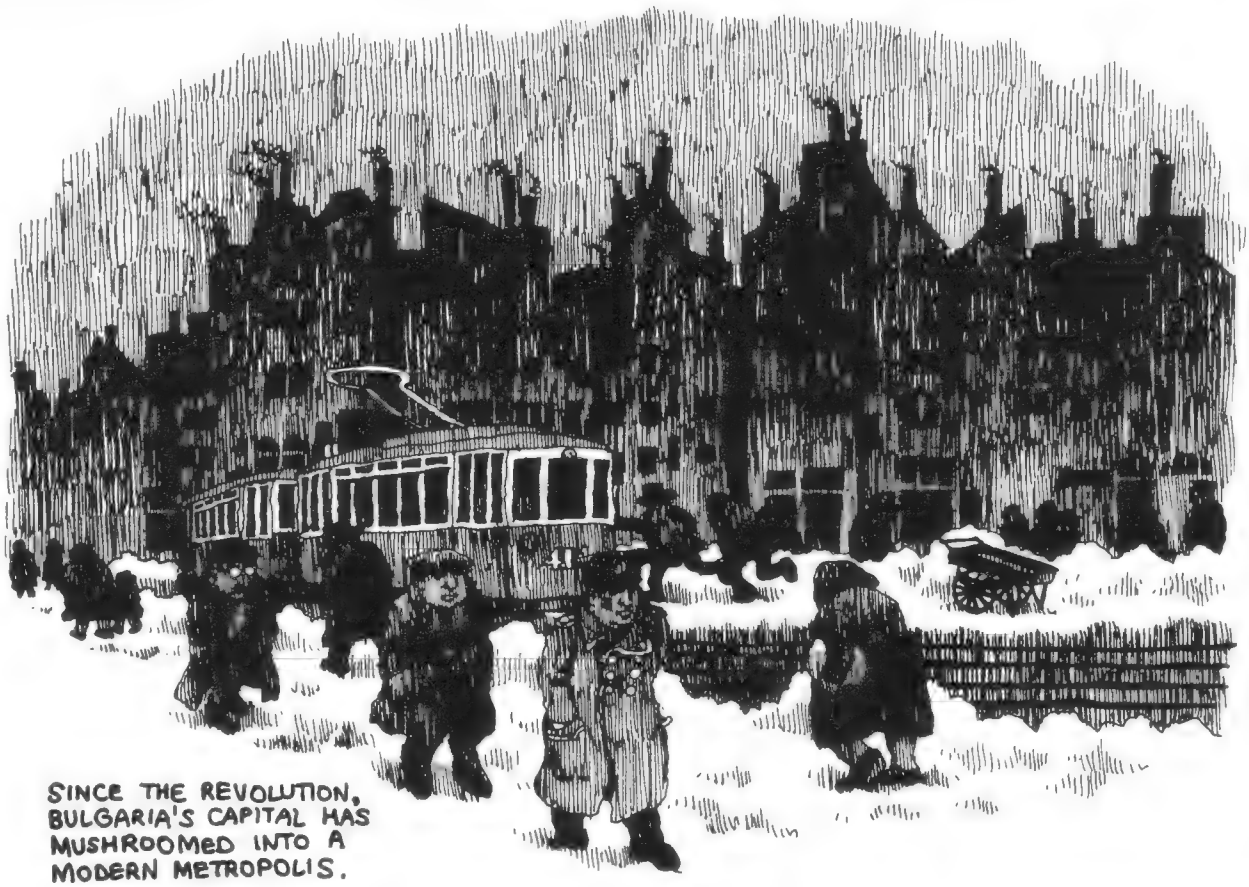

The Silly Pidgeons
MARCH 12, 1965
SVØMMEHAL
KVI
SVØMMEHAL
MÆND
KVINDER

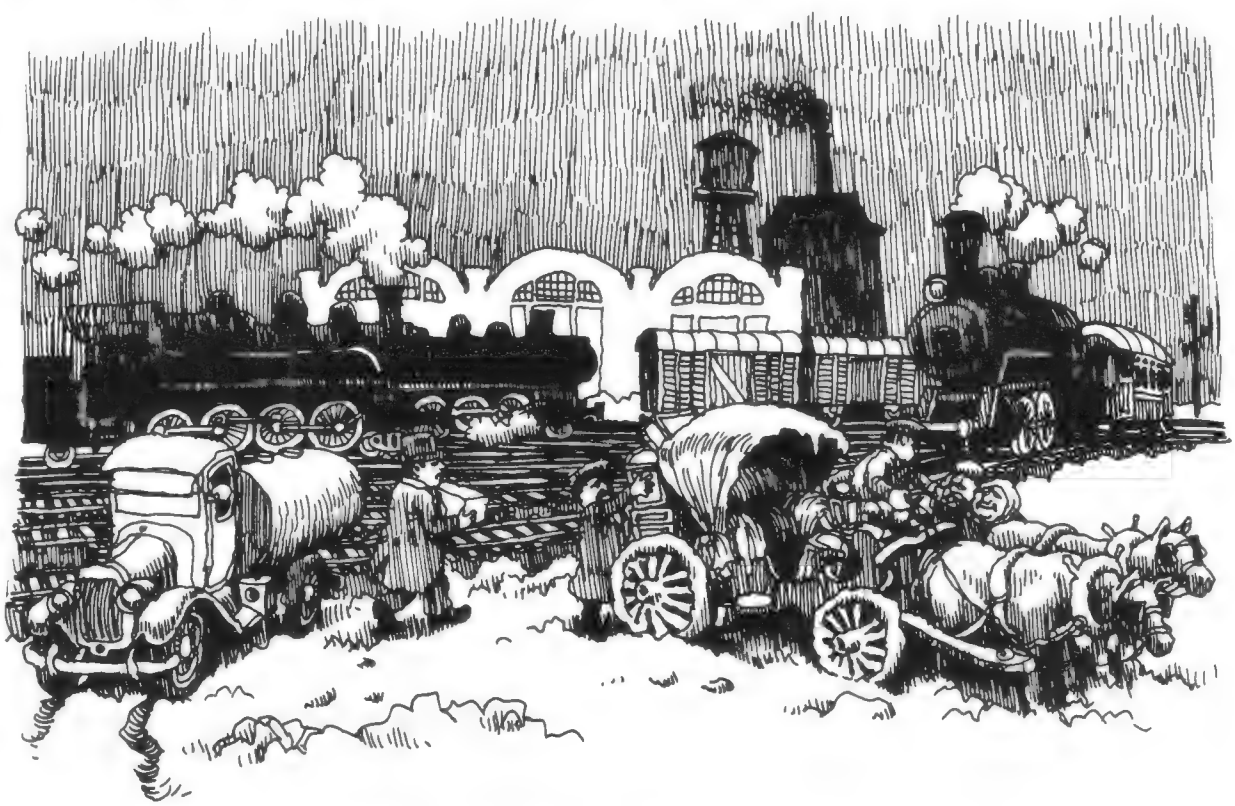
BULGARIA

R CRUMB

COMMUNIST PARTY HEADQUARTERS IN SOFIA, CAPITAL OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF BULGARIA

ARRIVED IN SOFIA IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT... GETTING A TAXI WAS A REAL BITCH....

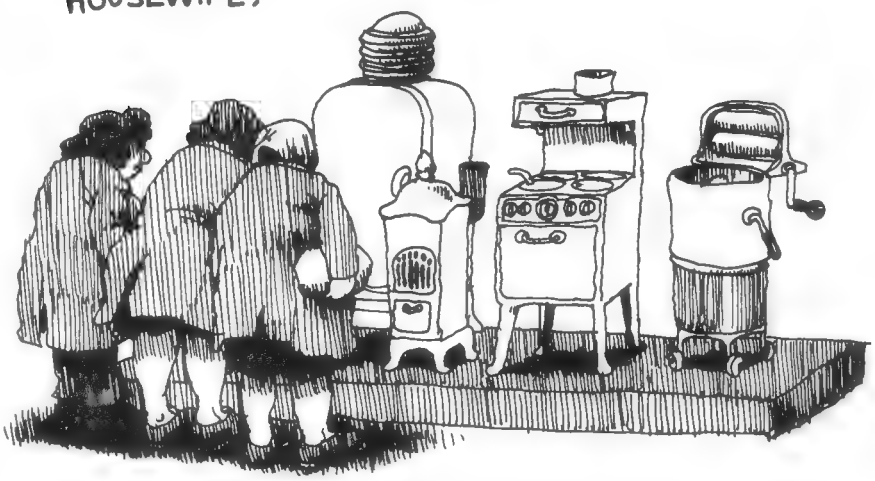

SINCE THE REVOLUTION, BULGARIA'S CAPITAL HAS MUSHROOMED INTO A MODERN METROPOLIS.


BULGARIA IS A POOR COUNTRY, BUT ONE CAN FIND A WEALTH OF BEAUTIFUL RELICS AND ANCIENT OBJECTS...

THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC IS FREE FROM DECADENT WESTERN "MOMISM!"

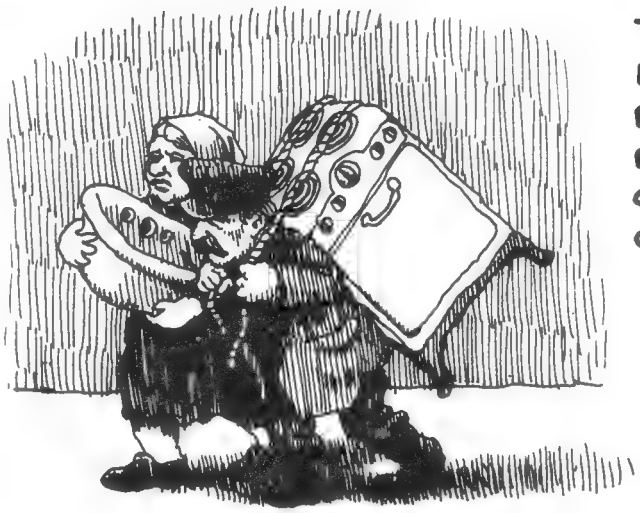
FACTORY WORKERS ARE MORE PRODUCTIVE IN COLORFUL, INSPIRING SURROUNDINGS.

A WIDE VARIETY OF HOME APPLIANCES HAVE BEEN MADE AVAILABLE TO THE BULGARIAN HOUSEWIFE.

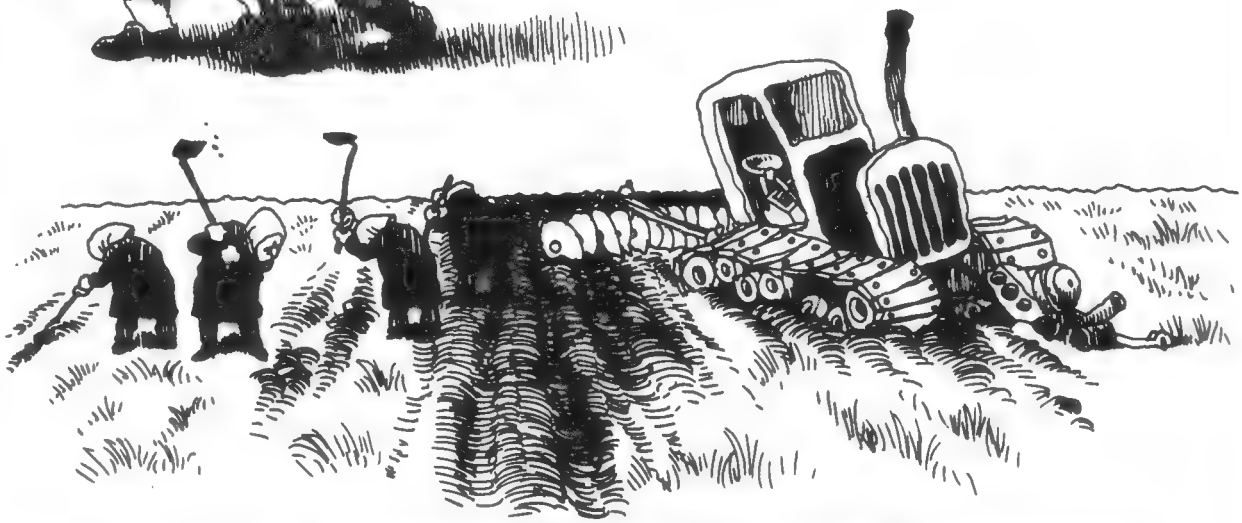


ЛИЛЗ СТОТИНКИ ЩОГЗ

SMALL VESTIGES OF FREE ENTERPRISE STILL EXIST.



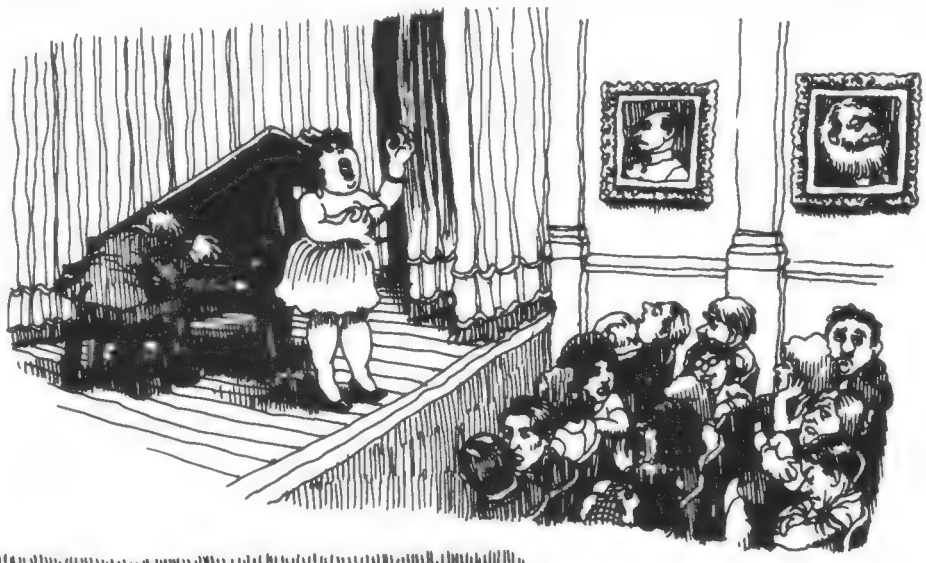
THE PEOPLE NOW HAVE BUYING-POWER, BUT IT'S ALL ON A "CASH-AND-CARRY" BASIS.



RUSSIA SENDS FARM MACHINERY TO BULGARIA IN EXCHANGE FOR MUCH-NEEDED WHEAT AND OTHER CROPS.

CULTURE IN BULGARIA

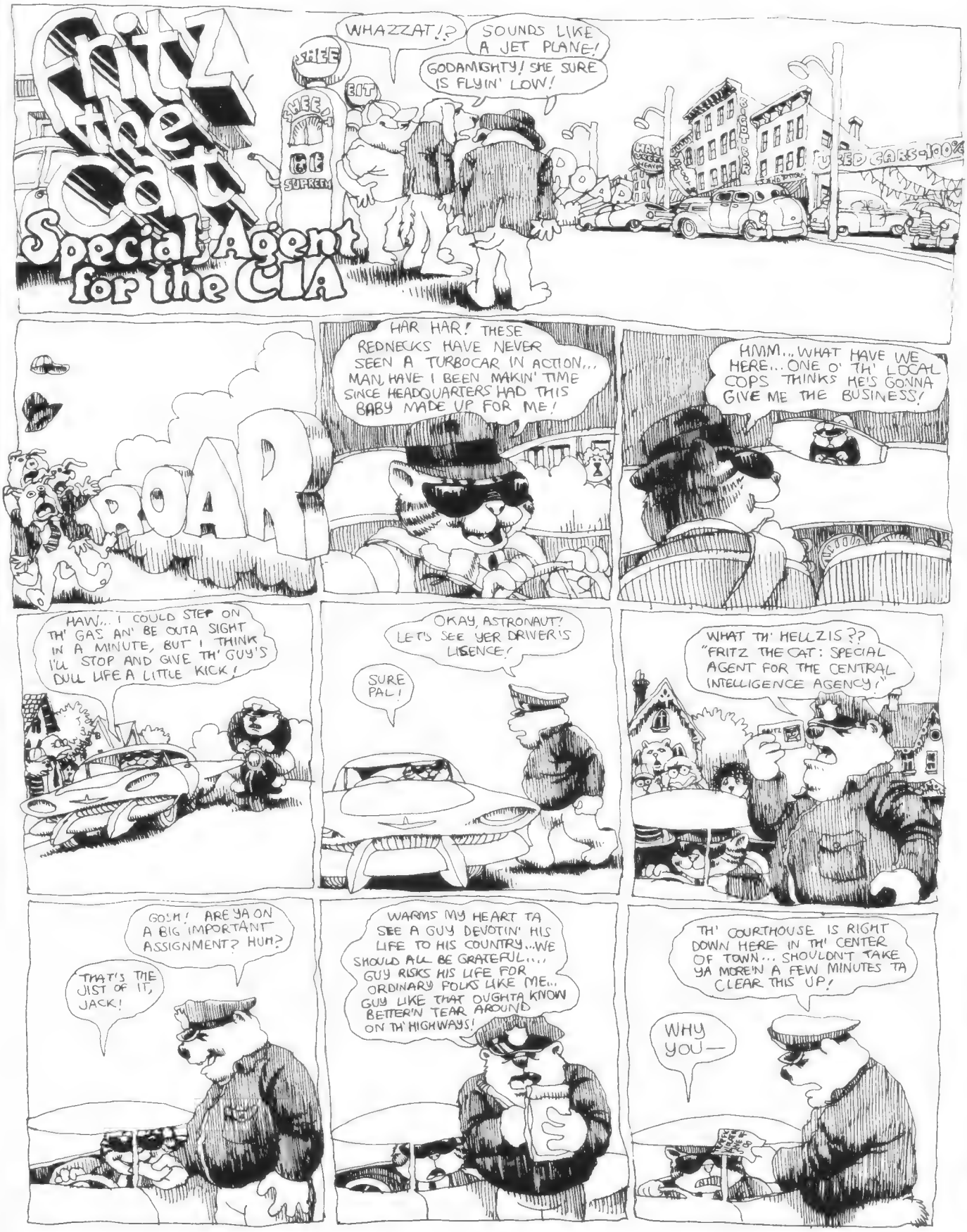
MUCH OF THE CULTURE OF THE NEW PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC IS IMPORTED FROM THE U.S.S.R.

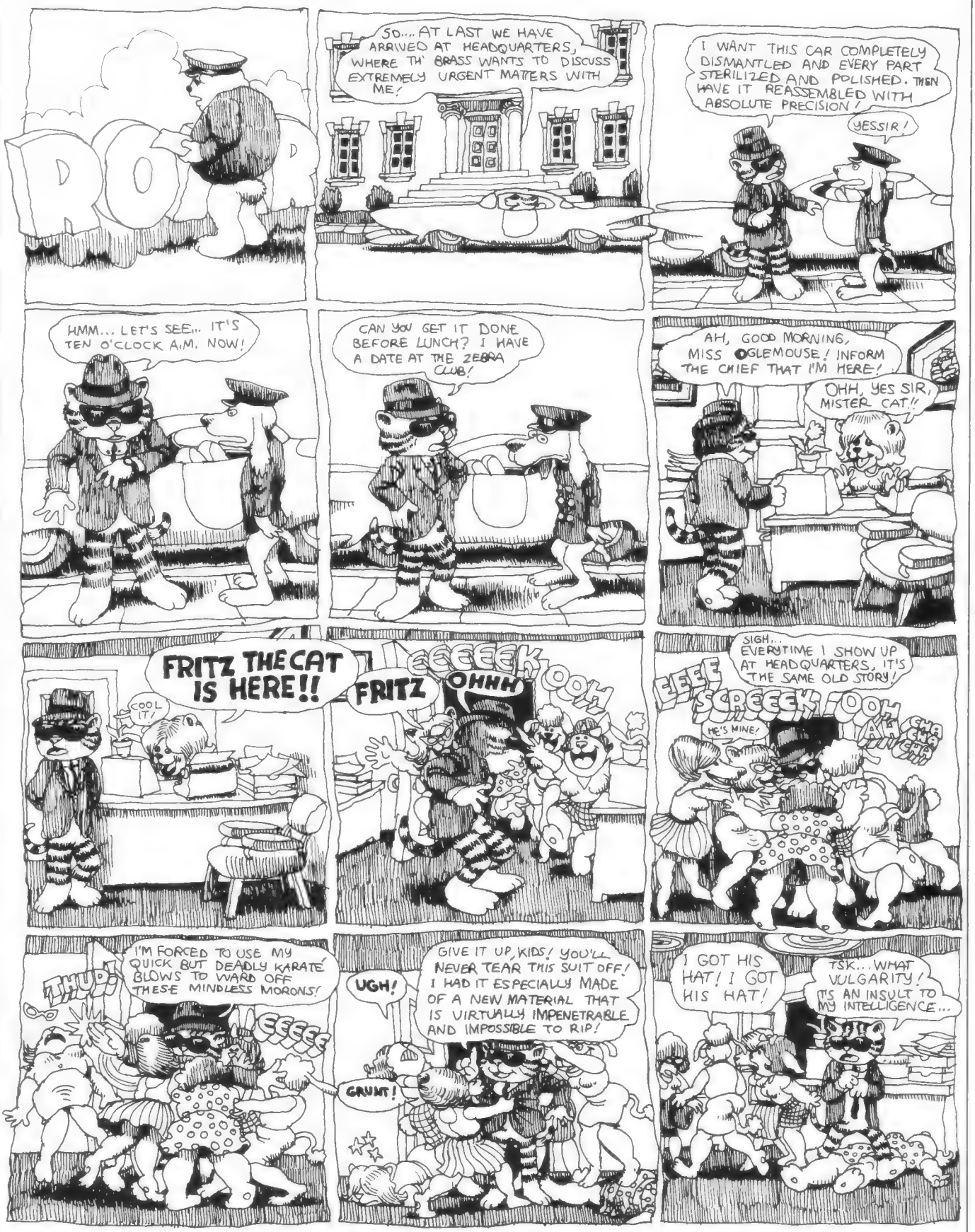


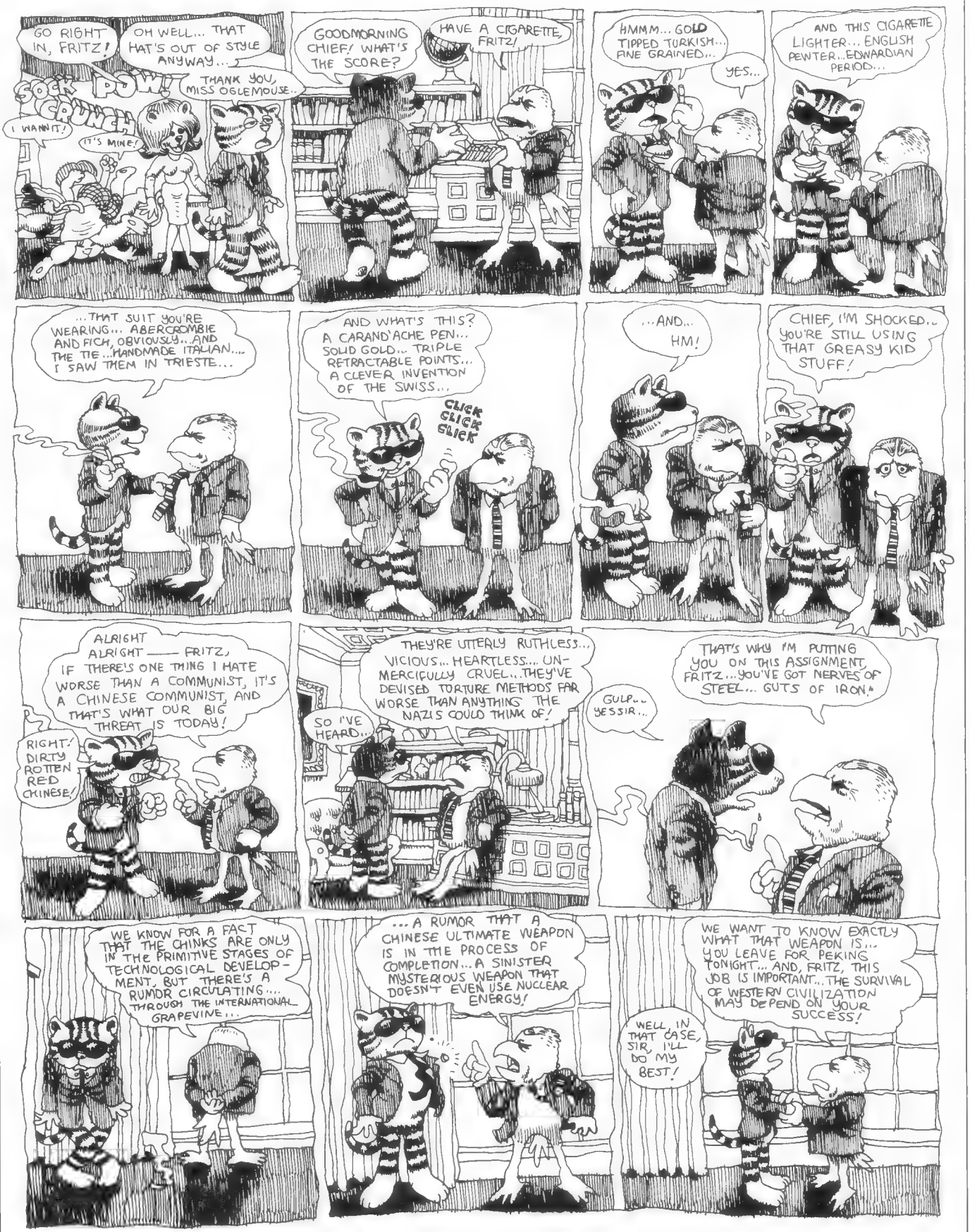
STATE PUBLISHING HOUSES PROVIDE HUNDREDS OF NEW BOOKS EVERY YEAR FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE MASSES.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART IS FILLED WITH INSPIRING WORKS THAT ARE EASILY UNDERSTOOD BY THE AVERAGE MAN. DEGENERATE "ABSTRACT" ART IS NOT PERMITTED.

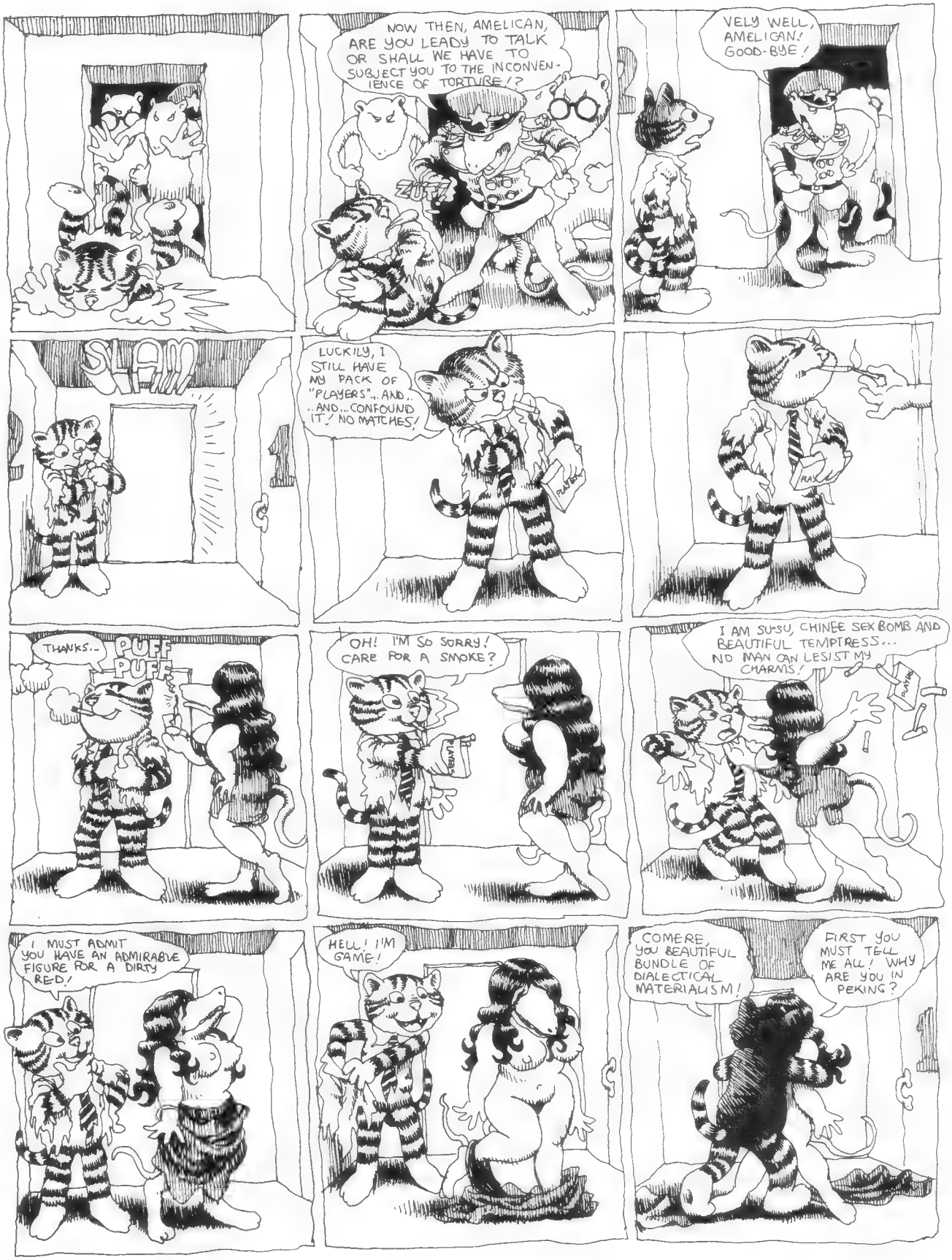
NEW BALLET DEPICTS STRUGGLES OF THE WORKING CLASS.
THEY WOULD LIKE TO DO THE TWIST BUT IT'S AGAINST THE LAW.
ANYWAY, SOME WESTERN INFLUENCES DO SEEP IN....
R. CRUMB


Fritz the Cat
Special Agent for the CIA
WHAZZAT!?
SOUNDS LIKE A JET PLANE!
GODAMIGHTY! SHE SURE IS FLYIN' LOW!
SHEE
EIT
SUPREM
ROAR
HAR HAR! THESE REDNECKS HAVE NEVER SEEN A TURBOCAR IN ACTION... MAN, HAVE I BEEN MAKIN' TIME SINCE HEADQUARTERS HAD THIS BABY MADE UP FOR ME!
HMM... WHAT HAVE WE HERE... ONE O' TH' LOCAL COPS THINKS HE'S GONNA GIVE ME THE BUSINESS!
HAW... I COULD STEP ON TH' GAS AN' BE OUTA SIGHT IN A MINUTE, BUT I THINK I'LL STOP AND GIVE TH' GUY'S DULL LIFE A LITTLE KICK!
OKAY, ASTRONAUT! LET'S SEE YER DRIVER'S LISENCE!
SURE PAL!
WHAT TH' HELLZIS?? "FRITZ THE CAT: SPECIAL AGENT FOR THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY!"
GOSH! ARE YA ON A BIG IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT? HUM?
THAT'S THE JIST OF IT, JACK!
WARMS MY HEART TA SEE A GUY DEVOTIN' HIS LIFE TO HIS COUNTRY...WE SHOULD ALL BE GRATEFUL... GUY RISKS HIS LIFE FOR ORDINARY FOLKS LIKE ME... GUY LIKE THAT OUGHTA KNOW BETTER'N TEAR AROUND ON TH' HIGHWAYS!
TH' COURTHOUSE IS RIGHT DOWN HERE IN TH' CENTER OF TOWN... SHOULDN'T TAKE YA MORE'N A FEW MINUTES TA CLEAR THIS UP!
WHY YOU—


ROOP
SO.... AT LAST WE HAVE ARRIVED AT HEADQUARTERS, WHERE TH' BRASS WANTS TO DISCUSS EXTREMELY URGENT MATTERS WITH ME!
I WANT THIS CAR COMPLETELY DISMANTLED AND EVERY PART STERILIZED AND POLISHED. THEN HAVE IT REASSEMBLED WITH ABSOLUTE PRECISION!
YESSIR!
HMM... LET'S SEE... IT'S TEN O'CLOCK A.M. NOW!
CAN YOU GET IT DONE BEFORE LUNCH? I HAVE A DATE AT THE ZEBRA CLUB!
AH, GOOD MORNING, MISS OGLEMOUSE! INFORM THE CHIEF THAT I'M HERE!
OHH, YES SIR, MISTER CAT!!
FRITZ THE CAT IS HERE!!
COOL IT!
FRITZ
OHHH
EEEEEEK OOH
SIGH... EVERYTIME I SHOW UP AT HEADQUARTERS, IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY!
EEEE SCREEEK OOH
HE'S MINE!
I'M FORCED TO USE MY QUICK BUT DEADLY KARATE BLOWS TO WARD OFF THESE MINDLESS MORONS!
THUD!
EEEEE
UGH!
GIVE IT UP, KIDS! YOU'LL NEVER TEAR THIS SUIT OFF! I HAD IT ESPECIALLY MADE OF A NEW MATERIAL THAT IS VIRTUALLY IMPENETRABLE AND IMPOSSIBLE TO RIP!
GRUNT!
I GOT HIS HAT! I GOT HIS HAT!
TSK... WHAT VULGARITY! IT'S AN INSULT TO MY INTELLIGENCE...

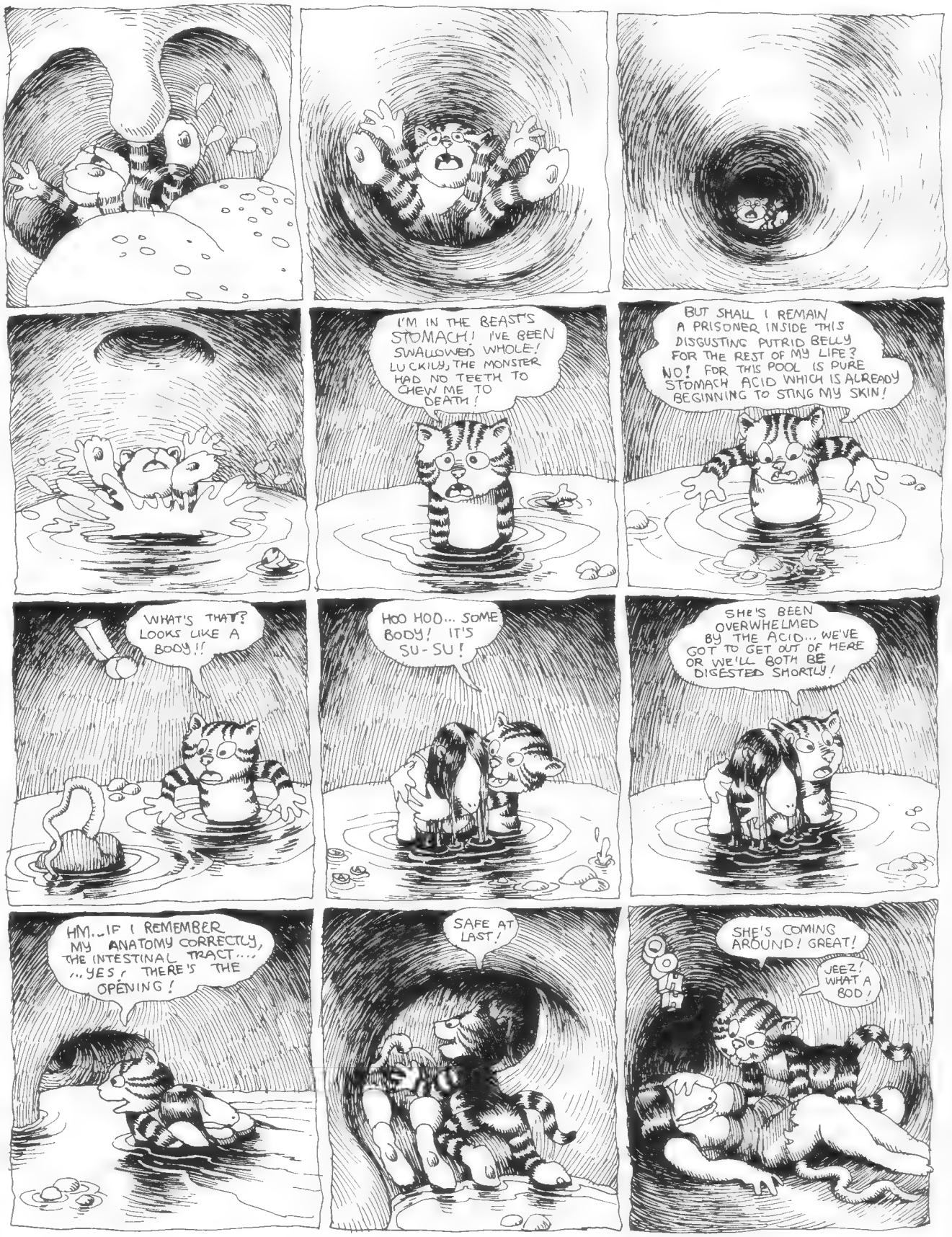

GO RIGHT IN, FRITZ!
OH WELL... THAT HAT'S OUT OF STYLE ANYWAY...
SOCK POW CRUNCH
THANK YOU, MISS OGLEMOUSE...
I WANN IT!
IT'S MINE!
GOODMORNING CHIEF! WHAT'S THE SCORE?
HAVE A CIGARETTE, FRITZ!
HMMM... GOLD TIPPED TURKISH... FINE GRAINED...
YES...
AND THIS CIGARETTE LIGHTER... ENGLISH PEWTER... EDWARDIAN PERIOD...
...THAT SUIT YOU'RE WEARING... ABERCROMBIE AND FICH, OBVIOUSLY... AND THE TIE... HANDMADE ITALIAN.... I SAW THEM IN TRIESTE...
AND WHAT'S THIS? A CARAND'ACHE PEN... SOLID GOLD... TRIPLE RETRACTABLE POINTS... A CLEVER INVENTION OF THE SWISS...
CLICK CLICK CLICK
...AND... HM!
CHIEF, I'M SHOCKED... YOU'RE STILL USING THAT GREASY KID STUFF!
ALRIGHT ALRIGHT — FRITZ, IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE WORSE THAN A COMMUNIST, IT'S A CHINESE COMMUNIST, AND THAT'S WHAT OUR BIG THREAT IS TODAY!
RIGHT! DIRTY ROTTEN RED CHINESE!
THEY'RE UTTERLY RUTHLESS... VICIOUS... HEARTLESS... UNMERCIFULLY CRUEL... THEY'VE DEVISED TORTURE METHODS FAR WORSE THAN ANYTHING THE NAZIS COULD THINK OF!
SO I'VE HEARD...
GULP... YESSIR...
THAT'S WHY I'M PUTTING YOU ON THIS ASSIGNMENT, FRITZ... YOU'VE GOT NERVES OF STEEL... GUTS OF IRON.
WE KNOW FOR A FACT THAT THE CHINKS ARE ONLY IN THE PRIMITIVE STAGES OF TECHNOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT, BUT THERE'S A RUMOR CIRCULATING.... THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL GRAPEVINE...
...A RUMOR THAT A CHINESE ULTIMATE WEAPON IS IN THE PROCESS OF COMPLETION... A SINISTER MYSTERIOUS WEAPON THAT DOESN'T EVEN USE NUCLEAR ENERGY!
WELL, IN THAT CASE, SIR, I'LL DO MY BEST!
WE WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THAT WEAPON IS... YOU LEAVE FOR PEKING TONIGHT... AND, FRITZ, THIS JOB IS IMPORTANT... THE SURVIVAL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION MAY DEPEND ON YOUR SUCCESS!

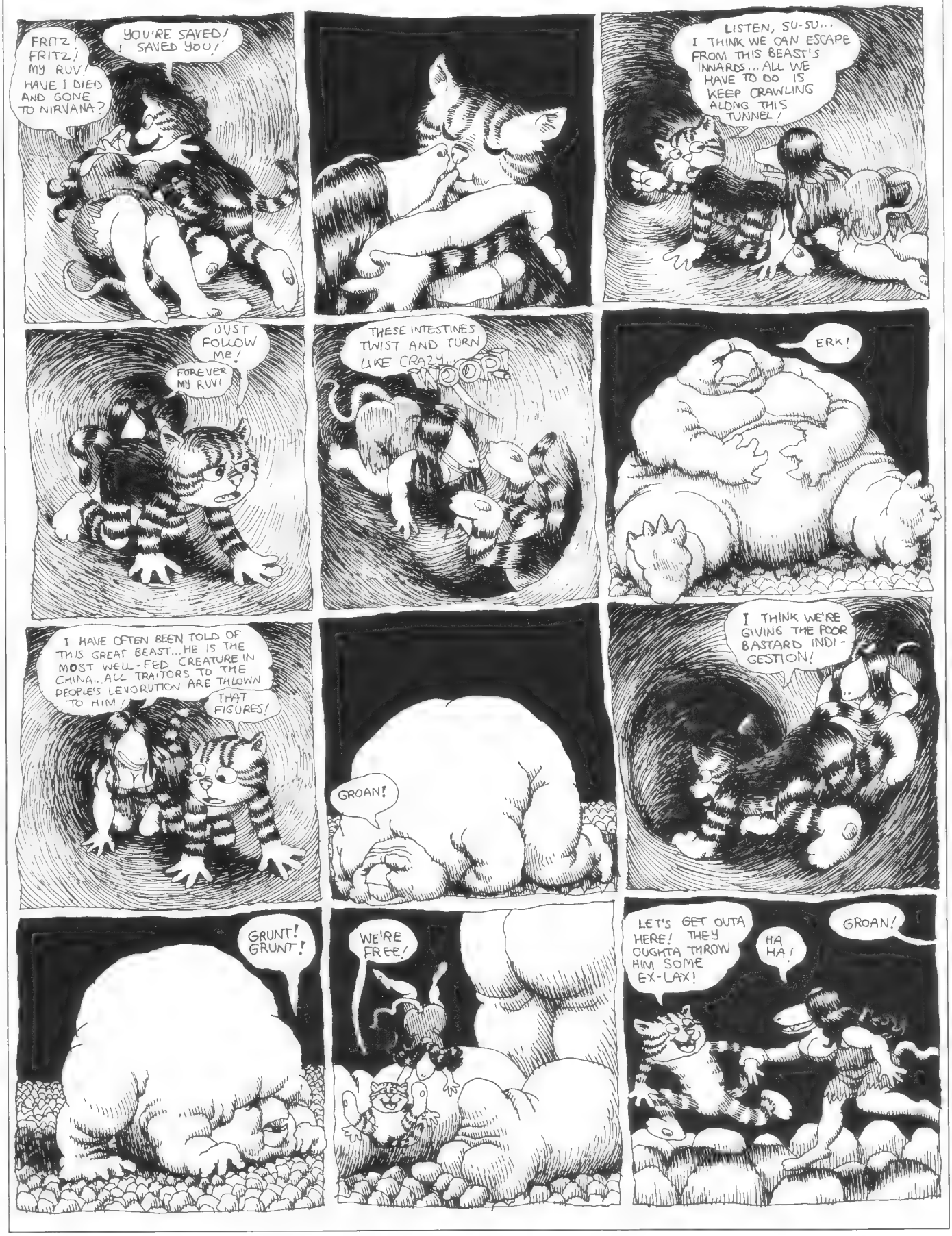
SO THIS IS PEKING! GOD, THESE RED CHINESE ARE DISGUSTING! THEY'RE UGLY, THEY SMELL BAD, THEY TALK FUNNY, AND THEY ALL LOOK LIKE COMPLETE FINKS!
YECHH!
WITH MY LITTLE DEFENSE KIT HERE I AM EQUIPPED TO HANDLE ANY OF THESE CRUMMY LITTLE JERKS IF THEY TRY TO APPROACH MY PERSON!
AH HA! ALREADY IT STARTS! GLAD I BROUGHT ALONG MY .38!
KABLAM
GOTCHA!
HUP! THEY'RE SNEAKY LITTLE DEVILS!
THAT NINE INCH MEXICAN SWITCH BLADE IS JUST WHAT THIS OCCASION CALLS FOR... EVENIN' CHUM!
CHUNG
我
HEP HIP HUP THEY KEEP COMING FROM ALL SIDES... DAMN... WHAT DID I DO WITH THAT TRANSMITTER FOR EMERGENCY RESCUE OPERATION!
DUNG
我
大家
前
我們
THE THING THAT SCARES ME IS THAT THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM!
高兴
NOW THE NERVES OF STEEL AND THE GUTS OF IRON SHALL GET THE ACID TEST!
GLEETINGS, PAPER TIGER AMELICAN!...TERR U.S. WHAT HAS BLOUGHT YOU TO PEKING?
SPLAT
WHO'S ASKIN'?
I ASK! CAPTAIN STIN KI CHIN KI... HEAD OF SECLET PORICE FOLCE! MOST FEALED MAN IN ARR OF CHINA!
HMM...GIVE ME A MINUTE TO TRANSLATE THAT!
ARROGANT BOURGIOSIE IMPERIALIST PARASITE!
WUAP WA WUAP
BASH BASH BASH
LOUSY ROTTEN COMMY SONUVABITCH!
YOU TLY MY OLIENTAL PATIENCE! U.S.A. TORTURE ROOM!!


NOW THEN, AMELICAN, ARE YOU LEADY TO TALK OR SHALL WE HAVE TO SUBJECT YOU TO THE INCONVENIENCE OF TORTURE!?
ZUT!
VELY WELL, AMELICAN! GOOD-BYE!
SLAM
LUCKILY, I STILL HAVE MY PACK OF "PLAYERS"... AND... AND... CONFOUND IT! NO MATCHES!
PLAYERS
THANKS.. PUFF PUFF
OH! I'M SO SORRY! CARE FOR A SMOKE?
I AM SU-SU, CHINEE SEX BOMB AND BEAUTIFUL TEMPTRESS... NO MAN CAN LESIST MY CHARMS!
I MUST ADMIT YOU HAVE AN ADMIRABLE FIGURE FOR A DIRTY RED!
HELL! I'M GAME!
COMERE, YOU BEAUTIFUL BUNDLE OF DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM!
FIRST YOU MUST TELL ME ALL! WHY ARE YOU IN PEKING?

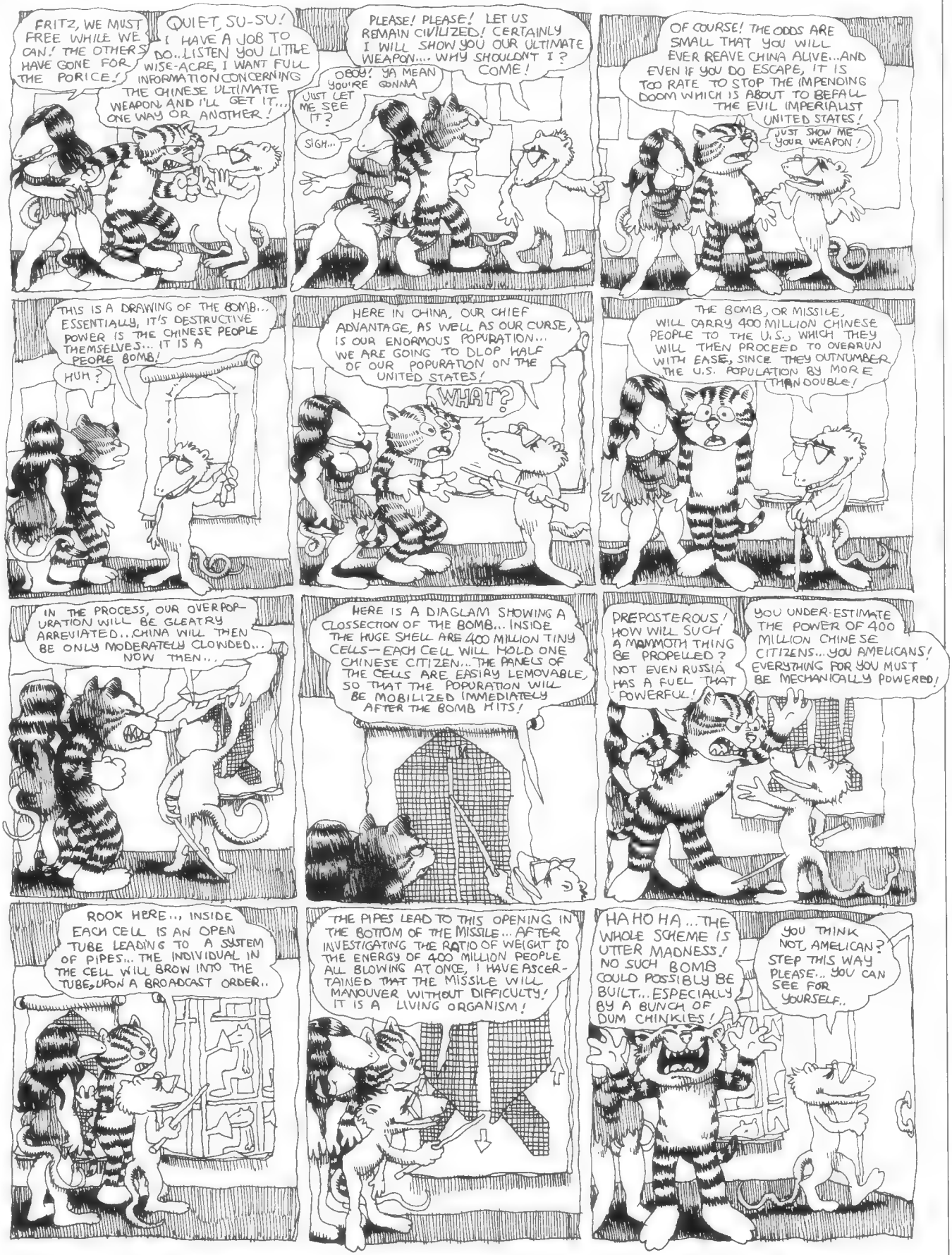
I RUV YOU! I RUV YOU! NEVER HAVE I BEEN KISSED RIKE THAT!
15 MINUTES LATER
WHAT IS YOUR NAME, MY RUV?
FRI-UH-HMM-FLITZ!
FRITZ?
YES.. THAT'S RIGHT!
FRITZ, I WAS SENT BY CAPTAIN STIN KI CHIN KI TO GET INFORMATION FROM YOU, BUT INSTEAD I HAVE FALLEN IN RUV WITH YOU!
LISTEN, KID, YOU THINK I'M DUM ENOUGH TO TAKE A BATE THAT OBVIOUS?
IT IS TLUE! WE IN CHINA ARE TOLD THAT AMELICANS ARE TELLIBLE MONSTERS BUT YOU ARE THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN I HAVE EVER MET!
STOW IT, WILL YA? I BEEN AROUND! I KNOW THE SCORE!
FRITZ! FRITZ! TAKE ME AWAY WITH YOU.. TAKE ME TO AMELIKA... LET US ESCAPE TOGETHER! I RUV YOU!
IT'S NO USE, YOU LITTLE FOOL .. I'M WISE TO EVERY ESPIONAGE TRICK IN THE BOOK!
2
SO! SU-SU, GET UP! I HEARD THE WHOLE THING!
CAPTAIN CHIN KI!
SU-SU, YOU HAVE BETLAYED YOUR COUNTLY... YOU MUST BE RIQUIDATED!
I DON'T CARE... I RUV HIM!
YOU MEAN, YOU REALLY.....?
YES... BUT IT IS NO USE.. GOOD-BYE, MY RUV!
PUT HER IN DOOR NUMBER TWO!
2
GOOD LORD!
ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE PEOPLE'S LEVORUTION!

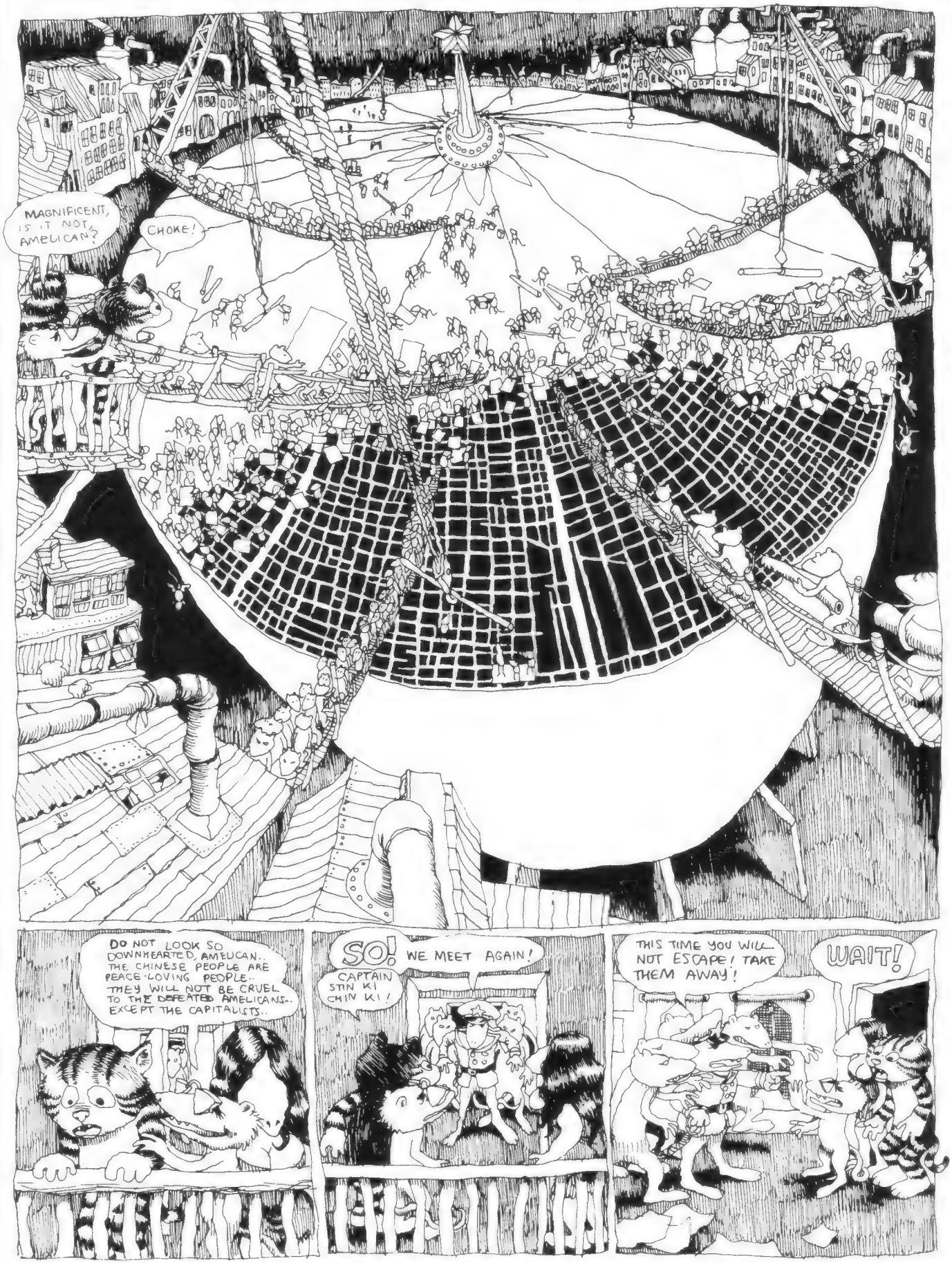
SHE WASN'T LYING! SHE REALLY DID LOVE ME!
AND NOW YOU, AMELICAN PIG! CAPITALIST SWINE! LOTTEN BOUSHWAH TOAD!
YOU HAVE TURNED THE WOMAN I DESIRED AGAINST ME... I WAS GOING TO MALLY SU SU MYSELF.. I WAS FORCED TO RIQUIDATE HER BECAUSE OF YOU!
....PITY.... A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF WHY COMMUNISM CAN NEVER SUCCEED!
NOW YOU MUST BE TORTURED IN ALL THE LATEST UP-TO-DATE TECHNIQUES BEFORE I FINALLY KILL YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS! TIE HIM TO THE RACK!
GO CHEW EGG ROLLS, YOU SLIMY RATS!!
SHOVE
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES WITH DOOR NUMBER TWO!
去急着
CRASH
A BOTTOMLESS PIT!! MAYBE IF IT'S DEEP ENOUGH I'LL END UP IN A BMT SUBWAY STATION.... OR A FALL-OUT SHELTER IN SCARSDALE!
SIGH... ALWAYS MAKIN' WITH TH' WITTY REMARKS..
WHAT TH' HELL... GOOD-BYE CRUEL WORLD!
YIYIYI! A HORRIBLE HIDEOUS MONSTROUS BEAST!
GLUP
BELCH


I'M IN THE BEAST'S STOMACH! I'VE BEEN SWALLOWED WHOLE! LUCKILY, THE MONSTER HAD NO TEETH TO CHEW ME TO DEATH!
BUT SHALL I REMAIN A PRISONER INSIDE THIS DISGUSTING PUTRID BELLY FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE? NO! FOR THIS POOL IS PURE STOMACH ACID WHICH IS ALREADY BEGINNING TO STING MY SKIN!
WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A BODY!!
HOO HOO... SOME BODY! IT'S SU-SU!
SHE'S BEEN OVERWHELMED BY THE ACID... WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE OR WE'LL BOTH BE DIGESTED SHORTLY!
HM.. IF I REMEMBER MY ANATOMY CORRECTLY, THE INTESTINAL TRACT.... ...YES, THERE'S THE OPENING!
SAFE AT LAST!
SHE'S COMING AROUND! GREAT!
JEEZ! WHAT A BOD!

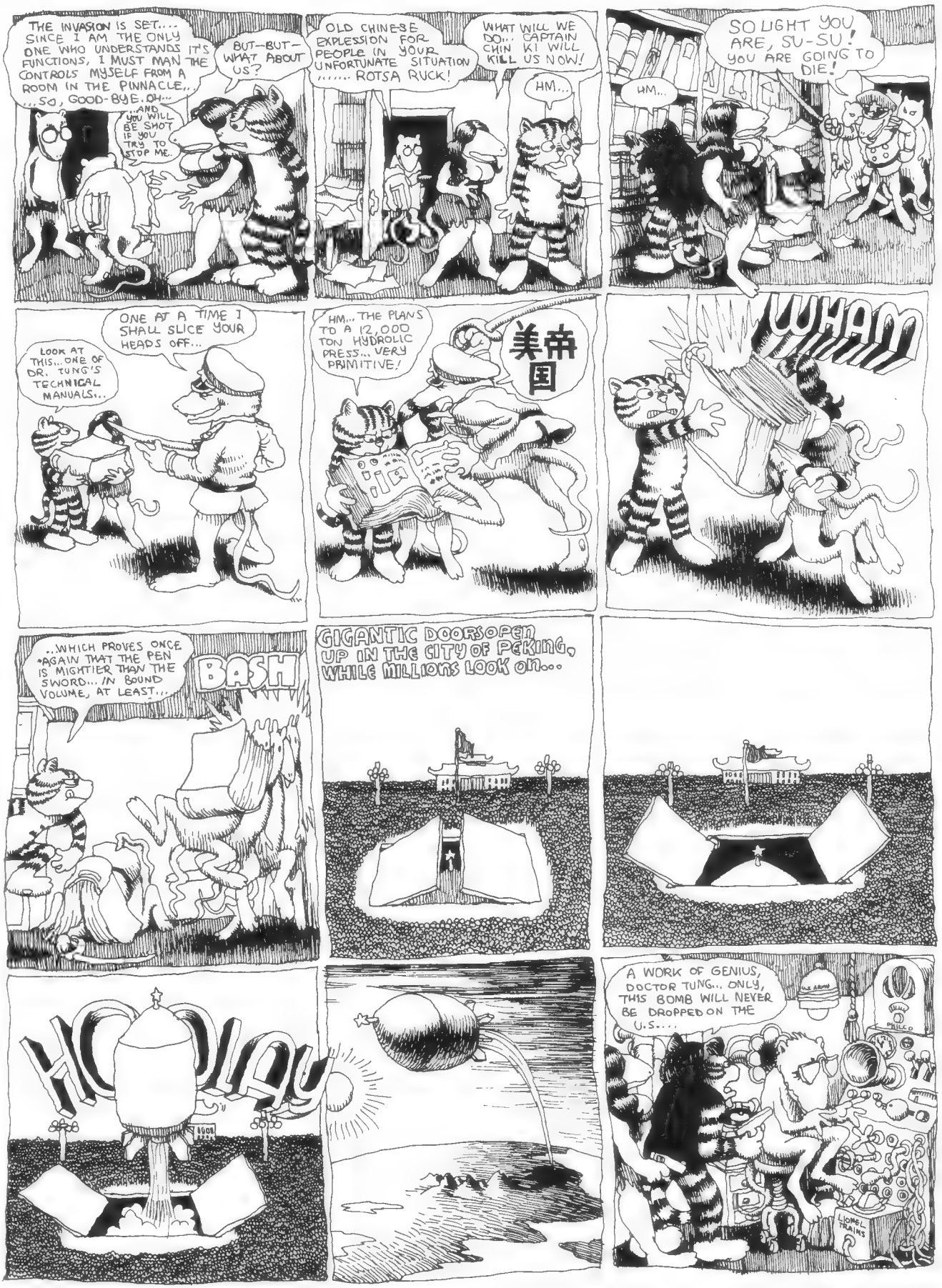

FRITZ! FRITZ! MY RUV! HAVE I DIED AND GONE TO NIRVANA?
YOU'RE SAVED! I SAVED YOU!
LISTEN, SU-SU... I THINK WE CAN ESCAPE FROM THIS BEAST'S INNARDS... ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS KEEP CRAWLING ALONG THIS TUNNEL!
JUST FOLLOW ME!
FOREVER MY RUV!
THESE INTESTINES TWIST AND TURN LIKE CRAZY... WOOP!
ERK!
I HAVE OFTEN BEEN TOLD OF THIS GREAT BEAST... HE IS THE MOST WELL-FED CREATURE IN CHINA... ALL TRAITORS TO THE PEOPLE'S LEVORUTION ARE THLOWN TO HIM!
THAT FIGURES!
GROAN!
I THINK WE'RE GIVING THE POOR BASTARD INDI-GESTION!
GRUNT! GRUNT!
WE'RE FREE!
LET'S GET OUTA HERE! THEY OUGHTA THROW HIM SOME EX-LAX!
HA HA!
GROAN!

WHAT BE THIS?!
..AN OLD MINING CART!
SO IT IS!
AHH... IT IS FROM THE OLD IMPERIALIST DIAMOND MINE THAT HAS BEEN ABANDONED SINCE THE LEVORUTION!
THE MOUTH OF THE MINE IS IN THE MOUNTAINS FAR OUTSIDE OF PEKING...
GREAT! GET IN, SU-SU! THIS THING IS STILL IN OPERATING CONDITION!
MAN! SHE GETS UP SPEED!
WHOA!
CRASH
AH HA! AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY! DIAGRAMS.. COMPLEX LAYOUTS... DRAWINGS OF PARTS FOR WHAT APPEARS TO BE.... AN ULTIMATE WEAPON!
WOOPS!
SNATCH
MY CORREAGUES HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR WHATEVER... I AM AFLAID THEY ARE MEN OF SCIENCE TO THE BONE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? AND WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
..YOUR MOST HUMBLE SERVANT, HONOURABLE TUNG NCHIKI, NUMBER ONE SCIENTIST OF PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA...WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE RABOLATORY!
THAT IS HOW YOU AMELICANS WOULD WISH US TO BEHAVE, IS IT NOT?


FRITZ, WE MUST FREE WHILE WE CAN! THE OTHERS HAVE GONE FOR THE PORICE!
QUIET, SU-SU! I HAVE A JOB TO DO..LISTEN YOU LITTLE WISE-ACRE, I WANT FULL INFORMATION CONCERNING THE CHINESE ULTIMATE WEAPON AND I'LL GET IT... ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!
PLEASE! PLEASE! LET US REMAIN CIVILIZED! CERTAINLY I WILL SHOW YOU OUR ULTIMATE WEAPON.... WHY SHOULDN'T I? COME!
OBOY! YA MEAN YOU'RE GONNA JUST LET ME SEE IT?
SIGH...
OF COURSE! THE ODDS ARE SMALL THAT YOU WILL EVER REAVE CHINA ALIVE...AND EVEN IF YOU DO ESCAPE, IT IS TOO RATE TO STOP THE IMPENDING DOOM WHICH IS ABOUT TO BEFALL THE EVIL IMPERIALIST UNITED STATES!
JUST SHOW ME YOUR WEAPON!
THIS IS A DRAWING OF THE BOMB... ESSENTIALLY, IT'S DESTRUCTIVE POWER IS THE CHINESE PEOPLE THEMSELVES... IT IS A PEOPLE BOMB!
HUH?
HERE IN CHINA, OUR CHIEF ADVANTAGE, AS WELL AS OUR CURSE, IS OUR ENORMOUS POPURATION... WE ARE GOING TO DLOP HALF OF OUR POPURATION ON THE UNITED STATES!
WHAT?
THE BOMB, OR MISSILE, WILL CARRY 400 MILLION CHINESE PEOPLE TO THE U.S., WHICH THEY WILL THEN PROCEED TO OVERRUN WITH EASE, SINCE THEY OUTNUMBER THE U.S. POPULATION BY MORE THAN DOUBLE!
IN THE PROCESS, OUR OVERPOP-URATION WILL BE GLEATLY ARREVIATED..CHINA WILL THEN BE ONLY MODERATELY CLOWDED... NOW THEN...
HERE IS A DIAGLAM SHOWING A CLOSSECTION OF THE BOMB... INSIDE THE HUGE SHELL ARE 400 MILLION TINY CELLS—EACH CELL WILL HOLD ONE CHINESE CITIZEN... THE PANELS OF THE CELLS ARE EASIAY LEMOVABLE, SO THAT THE POPURATION WILL BE MOBILIZED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BOMB HITS!
PREPOSTEROUS! HOW WILL SUCH A MAMMOTH THING BE PROPELLED? NOT EVEN RUSSIA HAS A FUEL THAT POWERFUL!
YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE THE POWER OF 400 MILLION CHINESE CITIZENS...YOU AMELICANS! EVERYTHING FOR YOU MUST BE MECHANICALLY POWERED!
ROOK HERE... INSIDE EACH CELL IS AN OPEN TUBE LEADING TO A SYSTEM OF PIPES... THE INDIVIDUAL IN THE CELL WILL BROW INTO THE TUBE, UPON A BROADCAST ORDER..
THE PIPES LEAD TO THIS OPENING IN THE BOTTOM OF THE MISSILE... AFTER INVESTIGATING THE RATIO OF WEIGHT TO THE ENERGY OF 400 MILLION PEOPLE ALL BLOWING AT ONCE, I HAVE ASCER-TAINED THAT THE MISSILE WILL MANOUVER WITHOUT DIFFICULTY! IT IS A LIVING ORGANISM!
HA HO HA ... THE WHOLE SCHEME IS UTTER MADNESS! NO SUCH BOMB COULD POSSIBLY BE BUILT... ESPECIALLY BY A BUNCH OF DUM CHINKIES!
YOU THINK NOT, AMELICAN? STEP THIS WAY PLEASE... YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF..

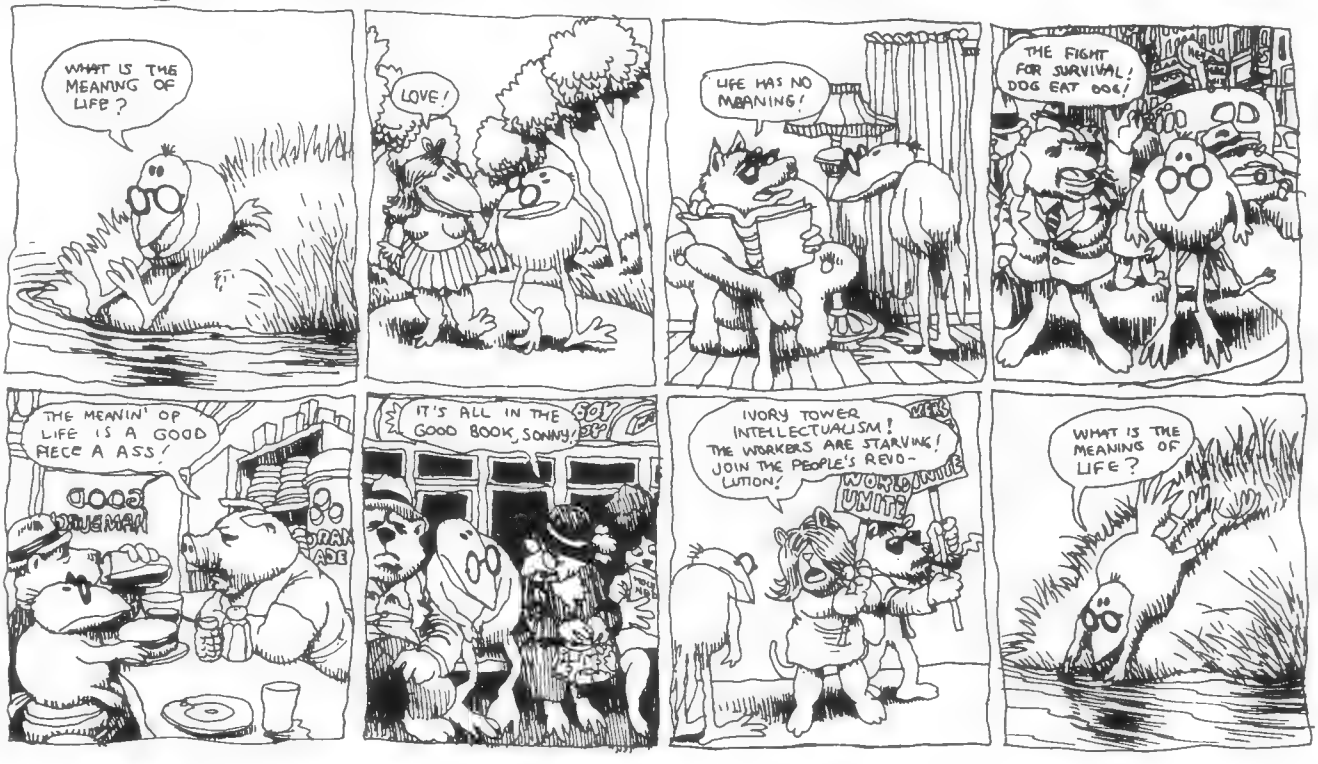

MAGNIFICENT, IS IT NOT, AMELICAN?
CHOKE!
DO NOT LOOK SO DOWNHEARTED, AMELICAN.. THE CHINESE PEOPLE ARE PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE.. THEY WILL NOT BE CRUEL TO THE DEFEATED AMELICANS.. EXCEPT THE CAPITALISTS..
SO! WE MEET AGAIN!
CAPTAIN STIN KI CHIN KI!
THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE! TAKE THEM AWAY!
WAIT!

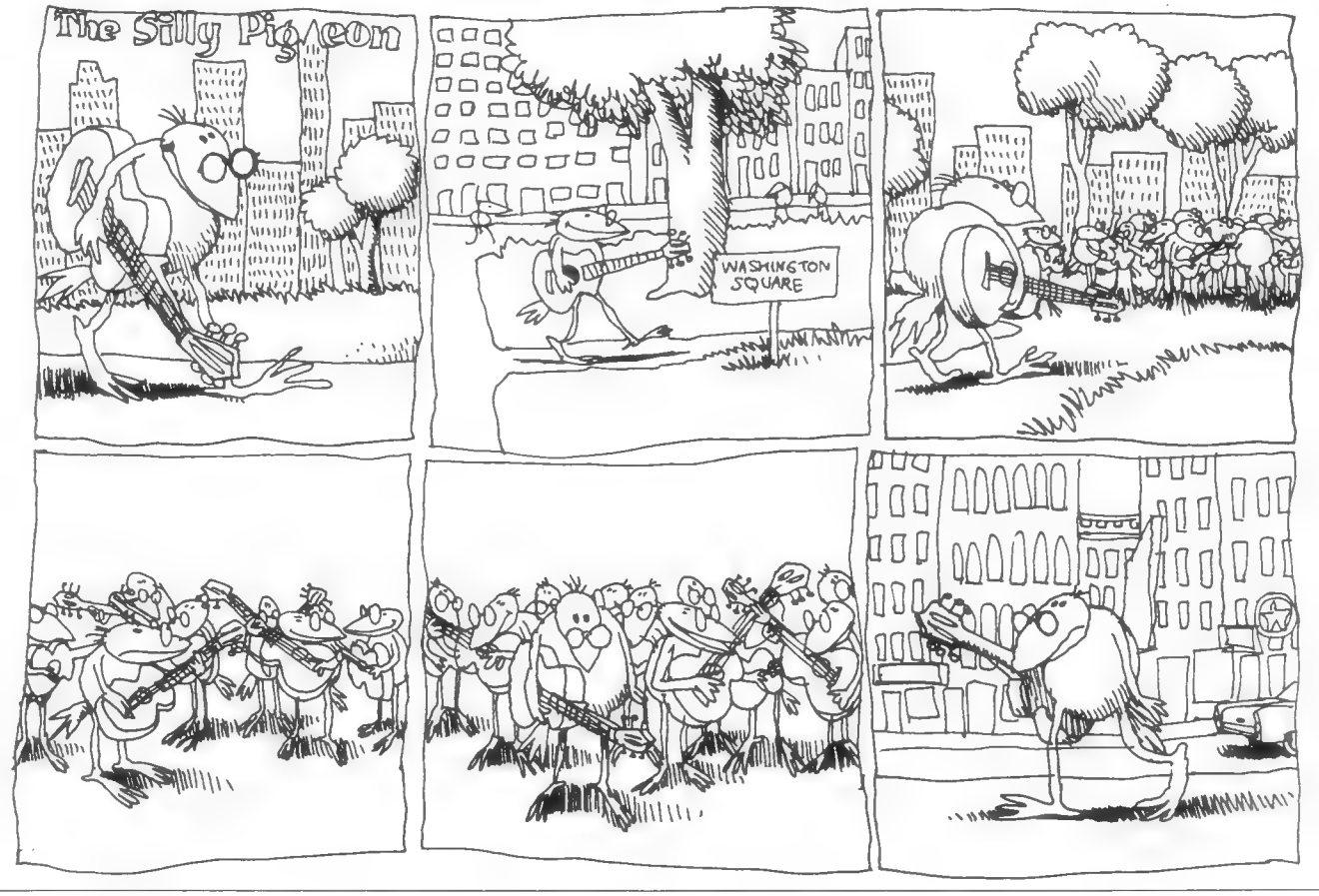
I AM IN THE MIDST OF CONVERSATION WITH THESE PEOPLE AND UNTIL I AM FINISHED I INSIST THAT YOU AND YOUR MEN LEAVE US!
VELY WELL, SCIENTIST.. I OBSERVE YOUR WISHES ONLY BECAUSE YOU ARE FAVORED BY THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE... I WILL BE WAITING OUTSIDE THE DOOR!
YES YES YES...
SLAM
THE CAPTAIN HATES ME... IF HE COULD HE WOULD HAVE ME SHOT... HIS LIFE IS DEVOTED TO WEEDING OUT THE TLAITORS TO THE PEOPLE'S LEVOLUTION! ONE OF WHICH HE SUPPOSES ME TO BE, FOR SOME REASON!
IT'S YOUR HARD-CORE COMMIES LIKE CAPTAIN STIN KI CHIN KI THAT ARE CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE IN THE WORLD TODAY!
MORE THAN RIKERY, YOU HAVE ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO LIVE, MY FLIEND....
I SHALL SACRIFICE MY LIFE WILLINGLY IN AMERICA'S FIGHT TO FREE THE WORLD FROM CAPTAIN CHIN KI AND ALL HIS BASTARD COMRADES WHO ARE PERPETRATING THE BIGGEST POWER GRAB IN HISTORY!
SOB SOB!
BUT I'LL PROBABLY GET AWAY...
YOU SEEM LIKE A PRETTY SMART GUY... YOU DON'T FALL FOR THEIR PHONY LINE, I BET!
SOB...
..... LET ME JUST SAY THAT IT WAS I WHO DESIGNED AND SUPERVISED THE BUILDING OF THE BOMB... BUT TELL ME ABOUT AMERICA! I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT'S SOCIAL STRUCTURE, AND SO FORTH...
AMERICA! AMERICA! THE GREATEST NATION THIS WORLD HAS EVER SEEN! A NATION FULL OF JUST PLAIN FOLKS... FRIENDLY FOLKS ALWAYS WILLING TO LEND A HELPING HAND TO A NEIGHBOR!
SNIFF
A NATION WHERE YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID... WHERE EVERY MAN IS FREE TO CHOOSE HIS OWN WORK AND ANYONE WITH THE AMBITION AND IMAGINATION CAN MAKE A MILLION!
....IT'S A NATION FULL OF LAUGHING KIDS EATING ICE-CREAM CONES... A NATION WHERE GUYS TAKE THEIR SONS OUT FISHING ON SATURDAY...
HERE WE GET TO FISH ALL WEEK... FATHERS, SONS, MOTHERS, DAUGHTERS...
IT'S THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE... WHERE EVERYBODY CAN THINK AND SAY WHAT THEY DAMN WELL PLEASE, WITHOUT HAVIN' TO WORRY ABOUT FACIN' A FIRING SQUAD... IT'S THE LAND WHERE THE PEOPLE... YOU AN' ME... PICK THE LEADERS...
INDEED?
IT'S THE...
TELL ME ABOUT THE SPORTSCARS!
SPORTSCARS?
YES... SECRETLY, WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE TO BE DOING IS BUILDING SPORTCARS..., THIS BOMB STUFF IS DAMNED DULL!
YOU SHOULD DEFECT TO THE U.S. ... YOU'D LOVE IT! I KID YOU NOT!
OH OH!
DOCTOR TUNG NCHIKI...
THE BOMB IS FINISHED... IT IS LEADY...
YES.... I WILL COME...

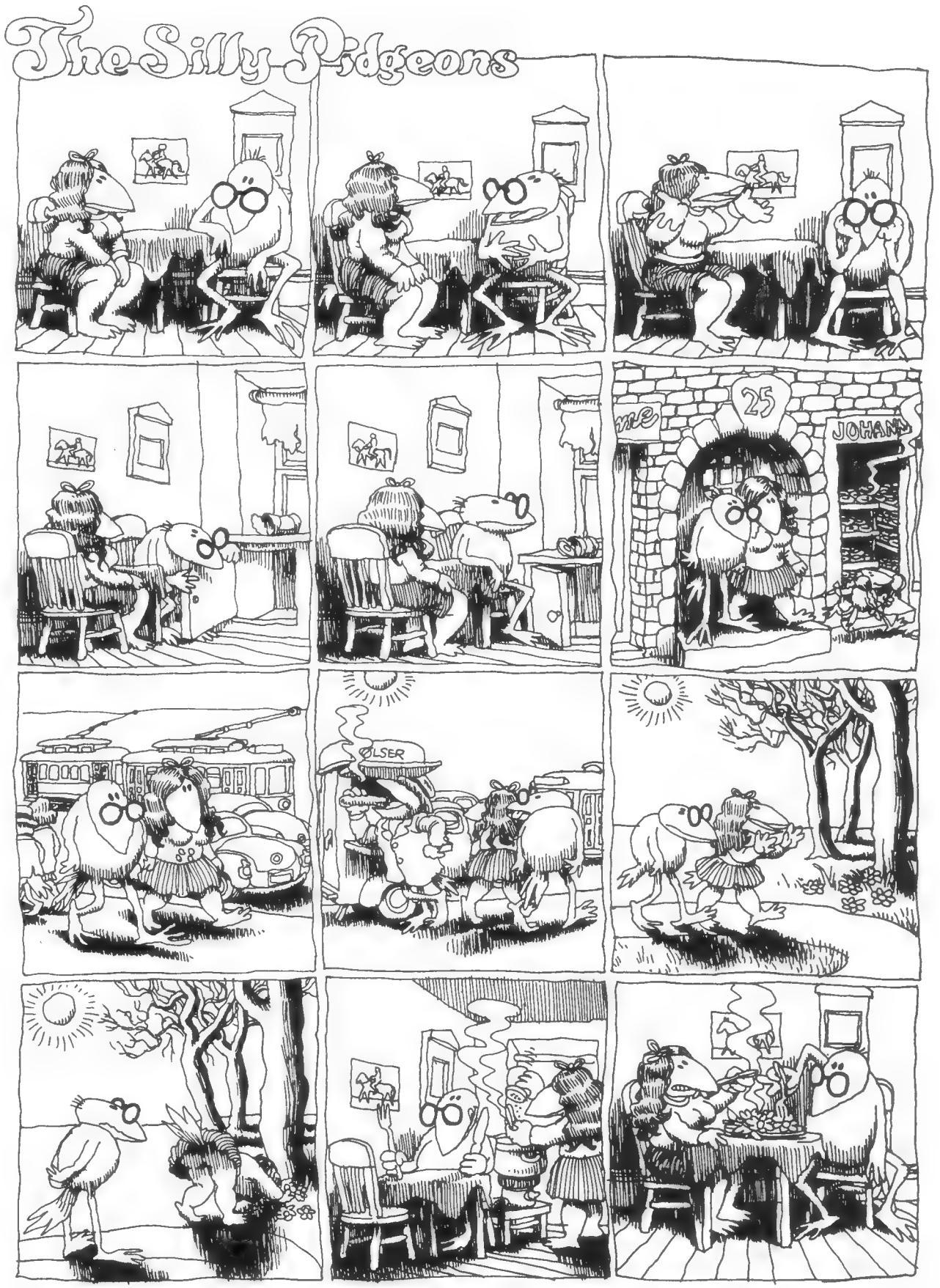

THE INVASION IS SET.... SINCE I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS IT'S FUNCTIONS, I MUST MAN THE CONTROLS MYSELF FROM A ROOM IN THE PINNACLE.. ...SO, GOOD-BYE. OH... ...AND YOU WILL BE SHOT IF YOU TRY TO STOP ME.
BUT—BUT— WHAT ABOUT US?
OLD CHINESE EXPLESSION FOR PEOPLE IN YOUR UNFORTUNATE SITUATION ..... ROTSA RUCK!
WHAT WILL WE DO... CAPTAIN CHIN KI WILL KILL US NOW!
HM...
HM...
SO LIGHT YOU ARE, SU-SU! YOU ARE GOING TO DIE!
LOOK AT THIS... ONE OF DR. TUNG'S TECHNICAL MANUALS...
ONE AT A TIME I SHALL SLICE YOUR HEADS OFF...
HM... THE PLANS TO A 12,000 TON HYDROLIC PRESS... VERY PRIMITIVE!
美帝国
WHAM
..WHICH PROVES ONCE AGAIN THAT THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD... IN BOUND VOLUME, AT LEAST...
BASH
GIGANTIC DOORS OPEN UP IN THE CITY OF PEKING, WHILE MILLIONS LOOK ON...
HOLY
A WORK OF GENIUS, DOCTOR TUNG... ONLY, THIS BOMB WILL NEVER BE DROPPED ON THE U.S....
LIONEL TRAINS

CAPTAIN CHINK! IS DEAD...NOW MOVE OUT! I'M TAKING OVER!
DON'T BE SILLY... EVEN IF YOU KILLED ME, YOU COULDN'T STOP THE BOMB..I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO CONTROL IT..
ACTUALLY, THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO... HERE...SIT DOWN MY FLIEND, YOU LOOK TIRED OUT...
SIGH...I'VE COME ALL THIS FAR AND FAILED TO STOP THE CHINESE ULTIMATE WEAPON AND NOW AMERICA WILL BE OVERRUN WITH RATS!
YES, IT DOES SEEM LIKE SORT OF A SHAME... I MEAN, TO INFLICT OUR MISERABLE MILLIONS ON YOUR BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY...THEY'LL TAKE OVER AND SOON THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE SPORTS CARS ANYWHERE!
...TRUE...
IT'S TOOBAD...I MEAN, I'LL BET WITH YOUR GENIUS YOU COULD HAVE GOTTEN A GREAT JOB WITH GENERAL MOTORS.. THEY'RE NICE PEOPLE.. HEADQUARTERS OUT IN DETROIT!
DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?
I KNOW SO! THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR GOOD SPORTSCAR DESIGNERS! THEY EVEN SEND OUT SCOUTS AND..
TO HELL WITH THE BOMB! I WANT TO BUILD SPORTSCARS!
LISTEN, DOC... HERE... I'LL WRITE YOU A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION...THEY KNOW ME... THEY BUILT MY TURBO-CAR!
WONDERFUL! WE'LL DROP OFF AT DETROIT! THE PARACHUTES ARE OVER THERE!
I'LL CHANGE THE COURSE OF THE BOMB...TURN IT AROUND...IT'LL GO BACK TO CHINA...
THEY'LL MAKE YOU FEEL RIGHT AT HOME AT G.M.! JUST KEEP IN MIND THEIR POLICY... WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR GENERAL MOTORS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE COUNTRY!
AND SO THE NEXT DAY...
NOW YOU DIE IMPELIARIST MAGGOTS!
KILL THE BUSHWAH FILTH!
EEEK
YII!
請
SQUEEE
AND IN A PLUSH NEW YORK APARTMENT
MMM...
AHH, SU-SU, MY LOVE...THAT WAS SWEET!
BUT NOW YOU MUST GO...
WISH ME RUCK ON MY INTERVIEW AT THE MODELING SCHOOL....
I KNOW YOU'LL MAKE THE GRADE, SU-SU... YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES!
NEXT!
ME!
THE END

the Silly Pidgeons by R. Crumb


WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE?
LOVE!
LIFE HAS NO MEANING!
THE FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL! DOG EAT DOG!
THE MEANIN' OF LIFE IS A GOOD PIECE A ASS!
GOOD
IT'S ALL IN THE GOOD BOOK, SONNY!
IVORY TOWER INTELLECTUALISM! THE WORKERS ARE STARVING! JOIN THE PEOPLE'S REVOLUTION!
WORLD WIDE UNITY
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE?

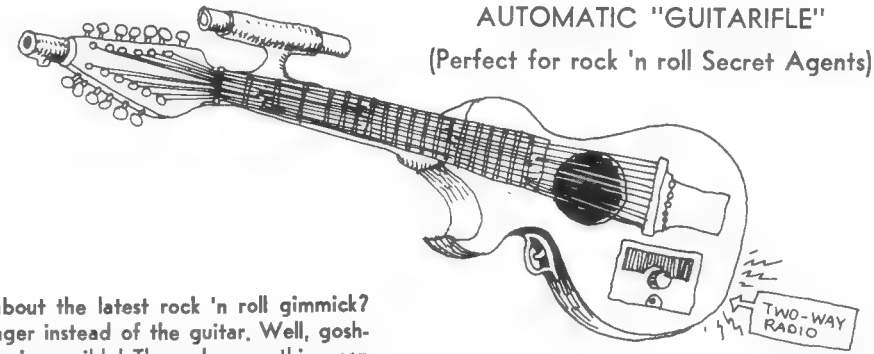



The Silly Pidgeons
25
JOHAN
ELSER

ROBERTA by R.Crumb
MR. SACCHARINEX, THIS IS ROBERTA SMITH...
HI ROBERTA! HAVE A SEAT!
..A YEAR OF SECRETARIAL SCIENCE... GOOD GRADES... BRIGHT... COOPERATIVE...
.. YOUR APPLICATION LOOKS PROMISING, ROBERTA!
..SO YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN US HERE AT GENERAL TECHNICAL SPECIALISTS INCORPORATED...
OH YES... I... THINK IT WOULD BE VERY INTERESTING... ...I... I...
IT'S PRETTY HARD WORK... TAKES AN ALERT, SHARP MIND... AN EYE FOR DETAIL... WE CAN'T HAVE SLOPPY SLIPSHOD WORKERS IN A PLACE LIKE THIS...
..OH.. I... ..I'M GOOD AT THINGS LIKE THAT... I CONSIDER IT A CHALLENGE AN' ALL...
GREAT... THEN IT'S JUST A SIMPLE MATTER OF FILLING OUT A FEW FORMS AND TAKING A COUPLE OF TESTS...
START ON THESE ROBERTA... ASK MISS GRAY FOR PENCILS... SHE'LL SHOW YOU TO THE TEST ROOM...
OH GOSH... I'M SCARED! I'LL NEVER GET THE JOB NOW... I'M SO AWFUL AT TESTS... I'LL DO THIS ONE CALLED "PERSONAL HISTORY" FIRST..
UH OH.... HMM...
UH... MISTER SACCHARINEX...
YES ROBERTA! COME IN! COME IN!
ON THIS "PERSONAL HISTORY" TEST, IT SAYS "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A MEMBER OF ANY SUBVERSIVE ORGANIZATION OR SECRET POLITICAL SOCIETY? IF SO, NAME IT."
WHAT I WANT TO ASK YOU IS... WELL...
SHOULD I PUT DOWN THE "RINGO STARR FOR PRESIDENT" CLUB?

Fritz the cat MAGICIAN
... AT LAST I HAVE MY DIPLOMA IN THE ARTS OF MAGIC... NOW I'M MOST ANXIOUS TO TEST MY ABILITIES!
AH..HMMM... A GROUP OF YOUNGSTERS... I'LL TRY A FEW SIMPLE TRICKS ON THEM... JUST TO SEE...
ATTENTION KIDS!! LET'S HAVE SOME ATTENTION HERE! THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE!
NOW YOU SEE IT... NOW YOU DON'T.... YOU SEE MY HAT IS EMPTY... NO SECRET COMPARTMENTS..
PONK PONK
THAT'S NO BIG THING MISTER!
PRESTO! AN EGG!
I SAW YA PULL IT OUTA YER SLEEVE! FAKER! PHONEY!
GEE!
GOSH!
ANOTHER FANTASTIC FEAT OF MYSTERY... BEHOLD! ABA KADABRA!
YER A FAKE! FAKE FAKE FAKE!
... A BUNCH OF FLOWERS!
FAKEFAKE FAKE FAKE FAKE FAKE
WOW!
BRAT! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO... TO... HMM... YEZ.. HMM...
OH YEAH!? LET'S SEE YA DO IT, TOUGH STUFF MAGICIAN! C'MON... TRY IT!
C'MON.... I AIN'T AFRAID..
WELL NOW, INDEED...
GONNA BE FIGHT!
BE STILL MY HEART!
YAY! FIGHT!
FIGHT!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS CHILDREN! I CAN SEE MY MAGICAL ACT IS NOT APPRECIATED HERE! GOOD DAY!
CHICKEN!

GIMME THAT HAT!
HEY!
COME BACK WITH THAT! THEM THINGS ARE EXPENSIVE!
HA HA HA HA
I'M AFRAID THE CIGAR HABIT HAS WIPED ME OUT AS A RUNNER... FOLLOW THAT GIRL!
HA HA! I GOT A TOPHAT!
FASTER, KID! FASTER!
WOOPS! IT'S TOO BIG!
LOOK OUT!
SPLAT!
MY HAT IS RUINED!
YOU MADE ME SKIN MY KNEE!
GOTCHA!
GEEZUZ... THIS KID IS WILD!
HEY... YER CUTE!
KISS
MMMMM
G-GOSH...
GARDEN PATH



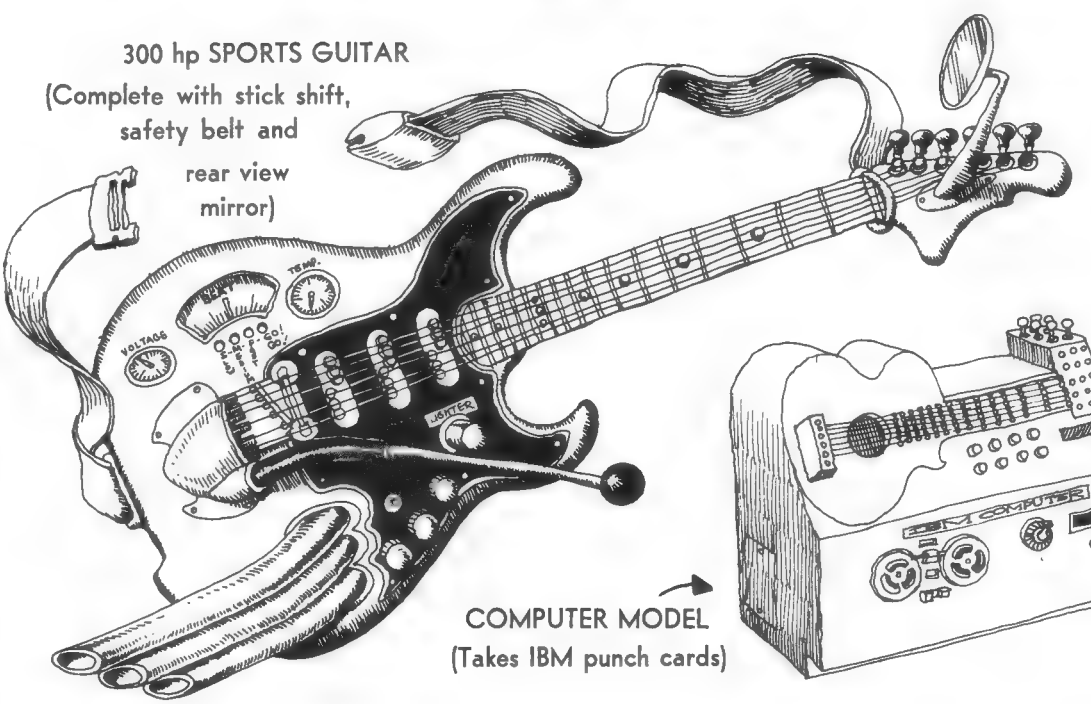
AUTOMATIC "GUITARIFLE"
(Perfect for rock 'n roll Secret Agents)

Have you heard about the latest rock 'n roll gimmick? You plug in the singer instead of the guitar. Well, gosh-a-rooney, it's not so impossible! These days anything can happen. And probably WILL. Take, for example, these fabulous sketches by boss artist Robert Crumb, in which he makes some dandy predictions regarding

guitar models of the future

BAT-GUITAR
(For super heroes only)

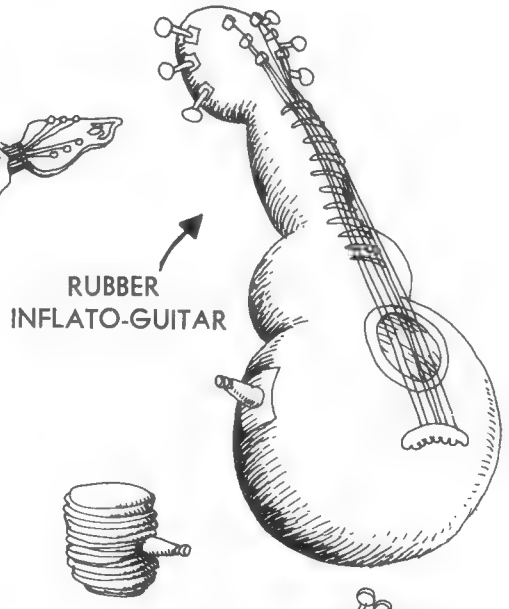
300 hp SPORTS GUITAR
(Complete with stick shift, safety belt and rear view mirror)



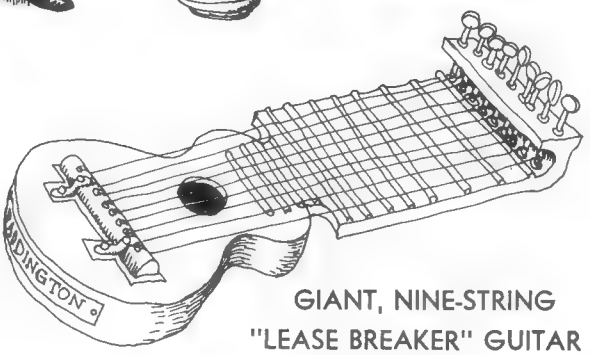
COMPUTER MODEL
(Takes IBM punch cards)

EXTENSION GUITAR

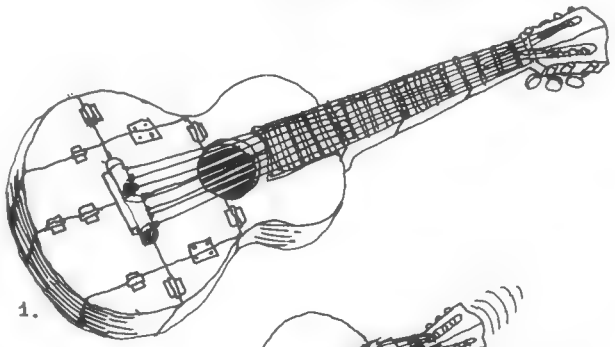
(For low budget folk-rock groups)



RUBBER
INFLATO-GUITAR



GIANT, NINE-STRING
"LEASE BREAKER" GUITAR



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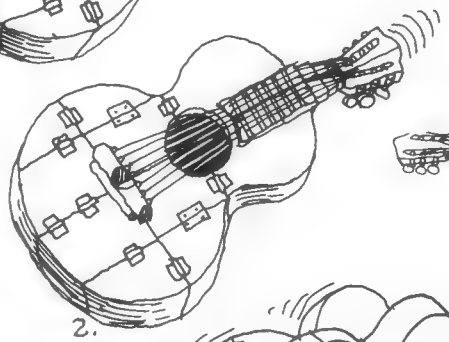
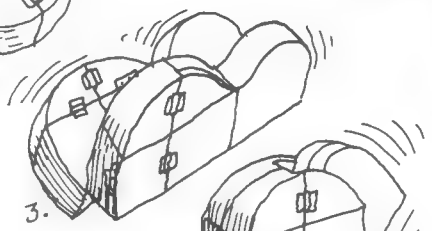


2.

"HIS AND HERS" MODEL

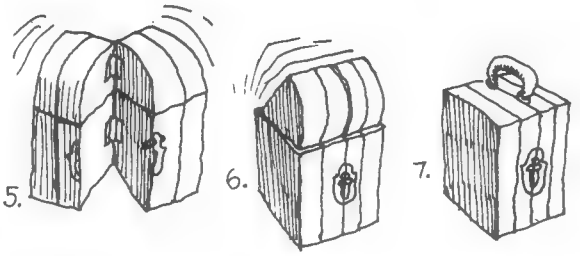


3.

4.

COLLAPSIBLE MODEL

(With hinged sound-box and
telescoping neck)



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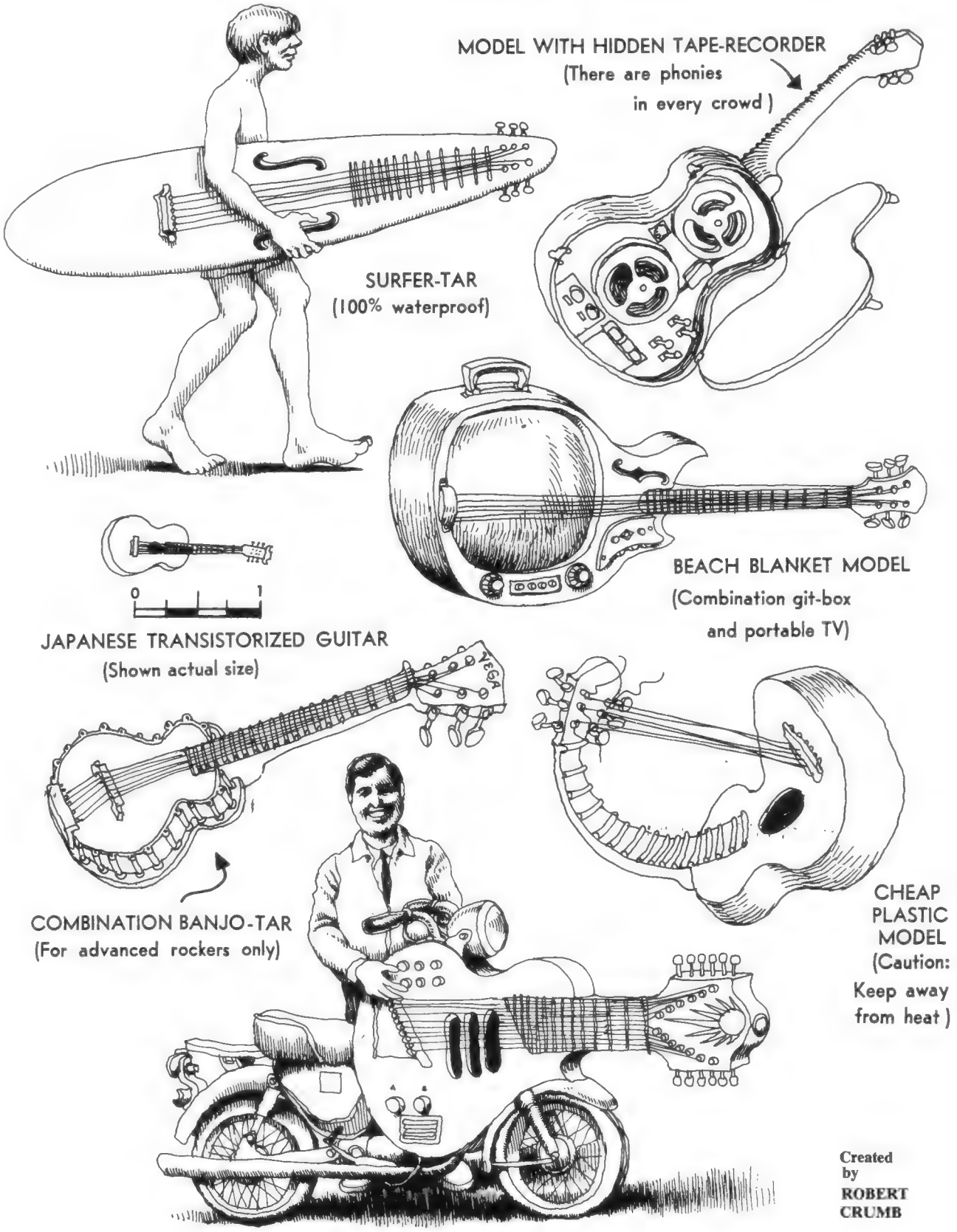

MODEL WITH HIDDEN TAPE-RECORDER
(There are phonies in every crowd)
SURFER-TAR
(100% waterproof)
BEACH BLANKET MODEL
(Combination git-box and portable TV)
0
1
JAPANESE TRANSISTORIZED GUITAR
(Shown actual size)
VEGA
COMBINATION BANJO-TAR
(For advanced rockers only)
CHEAP PLASTIC MODEL
(Caution: Keep away from heat)
Created by ROBERT CRUMB
"GUITAROCYCLE"
(Twelve strings and 85 m.p.h.—voom!)

The Story of the Bazooka Gift Certificate Deal

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

OR:

HOW TO IMPRESS YOUR BOSS and get LUXURIOUS GIFTS at the same time! FOR YOUR CUSTOMERS AND YOURSELF AS WELL! ALL FOR FREE!!

Here are some of the wonderful NEW GIFTS your retailers get FREE in Bazooka's new & expanded GIFT CERTIFICATE DEAL PROMOTION

1

These are also the Gifts YOU, too, can get FREE!

2

Your retailers get their Gift Certificates by BUYING boxes of Bazooka's Gift Certificate Deals FROM YOU!

(There's one Certificate packed inside every 480-count box of 1¢ BAZOOKA. There's a ½ certificate packed inside every 48-count box of 5¢ BAZOOKA clips and 5¢ BAZOOKA bars.)

3

YOU get your certificates by SELLING boxes of Bazooka's Gift Certificate Deals to your retailers.

4

To be precise, you get a full value Certificate for every case* of Bazooka's Certificate Deals you sell...
...AS A SPECIAL BONUS UNTIL MARCH 1, 1966!!

5

Read the Small Print

* one case is made up of only six 480-count 1¢ deals or twelve 48-count 5¢ clip or 5¢ bar deals.

GREAT

... you might say...

BUT HOW MANY CERTIFICATES DOES IT TAKE IN ORDER TO GET FREE GIFTS ?

6

It can take as little or as many as you want!

If a retailer buys only 10 (ten!) boxes of 480 count Bazooka from you, he'll have enough certificates to get this set of Eight

MONOGRAMMED LUSTREWARE GLASSES !

7

When you sell only 60 (sixty!) boxes of 480 count Bazooka, YOU'LL be able to get that set of Monogrammed Glassware TOO!

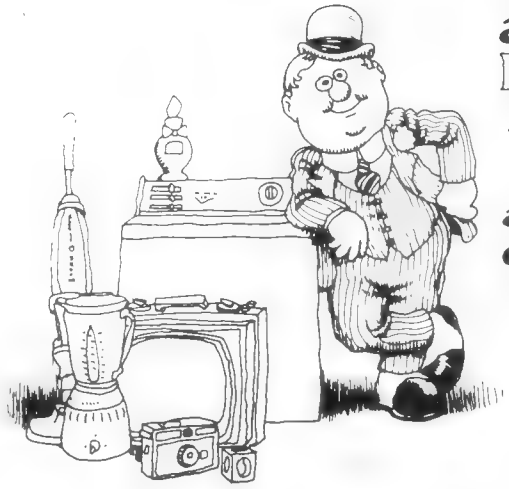
8

How about this 9-cup CORNING WARE PERCOLATOR? Your retailers can get it FREE for the Certificates packed in only TWELVE 480 count deals!

9

Sell only SIX retailers enough deals to get that Corning Ware Percolator and you'll have enough Certificates to get it, too!

10



You and your retailers can get Christian Dior Perfume for as little as 6 Certificates or a Kodak Instamatic Camera (with flashcube) for only 19 certificates.

Or, if you prefer, you can save towards an RCA Stereo Phonograph, free for 98 certificates, or a Westinghouse Air Conditioner, free for 180 certificates!

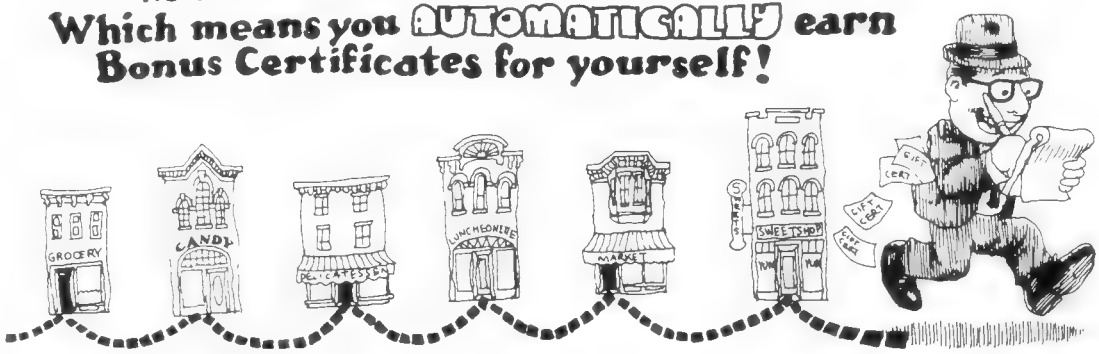
plus many, many more nationally-advertised brand name items, from Samsonite Luggage, GE Washing Machines, Martex Towels,... up to an entire houseful of furniture by Baumritter—All FREE for Bazooka Gift Certificates!

11

Each time you make a NEW PLACEMENT of a Bazooka Gift Certificate Deal you AUTOMATICALLY set your customer up to give you repeat orders!

(The faster a retailer collects Certificates, the faster he can cash them in for FREE GIFTS!)

Which means you AUTOMATICALLY earn Bonus Certificates for yourself!



12

Get the point? It's FAST and EASY for both your retailers and you to get the wonderful free gifts in the NEW & EXPANDED BAZOOKA GIFT CERTIFICATE DEAL!

13

BUT! To BUY the BAZOOKA GIFT CERTIFICATE DEALS your retailers first have to know that they exist!

14

...WHICH IS WHY WE PREPARED THIS BOOKLET (so you could tell them about it!)

15

And which is also why we're giving YOU the chance to get these same great gifts for free... It's our way of saying "THANKS A MILLION!"

16

HEY SKINNY! YER RIBS ARE SHOWIN'!
CORAL GABLES
BLANKET COMICS
WANNA BUY A DUCK?
CHEERIOS OF WAR
PICTURE CARD AND BUBBLE GUM
1¢
BURLESQUE
MIDNITE SHOW TONITE
BUY WAR BONDS
GARBO
I'd Rather Be Blue Over You
SUNNY SIDE UP
MONTE CARLO
Weir Tales
EUGENE
STEAM SACHET
NEW DEAL
SUPERMAN
The Shadow
BALLYHO
MOVIE
AMERICA'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE
NOSTALGIA PRESS
TO:
BOX 293 Franklin Square, NEW YORK
CONTENTS—MERCHANDISE. POSTMASTER—This parcel may be opened for postal inspection if necessary. RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED.
ROBIN HOOD
NBC
NBC
ROBIN HOOD MELODY
GOLD DIGGERS 1933
LUCKY STRIKE
BE A RADIO EXPERT

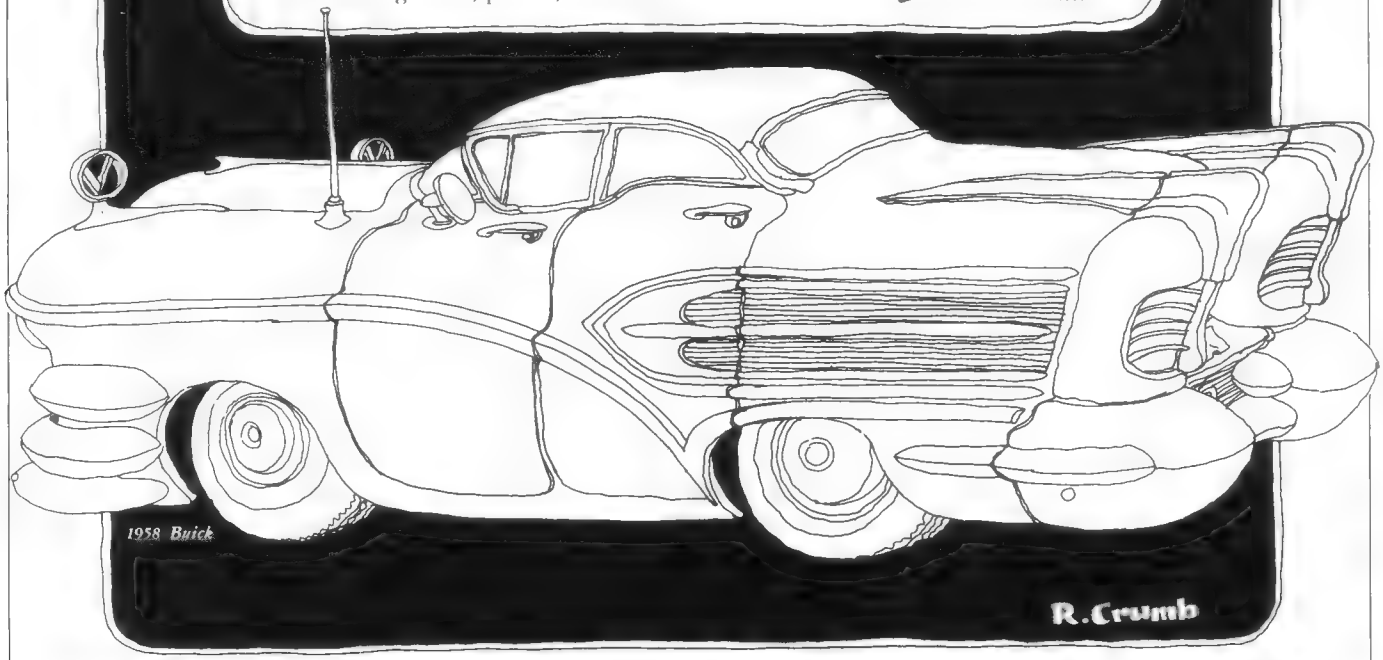
THE HEAP YEARS of the Auto~1946~59

As we stand on the threshold of "The Great Society," scaling new and dizzying levels of hipness and sophistication daily, let's not forget that we've only just come out of what has been dubbed, by the merciful, "The Post War Era." The blah tag fits. Though still a bit close to us for truly objective analysis, it's pretty generally agreed that those years pushed mediocrity as a way of life. It was "The Age of Bland Achievements." an era of complacency and indifference. All that was worthy, and there wasn't much, was ignored. Amorphous, inoffensive, uncommitted physical and mental blob and glob were exalted.

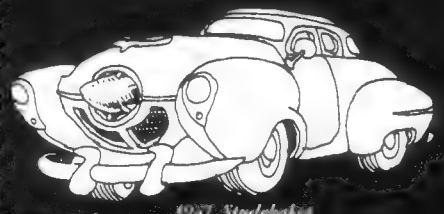
It was a time of Ozzie Nelson, Loretta Young, The Mickey Mouse Club, Richard Nixon and Hawaiian shirts. It was an era that saw the birth of television as the tyrannical cyclops of the living room, prefab, look-alike housing developments, unlovely shopping centers, motivational research, the Cold War, back-yard barbecues, fall-out shelters and the aimless, useless overproduction of a billion plastic, disposable "things" that kept millions employed without knowing or caring where it would all lead.

And it was the time of the "heap." Nowhere, in any single object, is the noncommital, directionless attitude of The Post War Era better expressed than in the fat, shapless, chrome-plated pastry, the bulbous, bulky monster, which had become the American automobile. These hymns to clumsiness, the pathetic Nash-Ramblers and Desotos that now sit like rusting mountains of awkward bathtubs in the junkyards of America, had become the ideals, the classics of the "Heap Years."

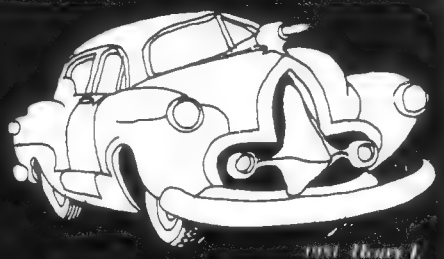
Bob Crumb



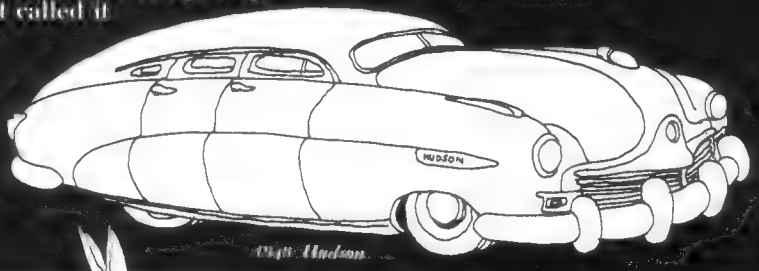
In 1946, America looked eagerly toward the future. We expected an age of supersonic living, an ultimate, streamlined, atomic-powered world of robot machines and sweeping silver skyways that curve between and around mile-high buildings in mechanized cities. Cars tried to look like jet planes. The tear-drop shape Detroit called it



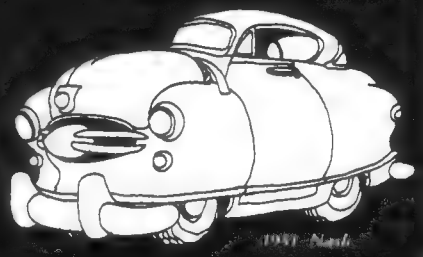
1947 Studebaker



1951 Henry J.



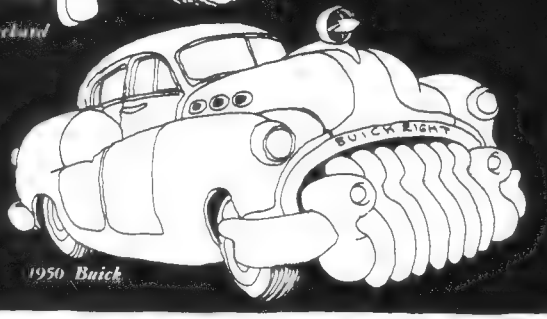
1948 Hudson



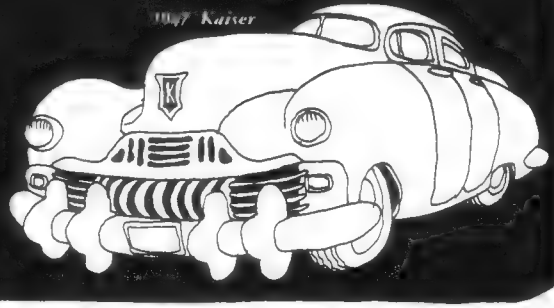
1951 Nash

1947 Packard

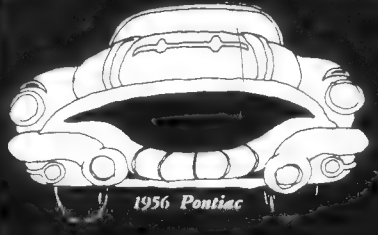
Like aging women, distinct lines disappeared as cars put on more and more weight. Such classics as the Packard became bloated renditions of their former selves. Cheap, jello-mold patterns were used to stamp out new, shoddy models that lasted only a few years. Experiments in grillwork designs resulted in what Europeans called "The Dollar Grin."



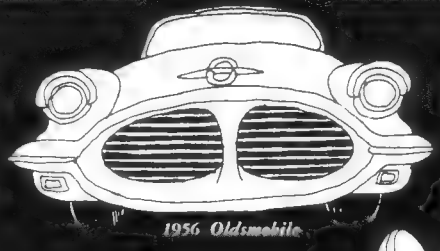
1950 Buick



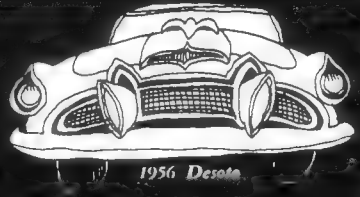
1947 Kaiser



1956 Pontiac



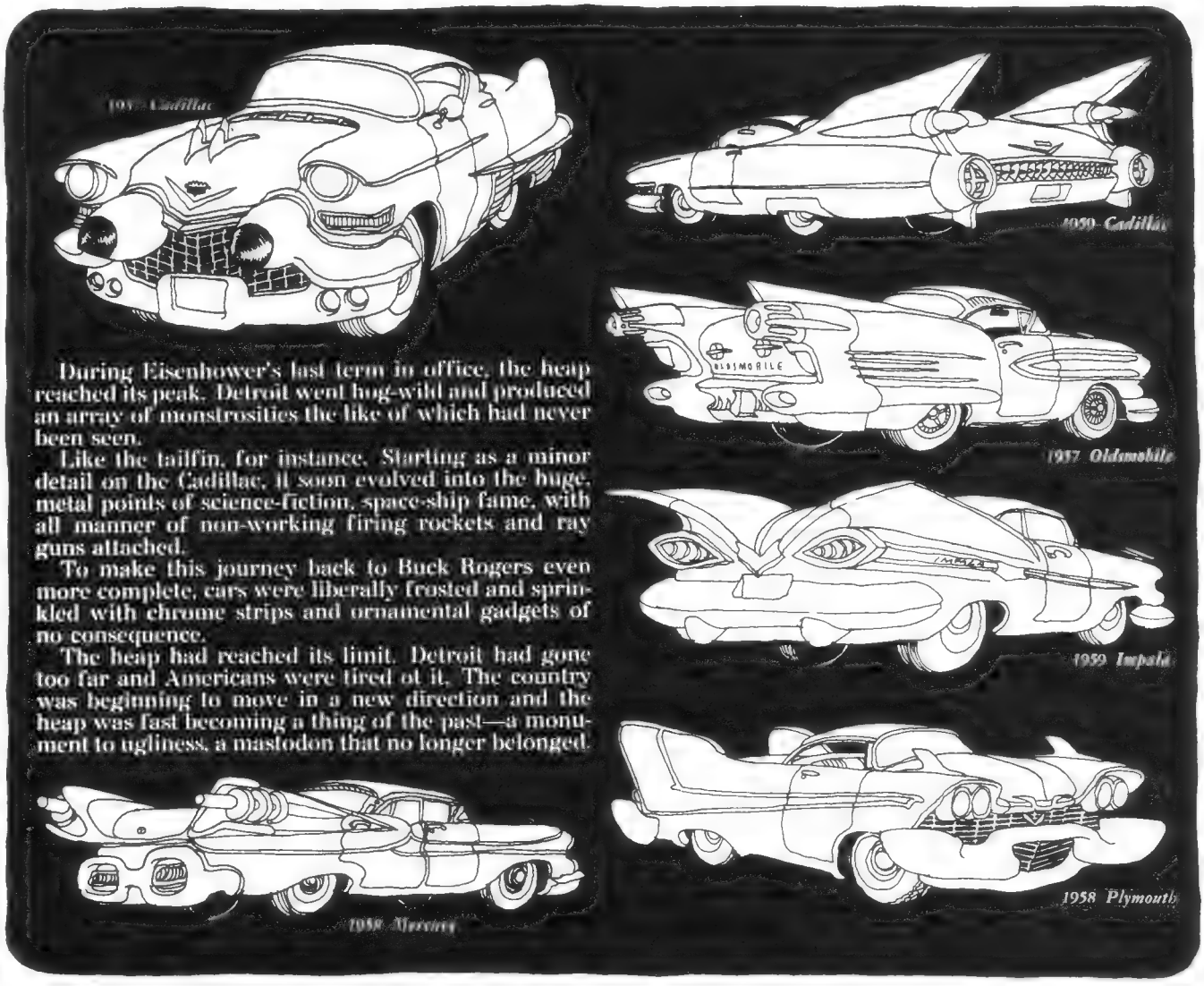
1956 Oldsmobile



1956 Desoto

By the middle fifties, the front ends were beginning to find their place in the average man's life as a symbol of power and freedom, a means of escape. Cars began to look tough, mean, belligerent. Horsepower was the magic word, and cars started sporting fancy names like "Fury," "Hornet," "Golden Hawk," "Thunderbird," "Firebird," "Thundercloud," etc.

1958 Dodge



During Eisenhower's last term in office, the heap reached its peak. Detroit went hog-wild and produced an array of monstrosities the like of which had never been seen.

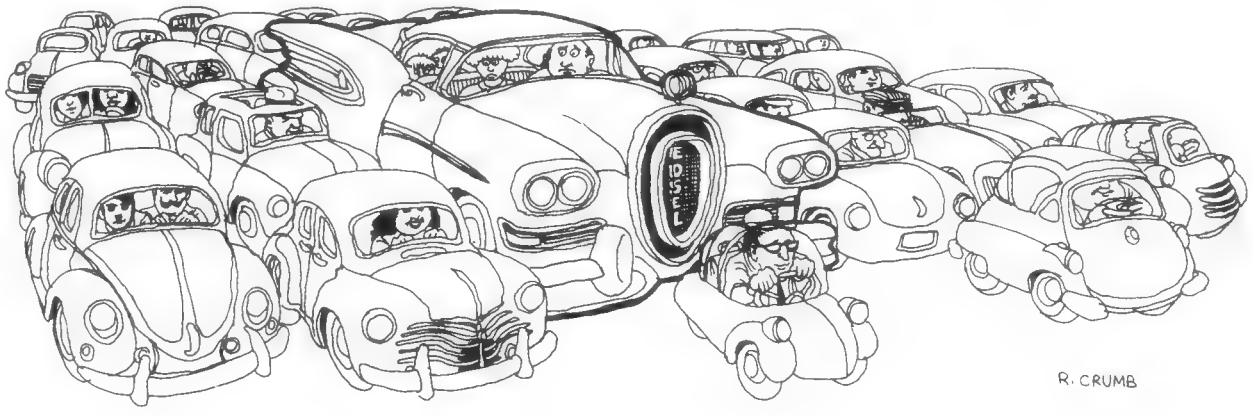
Like the tailfin, for instance. Starting as a minor detail on the Cadillac, it soon evolved into the huge, metal points of science-fiction, space-ship fame, with all manner of non-working firing rockets and ray guns attached.

To make this journey back to Buck Rogers even more complete, cars were liberally frosted and sprinkled with chrome strips and ornamental gadgets of no consequence.

The heap had reached its limit. Detroit had gone too far and Americans were tired of it. The country was beginning to move in a new direction and the heap was fast becoming a thing of the past—a monument to ugliness, a mastodon that no longer belonged.

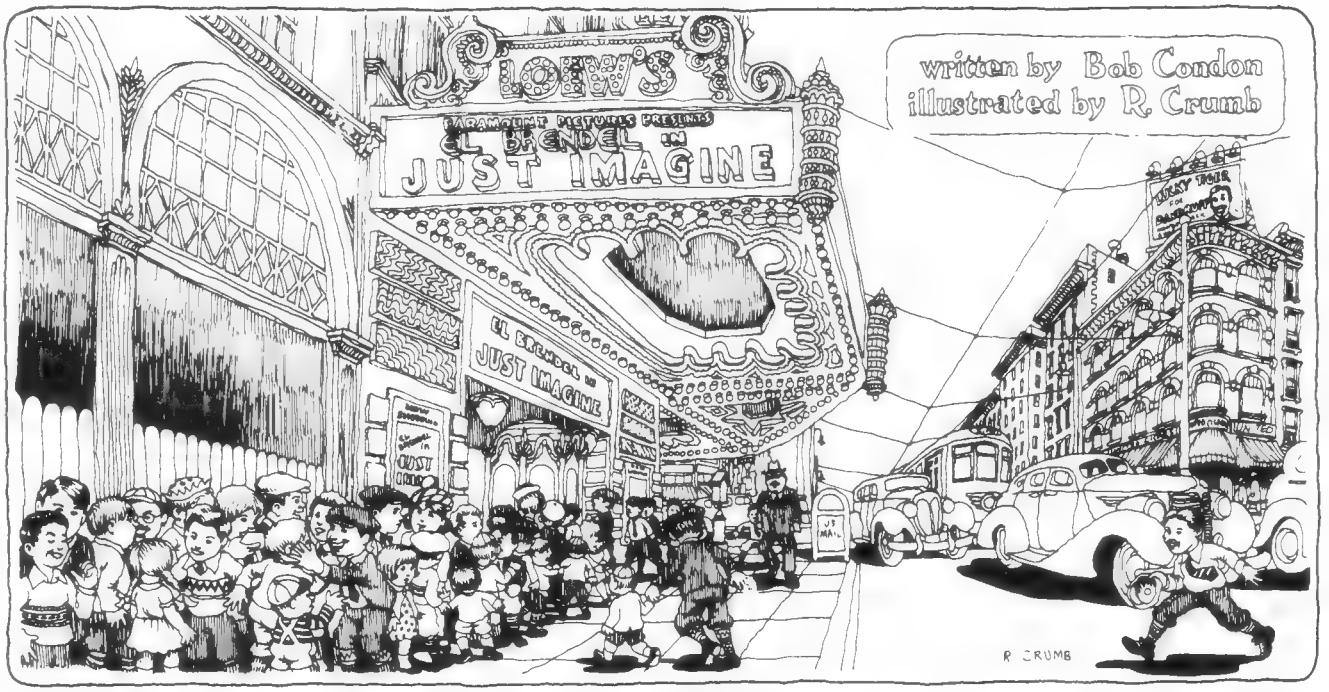
One last, desperate fling was made to keep the heap alive, but it was a total disaster, a miserable failure. Nobody was buying heaps anymore. Suddenly, there were all these funny little European cars all over the place, and Detroit saw the light. The "compact" was born. Then came the American sportscar. And now, we've come full cycle, and the big, powerful classic commands the market again.

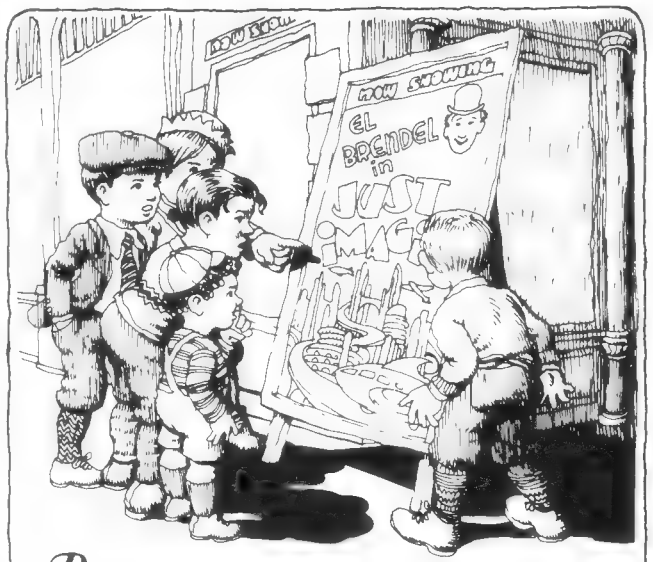
The heap is dead. They just don't make cars like that anymore, thank whatever-it-is that guides the hand of Detroit and dictates public taste.



The Small Small Businessmen

Movie money was hard to come by in the Depression. Here's how enterprising young businessmen met the problem in New York City's Washington Heights.





*B*ack in the Thirties in Washington Heights, a very young man's fancy turned, as springtime blossomed, to making money. The money, primarily, was for the Saturday afternoon movie which meant the latest chapter of *Scotty of the Scouts* or *The Mystery of the Lost Gold Mine.* Usually they had fifteen episodes,

and after the first in a series you were hooked. In the winter your mother was happy to give you money for the movies just to get you out from under. But in the spring and summer she was more apt to tell you, "Go out and play, the fresh air and sunshine will do you good." A lot she knew about *El Brendel and the City of the Future!*

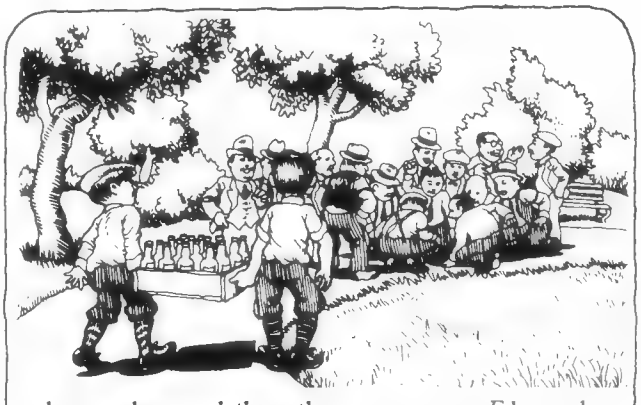
It was imperative to see every chapter, for if by chance you didn't have the 20 cents it meant not only spending the afternoon alone but, what was worse, watching your pals, when they returned, act out the missing episode. Looking back, their theatrical endeavors seem much better than anything that could have transpired on the screen but then it was no consolation to a 10-year-old boy.

Earning money was a skill handed down from older brother to younger, much as the cobbler taught the trade to his son.

We fidgeted in school in the spring fretfully watching the skies and praying for a three o'clock rain. If it came, and it came often, we would race home, borrow dad's umbrella and then run to the subway station at 168th Street and Broadway. We were looking for women who had left home for downtown

shopping on a clear day and returned to a spring downpour. Like sparrows we would chirp, "Walk you home, lady, 15 cents for five blocks, a quarter after that." Of course, she got the umbrella, and you got whatever packages she had and hoped for a short run. It was a brisk business, as long as the rain held out, and by running back each time you might squeeze in four trips depending on the competition. All the while you were getting soaked, and explaining to your mother how you got wet after coming home purposely for an umbrella somehow took the joy out of private enterprise. But on a good day you might make enough for the rest of the week, with the movie money set aside and the lunchtime candy money jingling in your pocket.

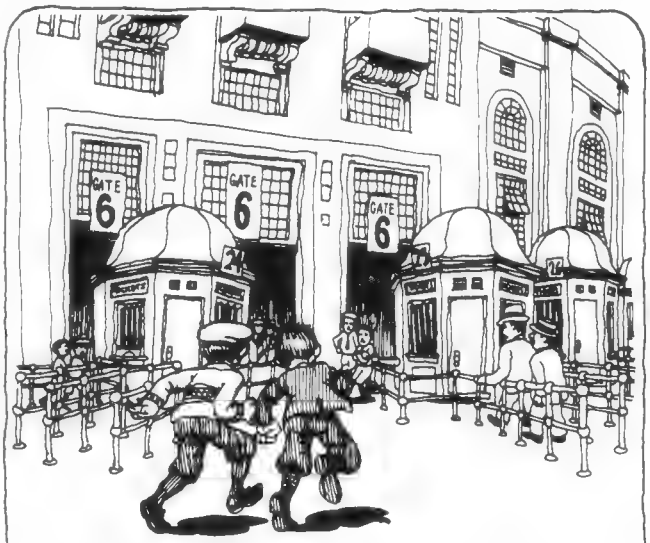
On Sunday mornings, after church, we would race



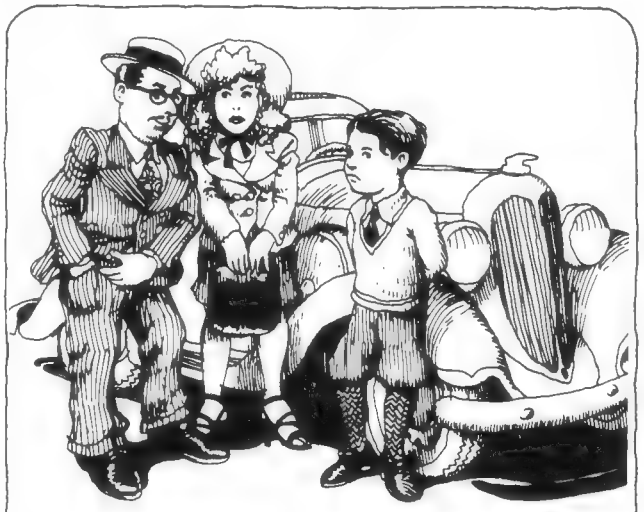
home, change clothes, then run across Edgecombe Avenue into Highbridge Park. Every Sunday our local Mafia representative ran a craps game on "the path," the main thoroughfare through the park. We would linger on the fringe of the crowd of men until Big Augie had got the game underway. Then he would point at random at two of us, and we would dash over to Amsterdam Avenue to Coard's Candy Store for a case of cold soda. When we returned Augie would give us each 50 cents, and we would squat by the case and deliver sodas to thirty men. Augie charged them $1 a bottle. After the game, we would stack the empties in the case and carry them behind Augie to prevent any other kids from snatching a bottle while we had our hands full. There were 16 bottles in the case, which came to 80 cents on return, so the day's profit for one was 90 cents with the original half buck from Big Augie.

The kids whom Augie ignored would also hasten to the same candy store to buy Italian twists. The Italians either smoked or chewed them. The Italians had a bocci court laid out, and the Sunday games were for money. There were big turnouts, Sunday dinner was over and the jackets were off and the sleeve garters of purple and yellow bloomed in the sun. The little business men were patient. When a man missed a winning roll, he would throw his rope down and grind it into the sand. Keep an eye on him! In time all the ropes, which cost 10 cents at the store, would be sold for whatever the traffic would bear.

In summer money came easier. We would walk down to 155th Street, across the viaduct and MacComb's Dam Bridge (as a kid I thought they called it that because it was so ugly) and over to Yankee Sta-



dium. We had to get there very early to head up the line of kids between the ages of ten and twelve to turn turnstiles as the customers grabbed the tickets. Older boys worked as vendors. We began about 11, when the batting practice fans arrived, and continued to spin until the third inning was over. We were then given 75 cents and allowed to watch the rest of the game. This was hotdog heaven, the days of Gehrig and Ruth. But making that shape-up every day was rough, because if you missed, it was a long, hot walk home with the smell of mustard and lemonade in your head.



I never worked the Polo Grounds although it was only 10 blocks from home. But its proximity gave us an opportunity for extra income: offering to "watch" cars parked on the Harlem River Speedway, and the veiled threat usually got you a dime. Some kids would wipe down the cars entrusted to them, relying on the kindness of the owners for an extra tip. Once in a great while we would park cars for a big Stadium event. (But we hurried home practically penniless the night Schmeling beat Joe Louis, because we were too close to Harlem and Harlem had lost heavily.

One Irish kid in the neighborhood had a steady clientele of Orthodox Jews for whom he lit stoves every Saturday morning. He had one or two customers who wouldn't handle money on the Sabbath, and he would walk them to the subway and deposit their fare. He had two hours work every Saturday, movie money guaranteed, and delicious knishes during the week.

A job as a delivery boy could earn you money, but it completely defeated the purpose. You had to work all day Saturday, and if you were working, how could you go to the movies? Anyway, delivery boys went with girls, and who needed that?

Almost every day we would scour cellars for deposit bottles. It was hard work since most of the janitors also wanted the deposit.

Our theaters were the Drury Lane, the Rio, the Hudson and the Uptown. But usually we were stuck with the same theater every Saturday for years on end. Mid-week holidays and special occasions we often went to the movies but we would avoid our Saturday theater with a vengeance. Once you started a serial you had to see all 15 chapters, and on the day of the last chapter the shrewd manager would show the first chapter of the next serial. Alas, we were hooked for another 14 weeks. The only way out was to grow old enough to notice girls.

But these innocent pursuits of the Almighty Dime seem to have gone the way of the high cost of living. The only small, small businessmen I see now are shoe shine boys. Recently I came out of the subway into a pouring rain and looked for the kid with the umbrella. But all I saw were three cabs with off-duty signs parked in front of Riker's.

Punchlines for "Monster Greetings" cards (punchlines appeared on the back of the cards with a photo of a model or models in monster makeup).

Page 92, left to right:

I Love Your Beautiful Eyes...
...**All Four of Them!**

There'll Never Be Another You...
...**Thank Goodness!**

You're the Caveman Type...
...**Hairy and Ugly!**

When I Grow Up I'll Be Just Like You...
...**Old and Ugly!**

I Love You When You Smile...
...**I Love Fangs!**

I Keep Your Picture in My Room...
...**To Scare Off Ghosts!**

I'd Like to Go Out With You...
...**When They Clean Your Cage!**

I Was at a Monster Bazaar...
...**And I Won You!**

You May Not Be Handsome or Brilliant...
...**But Nobody's Perfect!**

Page 93, left to right:

I Like You...
...**But I Have Strange Tastes!**

I'd Like to Gaze Into Your Eyes...
...**If I Could Find the Other One!**

I'd Like to Give You a Big Squeeze...
...**[*Photo of a head in a vise.*]**

When I'm Next to You...
...**Even I Look Good!**

You Do a Great Twist...
...**At Least Your Nose Does.**

Isn't it Great to Be Alive?...
...**But How Would You Know?**

You Really Use Your Head...
...**Who Else Would Want To?**

You're Out of This World...
...**Stay There!**

If You Work Your Fingers to the Bone, What Do You Get?...
...**Bony Fingers!**

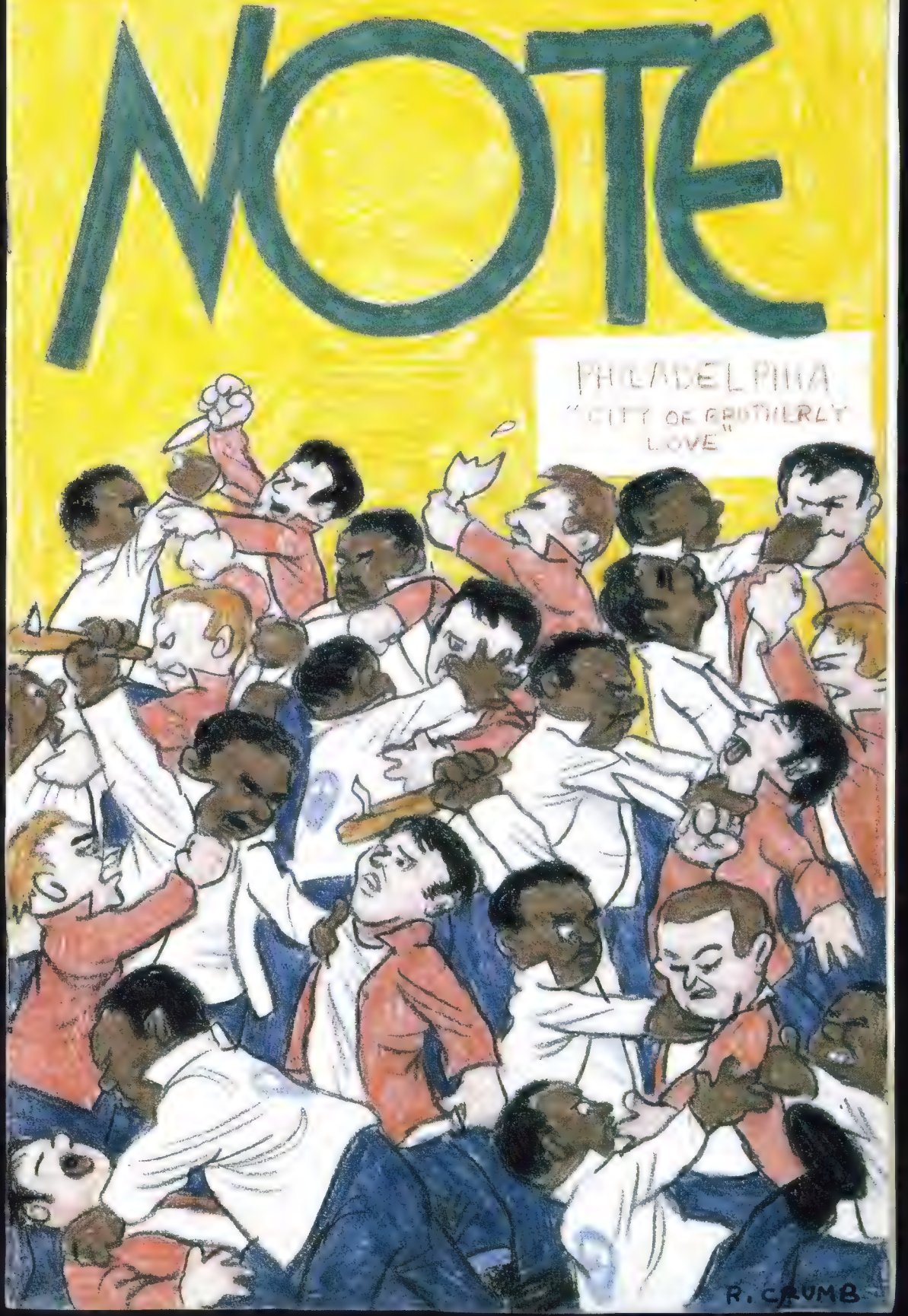
Punchlines for greeting cards on page 96

Left: **Get well soon, signed, Nobody.**

Right: **You could have a full-length mirror!**

4 APRIL 1960

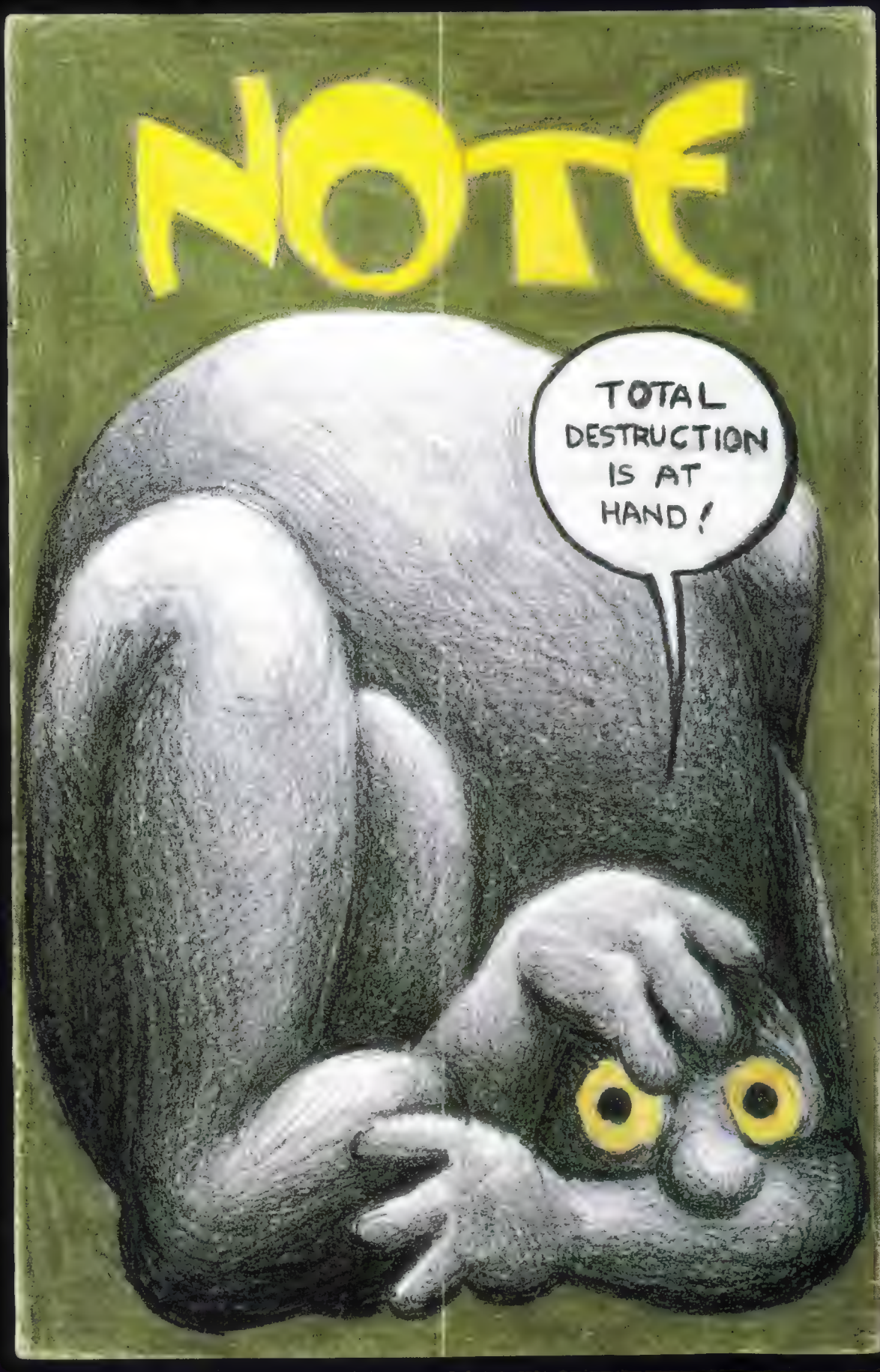
NOTE



JUNE 3
1960

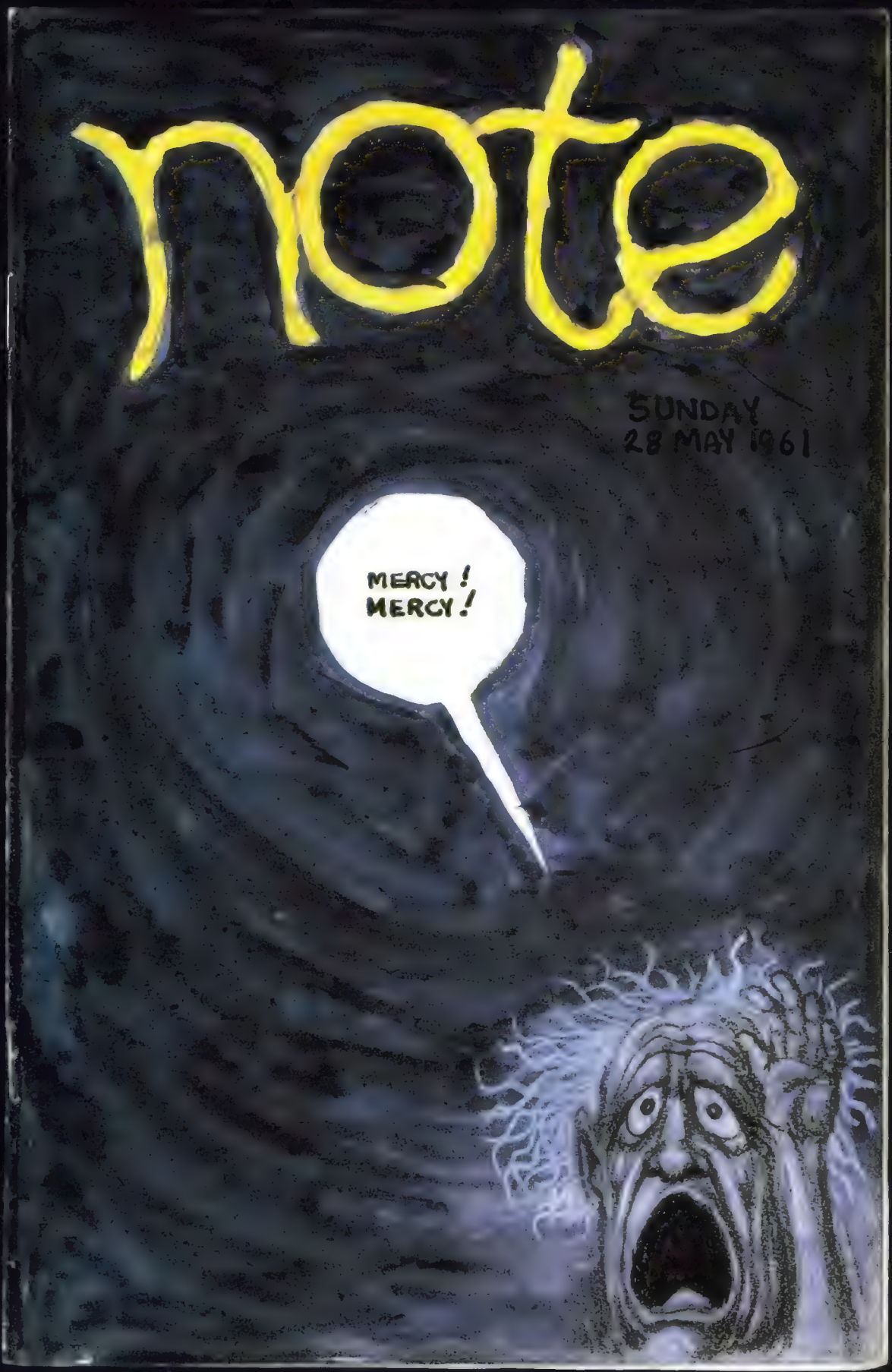
NOTE

PAHLS FINDING "ZULUS BALL"/"WORKING MAN BLUES" BY KING OLIVER ON GENNETT LABEL


NOTE
TOTAL DESTRUCTION IS AT HAND!

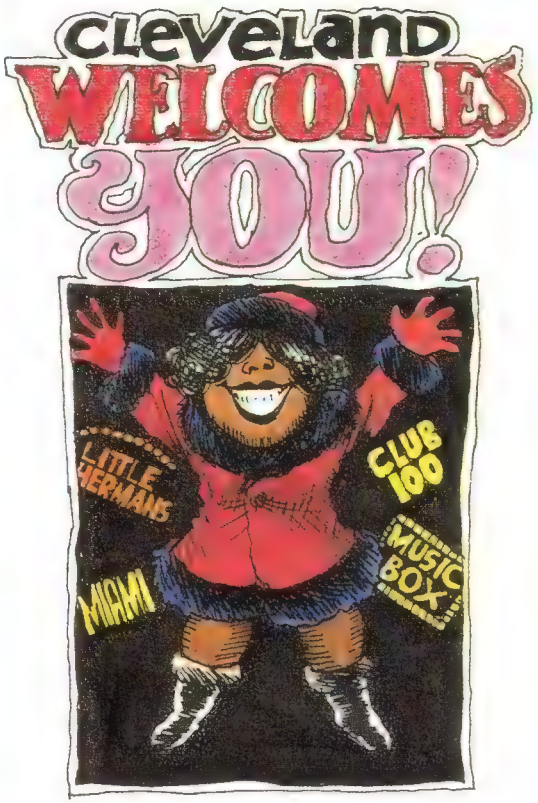
note

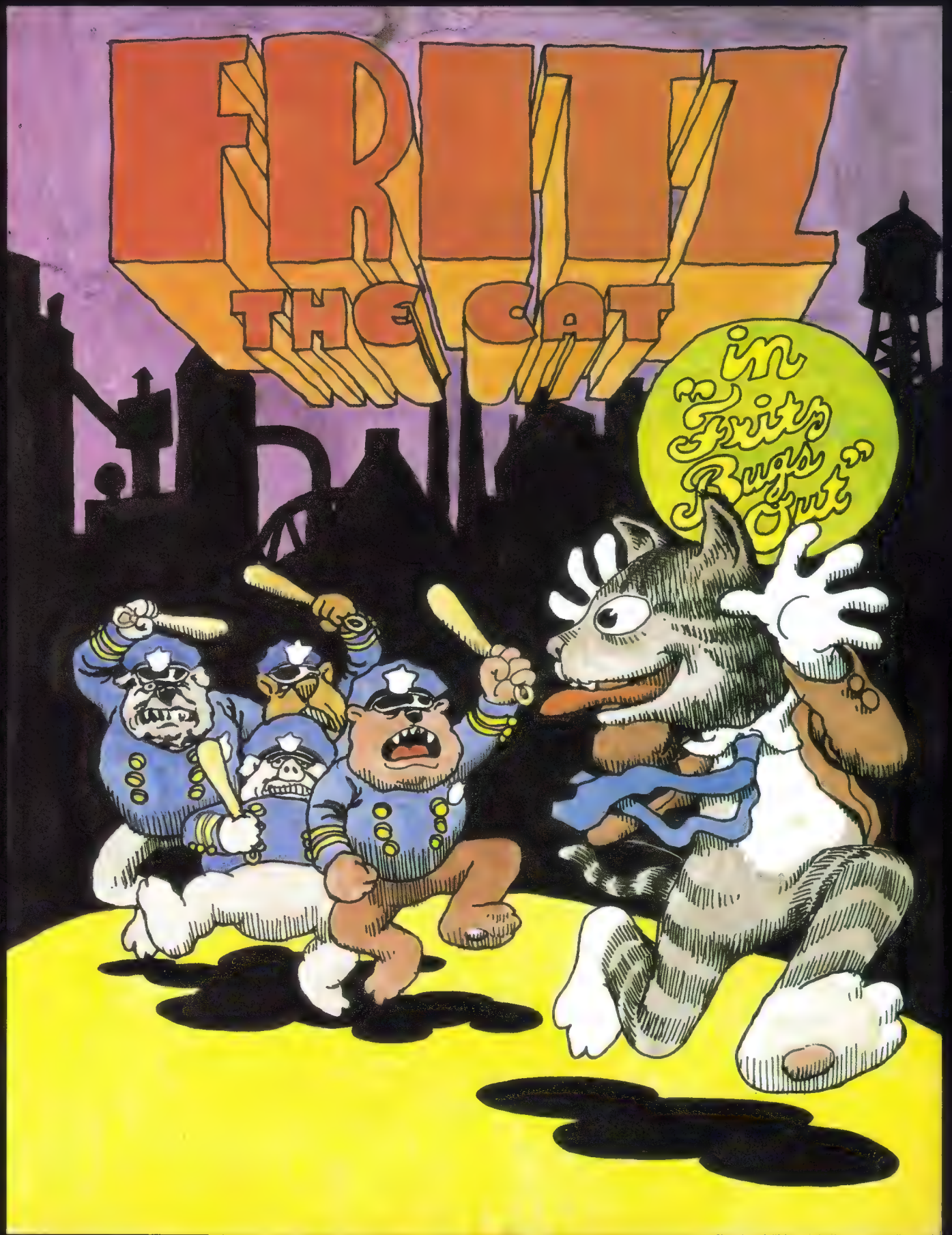
SUNDAY
28 MAY 1961

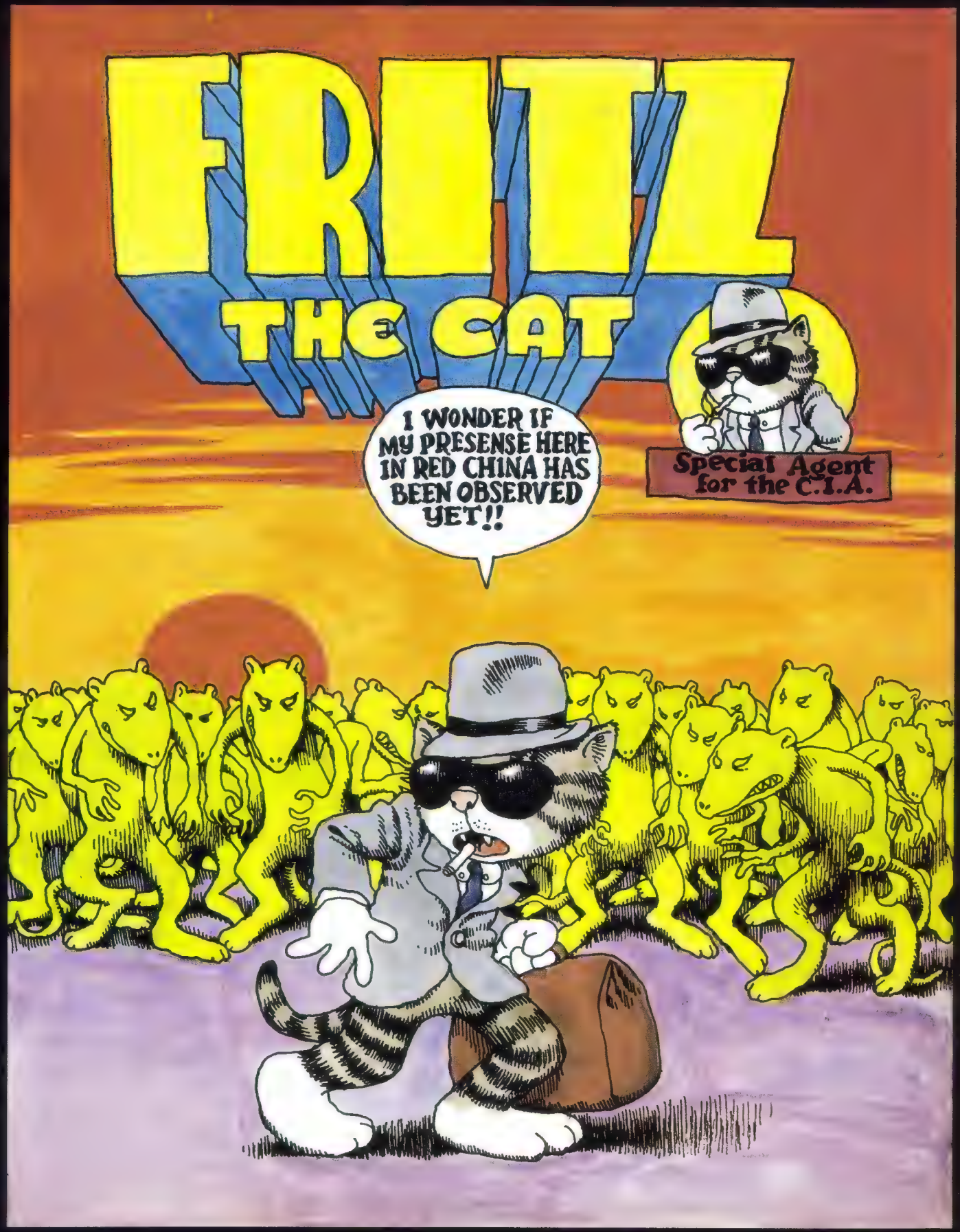


n o t e

SUNDAY, 5 NOVEMBER

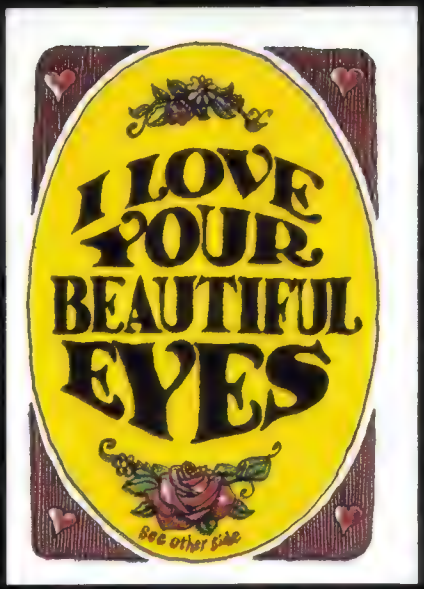

CLEVELAND
WELCOMES
YOU!
LITTLE HERMANS
CLUB 100
MUSIC BOX
MIAMI


FRITZ
THE CAT
in "Fritz Bugs Out"

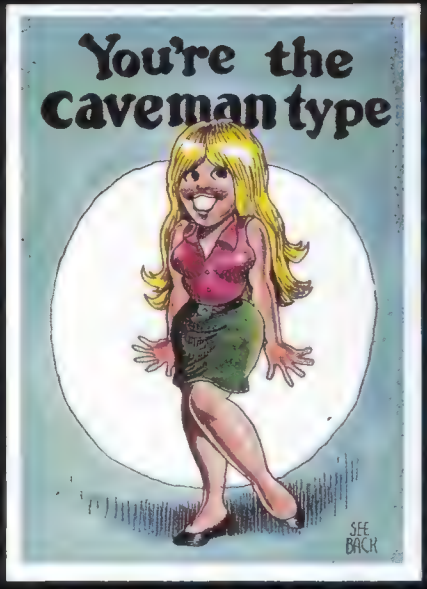

FRITZ
THE CAT
I WONDER IF MY PRESENSE HERE IN RED CHINA HAS BEEN OBSERVED YET!!
Special Agent for the C.I.A.

Roberta

Business Letter
Assignment
Folks:
Do you ever feel
listless, rundown,
tired out? You pro-
bably have what
Doctors call Iron
Deficiency Enimia
we call it "Tired
ROYAL PORTABLE
DIET
COL
VERITOL

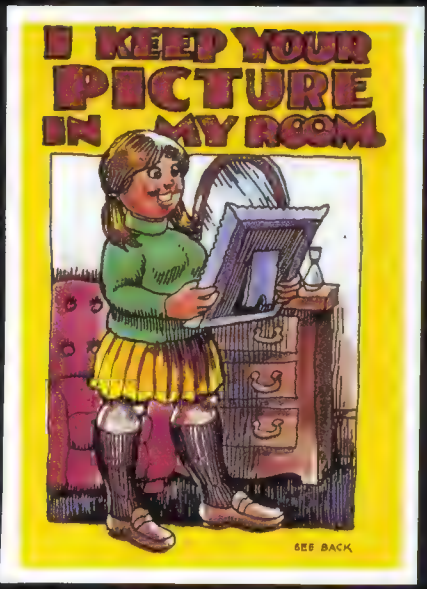

I LOVE YOUR BEAUTIFUL EYES
See other side

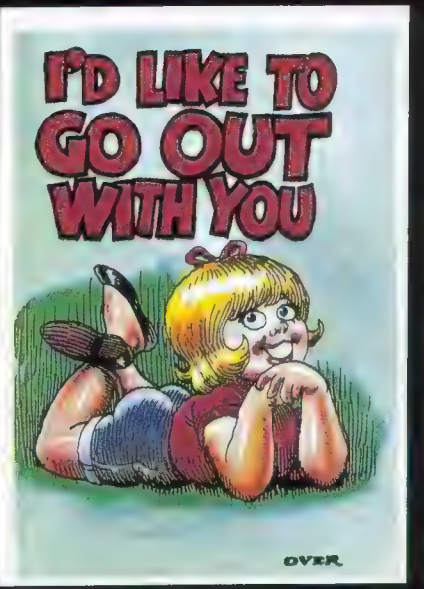
There'll never be another YOU
OVER

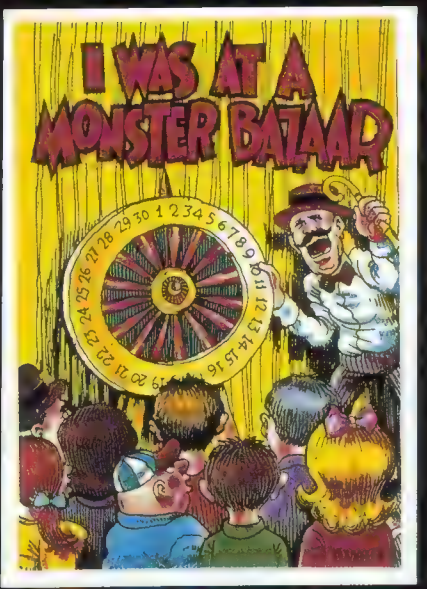

You're the caveman type
SEE BACK

When I grow up I'll be like you!
See back

I LOVE WHEN YOU SMILE!
OVER

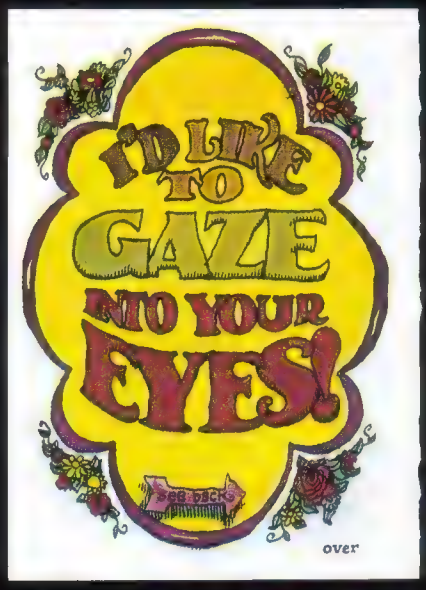

I KEEP YOUR PICTURE IN MY ROOM
SEE BACK


I'D LIKE TO GO OUT WITH YOU
OVER


I WAS AT A MONSTER BAZAAR

You may not be handsome or brilliant...
see back

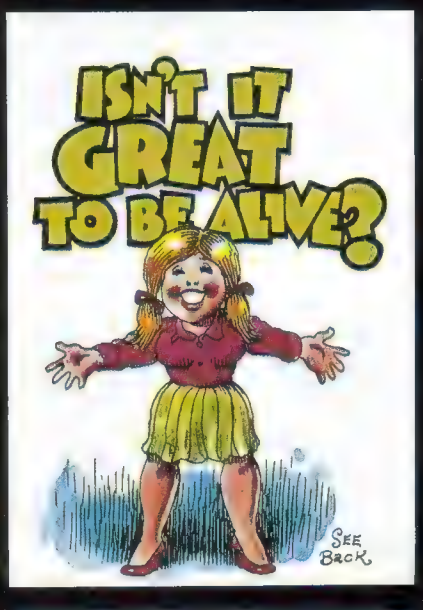
I LIKE YOU
OVER

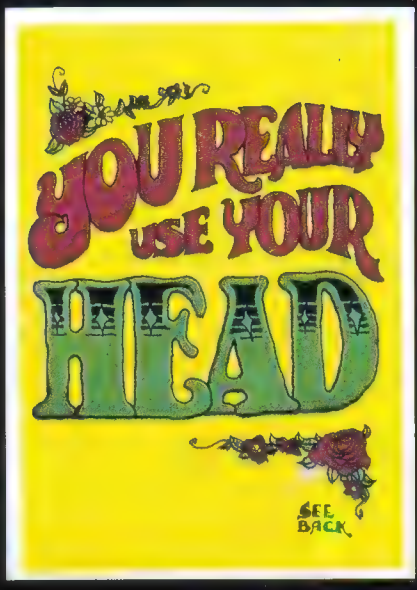

I'D LIKE TO GAZE INTO YOUR EYES!
SEE BACK
over

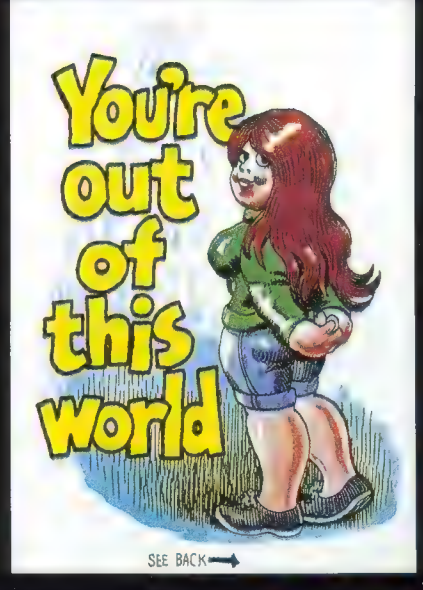
I'd like to give you a BIG SQUEEZE
over...

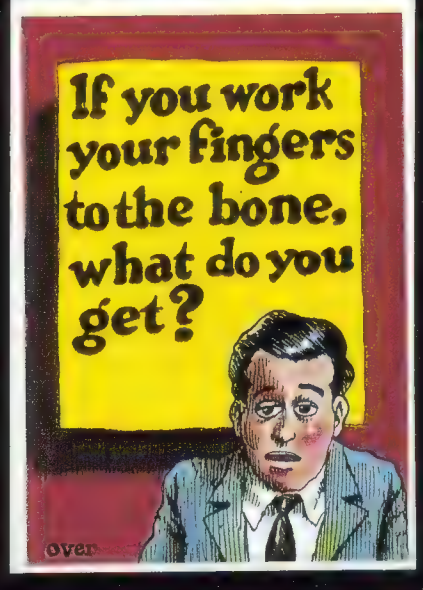
When I'm next to you..
SEE BACK

YOU DO A GREAT TWIST
SEE BACK


ISN'T IT GREAT TO BE ALIVE?
SEE BACK


YOU REALLY USE YOUR HEAD
SEE BACK


You're out of this world
SEE BACK


If you work your fingers to the bone, what do you get?
over

do you know what's brown and round and weighs 1000 pounds and says "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" in German?

...a German chocolate Birthday cake big enough to hold all your candles!

die besten Wünsche zum Geburtstage

*Happy Birthday

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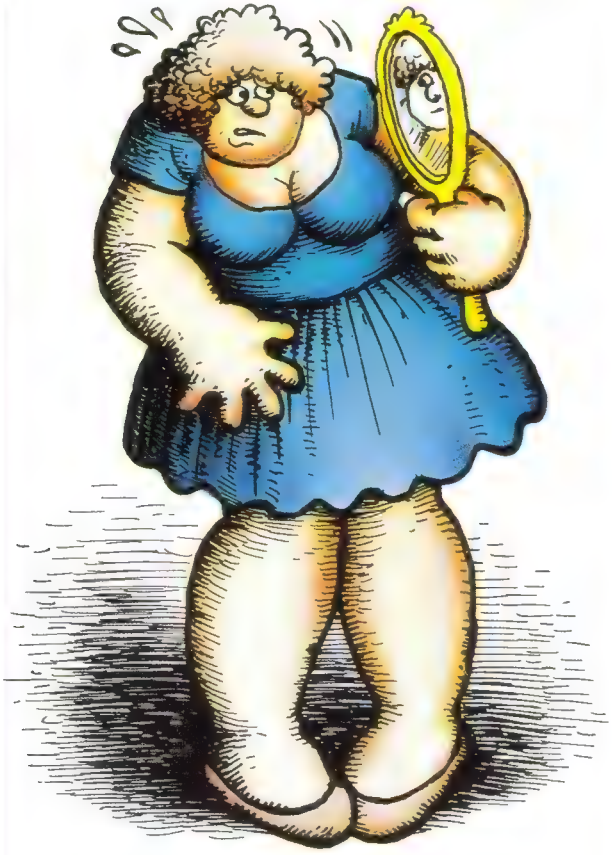
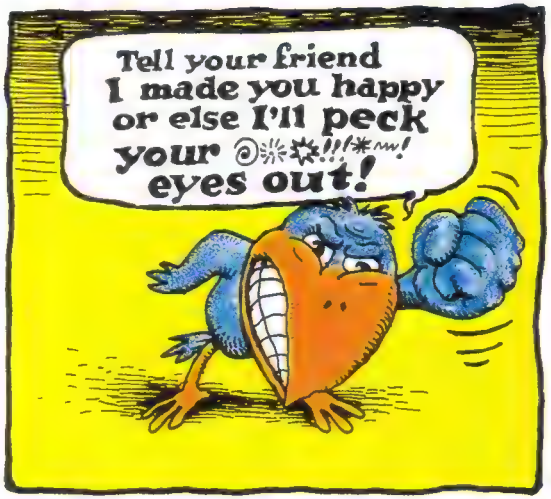
CLEVELAND, U.S.A. MCMLX VI

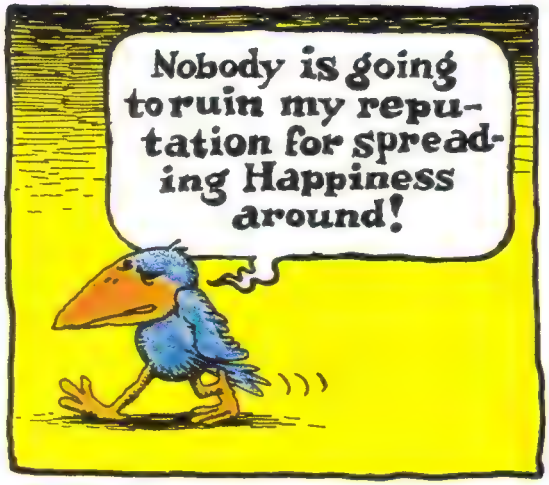
nobody wants you when you're down and out.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

and don't worry if you find a few more wrinkles when you look in the mirror! CHEER UP! Things could be a lot worse!

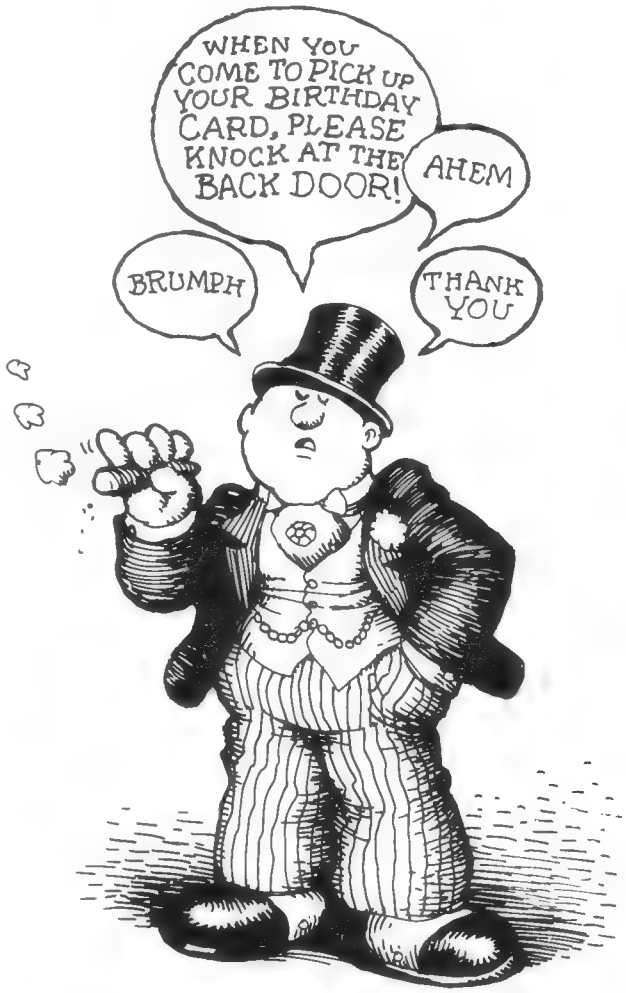




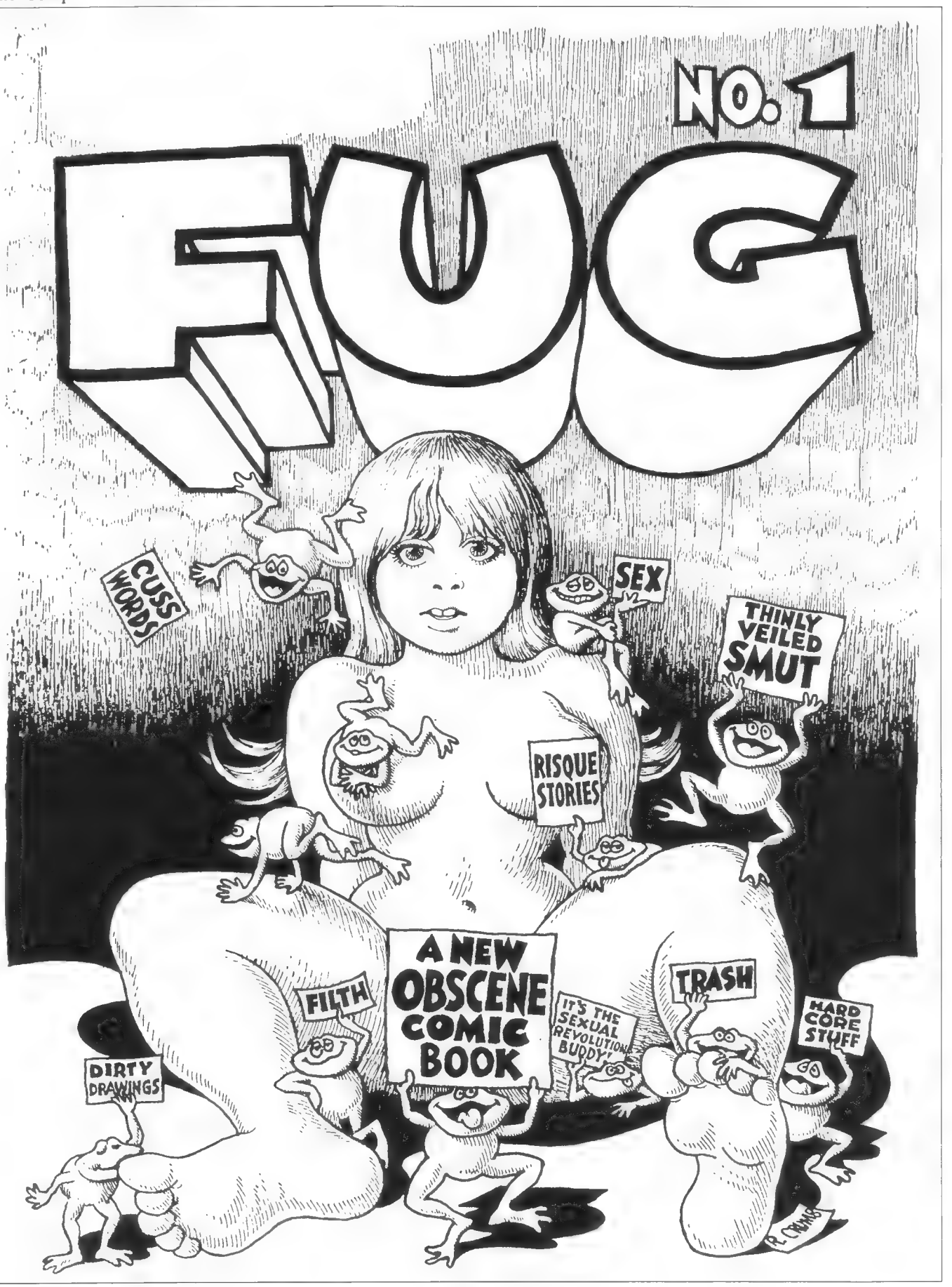


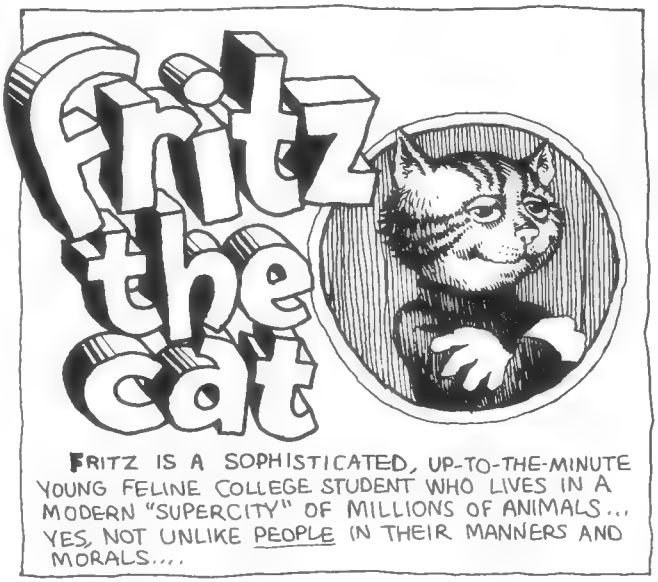
happy birthday

I WAS FEELING BLUE BECAUSE I WAS BROKE AND YOUR BIRTHDAY WAS COMING UP, SO JUST TO KEEP MY MIND BUSY, I DECIDED TO RECOVER THE OLD SOFA THAT I BOUGHT AT A SECOND-HAND STORE YEARS AGO.



[Card to Mike Britt, January 1964]


NO. 1
FUG
CUSS WORDS
SEX
THINLY VEILED SMUT
RISQUE STORIES
A NEW OBSCENE COMIC BOOK
FILTH
DIRTY DRAWINGS
IT'S THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION BUDDY!
TRASH
HARD CORE STUFF
R. CRUMB

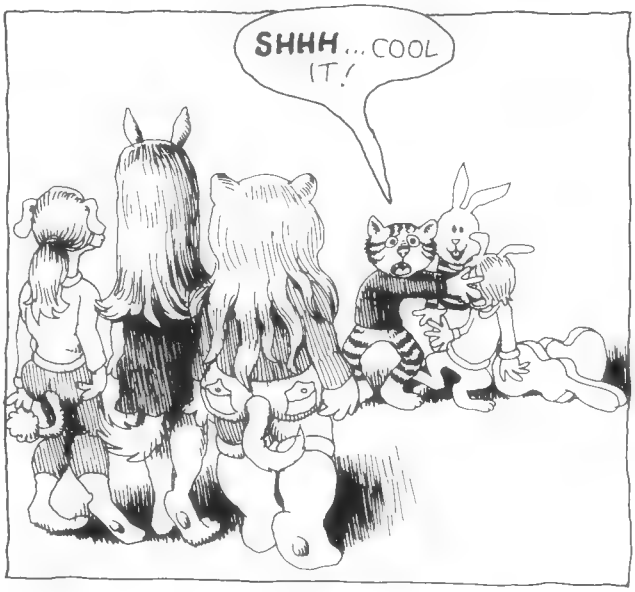

Fritz the Cat
FRITZ IS A SOPHISTICATED, UP-TO-THE-MINUTE YOUNG FELINE COLLEGE STUDENT WHO LIVES IN A MODERN "SUPERCITY" OF MILLIONS OF ANIMALS... YES, NOT UNLIKE PEOPLE IN THEIR MANNERS AND MORALS....

WHAT A MOB IN THE PARK TODAY!
FEH! HIGH SCHOOL PUNKS!
TRUE! STRICTLY PSEUDO HIPPIES!
IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS IN THE PARK ON WEEKENDS! DISGUSTING!

GHOD! THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH PHONIES!
THEY ALL THINK THEY'RE SO SENSITIVE!
IT'S AN INSULT TO MY GENUINELY SENSITIVE SOUL!

YOU'RE ABOUT AS "GENUINELY SENSITIVE" AS A POWER SHOVEL!
I'M MORE SENSITIVE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW!
I'M THE MOST SENSITIVE! I GOT MORE SENSITIVITY THAN BOTH OF YOU GUYS!

LISTEN! LISTEN! EVERY PORE OF MY BEING IS DRIPPING WITH PAIN AND AGONY! MY ACUTE SENSITIVITY IS SECOND TO NONE!
NO! NO! ME!
!

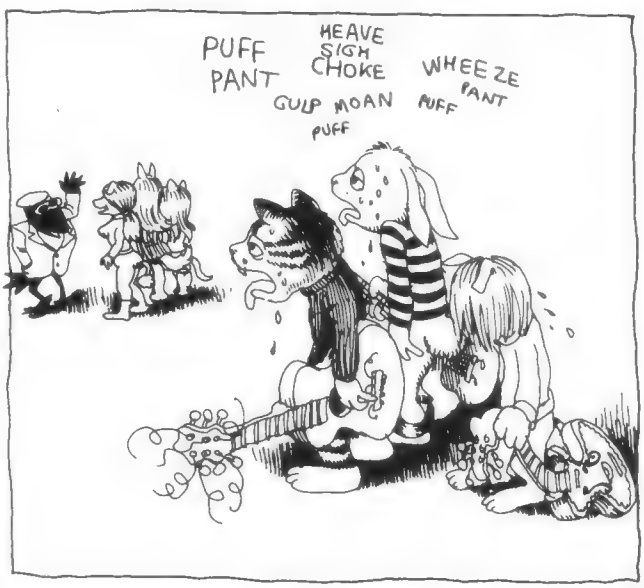

SHHH... COOL IT!

GIT OUT TH' GUITARS!
COME ON, BABY, LET'S PLAY!
GIMME MINE!

WUNCE AH HAD UH LI-IDDLE GURL... WHO WUZ IN LUV WITH ME-HEE-HEE...
OH WOE WOE WOE
TWANG TWANG TWANG
PLUNK
PL... PLINK
BLEEE BLEEE BLEEEE

WELLA WELLA WELLA BAYBEE AH'M AYEW BAYBEE YEAH YEAH YEEAH
OOBA OOBA BA BA OOH
THRUM THRUM BLUM
BLEER BLORNG BRONG

HUMMA HUMMA OOMA
OH YES YES
BRANG
RAZZZ
GRONNG
BANGA
BIZZONG
BAM BOONG
PIZAZZ
BLUP


PUFF
PANT
HEAVE
SIGH
CHOKE
WHEEZE
GULP
MOAN
PUFF
PUFF
PANT

DUM CHICKS!
EASILY IMPRESSED BY SPADES...
IT'S A THING!

UHHH... I'M GONNA SPLIT! SEE YOU GUYS LATER...
HANG LOOSE MAN! HEH HEH.. HORNY BASTARD.. HEH HEH...
LATER FRITZ... HEH HEH..

YUM!

PSSST... HEY MAN!
?

THERE'S A CAT PUSHIN' "SHIT" DOWN AT THE "PURPLE PEE POT" FOR A NICKEL A BAG!
YEAH? YEAH, MAN? SOMEBUDDY GIMME A NICKEL!
I GOT ONE!
HERE'S ONE!
HERE!

HOT DAWG!
HEH HEH... I'M JUST A DEVIL!
? ? ?
BZZZZZZ

AAARGHH!
OOGAGH
OOHH
CHOKE SPUT
GROAN
GAG
? ! ?

SOB SOB
MOAN MOURN
BITTER TEARS
WEEP BLUB
HEY! ARE YOU CRAZY?
GEE!
MAYBE HE'S A EPILEPTIC! HEY! YA HURT CHASELF OR SOMETHIN'?
POUND
ROUND

RUPTURED MEBBE?
MY SOUL IS TORMENTED
HOW AWFUL!
GEE!
OH NO!

I'VE BEEN UP AN' DOWN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THIS BIG OLD WORLD ...I'VE SEEN IT ALL AN' DONE IT ALL!
GEE... SNIFF...
OH WOW!

I'VE FOUGHT MANY A GOOD MAN AN' LAID MANY A GOOD WOMAN...I'VE HAD RICHES AND FAME AN' ADVENTURE! I'VE STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH DANGER AN' DEATH COUNTLESS TIMES..WHY, I'VE...
HEY! ARE YOU SOMEBODY FAMOUS? I THINK I SAW YOU IN A MOVIE ONCE!

DON'T INTERRUPT! I'VE TASTED LIFE TO THE FULLEST AN' STILL MY SOUL CRIES OUT... YES...CRIES OUT IN ITS HUNGRY TORTURED RACKED QUEST...MORE!
THINGS AREN'T ALL BAD!
GEE... HE'S HAN'SOME!
LOOK AT TH' GOOD SIDE OF LIFE!

YOU! YOU CAN HELP ME! YOU MUST SAVE ME! FOR, BY SO DOING, YOU, TOO, WILL BE SAVED!
YOU'RE CUTE!
WELL... I...I'D LIKE TO... BUT... WHAT CAN I DO? TEE HEE!

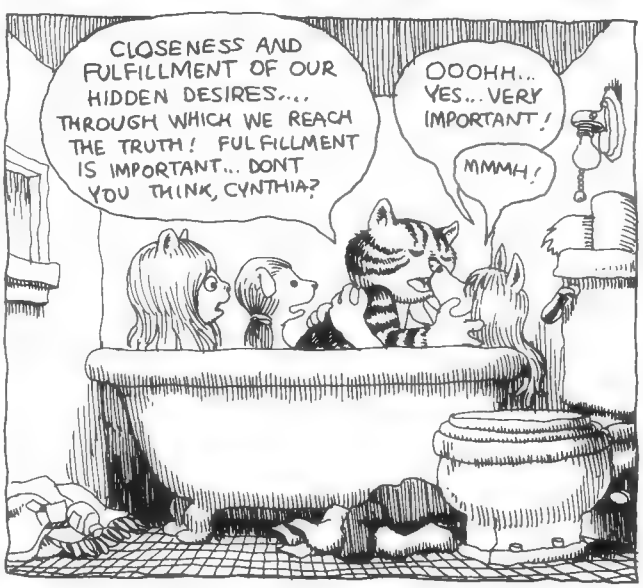
AH... LITTLE SWEET ONE WITH YOUR HEART OF GOLD! I KNOW OF A PLACE WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE TO JOIN OUR SOULS IN SACRED TRUTH!
HEY!
GEE! YOU'RE GOOD LOOKIN'
I WANNA BE IN ON THIS THING!
GLURP!
YEAH! WHAT ABOUT MY SOUL, YA FINK?
HMM... FOUR IN A BED... THAT'S A KICK I HAVEN'T TRIED YET!
WHAT?!
HUH?
...AHEM.... YES! YES! TOGETHER WE SHALL ALL LEARN THE REAL EXISTENTIAL ESSENSE OF THE LIFE FORCE!
...YES... EXISTENTIAL! I HEARD THAT WORD ONCE!
WHAT'S IT MEAN?
YOU ARE A TRUE GENIUS, FRITZ!
IT MEANS, LIKE, COOL! GEAR! YOU KNOW, STUPID!
OH!
ABAXEUS
ABAXIAL
ABEREDARLEN
ABLATIVE
ABLUENT
ABREACTION
ABSCISSUS
AB—
GREAT! GREAT! I SEE IT MAN!
KNOCK-KNOCK
YES! GOD YES!
I'LL GET IT... GODDAMN IT!
WEBSTER'S COMPLETE DICTIONARY
THE HIPSTER HAND BOOK
HOW TO LIVE WITH OTHER PEOPLE — IRA LEACH
...HEY FRITZ THE CAT HAS BECOME STUD OF THE YEAR!
WHAT'S HAPPENING MAN?
ABSCOND
ABSYNTHE
ABUTTLE

UH, LISTEN MAN.... WE'RE HAVING A SESSION HERE NOW... SO... I DUNNO...
HMM... ANYBODY USING THAT ROOM?
AMPHIPODA AMPHIPODOUS AMPHIPROSTYLE AMPHISBAENA AMPHISCII AMPHISCIANS
OH TELL IT TO US GOOD, BABY!!

THAT'S TH' JOHN... I MEAN, IF YOU'RE REALLY THAT STRUNG OUT, MAN...
WE'LL TAKE IT... THIS WAY, GROUP!
AMPHITHEATRICALLY AMPHITROPAL AMPHITROPONS AMPHITROPOUS AMPHORA AMPHORAL AMPHORIE AMPHOTERIE AMPLE AMPLECTANT AMPLEXATION AMPLEXICAUL AMPLICATE AMPLIATION AMPLICATIVE AMPLIFICATIVE
I'M THERE!

A NEW WORLD OF EXPERIENCE AWAITS US, MY LOVES... THIS BATH TUB IS TRANSFORMED INTO A SPACE CAPSULE OF TRUTH AND LOVE!
WOW! IS THIS WILD!
YES! YES! ONLY IN NAKED CLOSENESS LIKE THIS CAN WE ALL COME TO KNOW EACH OTHER!
HEE HEE

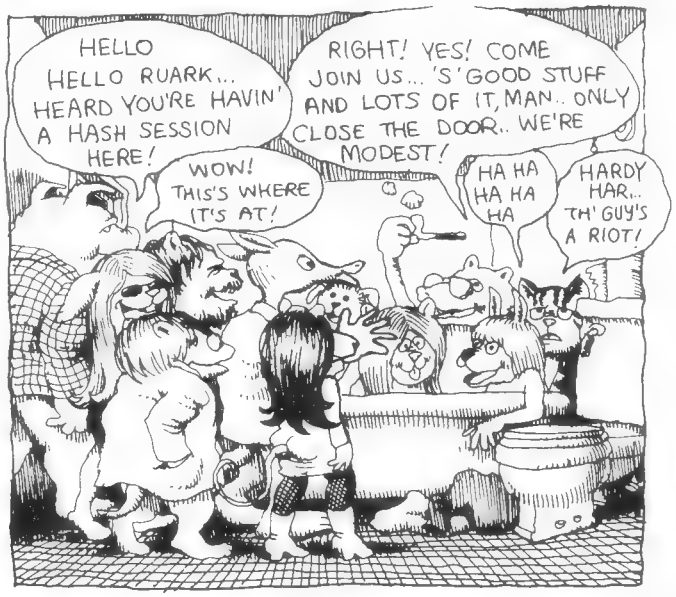
YES! VERY GOOD CYNTHIA DAHLING! NAKED CLOSENESS... TRUE... YOU ARE A PERCEPTIVE GIRL... CLOSENESS... WE MUST GET VERY CLOSE... AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE!
OOH!
AHH!
OOH
OOH... LET'S ALL GET CLOSE TOGETHER!
HEE HEE
OH FRITZ... YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL!


CLOSENESS AND FULFILLMENT OF OUR HIDDEN DESIRES... THROUGH WHICH WE REACH THE TRUTH! FULFILLMENT IS IMPORTANT... DON'T YOU THINK, CYNTHIA?
OOOHH... YES... VERY IMPORTANT!
MMMH!

WOW! HEY! I THINK I'M GETTING TO THE TRUTH! YUM... YES! IT IS ALL VERY CLEAR NOW!
HEY!
OH YEAH!
MMM!
OOH!
AHH!

GEEZE!
MAYBE WE BETTER GO, HUH?
NO! NO! NOT AT ALL!
HERE! YOU GET OVER HERE....AND YOU DOWN THERE LIKE SO..... THAT'S RIGHT.... NOW YOU UNDER HERE...
OOOH
GA
WOW
PANT
YES
OOG
PUFF
unk
moan
GRUNT
gleep
GOO
WAIT'LL I TELL TH' GUYS!
AH
GEE!
HEY MAN! WHAT TH' HELL IS GOIN' ON IN HERE!?
EH? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
CHRISSAKE! HAVIN' HIS OWN PRIVATE LITTLE ORGY!
MOVE OVER MAN!
GIT ATTA HERE! WE'RE SEEKIN' AFTER TRUTH!
IT'S MY BATHTUB, MAN!

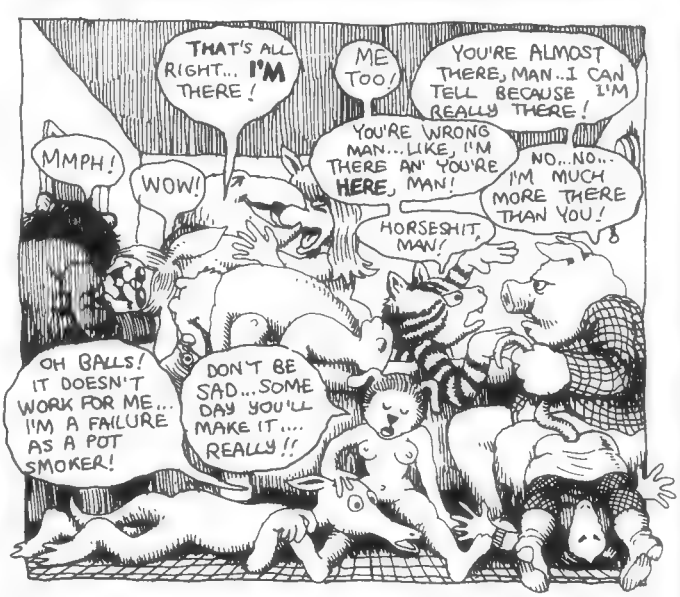
DON'T PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT FRITZ! HE GOT A JESUS COMPLEX! HAR HAR!
OH I KNOW IT!
UM!
HAVE SOME JOY PUFFS SWEET LI'L BIRD!


HELLO HELLO RUARK... HEARD YOU'RE HAVIN' A HASH SESSION HERE!
WOW! THIS'S WHERE IT'S AT!
RIGHT! YES! COME JOIN US... 'S'GOOD STUFF AND LOTS OF IT, MAN.. ONLY CLOSE THE DOOR.. WE'RE MODEST!
HA HA HA HA HA
HARDY HAR... TH' GUY'S A RIOT!

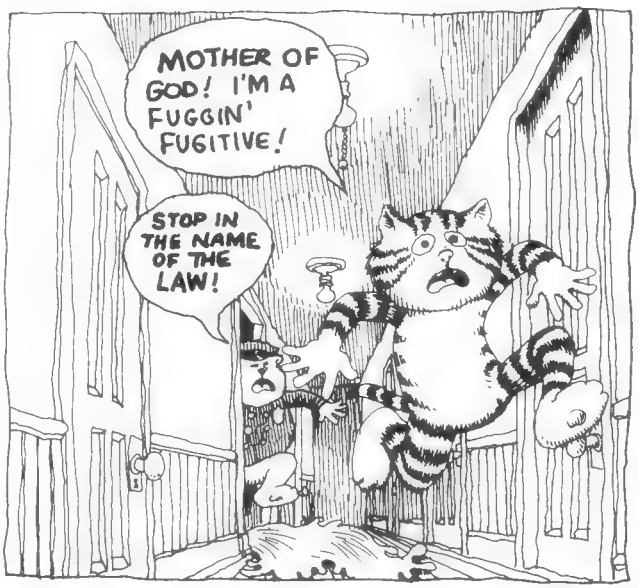
OH GOD GOD I'M THERE! I'M THERE!
SHE'S THERE!
HOW IS IT?
TELL! TELL!
I'M A WRITER... TALK ABOUT IT!
WHAT'RE YOU SEEING, KID? WHAT'S IT LIKE?
WOW
EVER MADE IT WITH AN AARDVARK BEFORE?

IT'S..., OH!... IT'S...
WOW
IT'S A RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU... WE'RE SCARCE!
REALLY?

....THAT'S FUNNY... I'M NOT THERE ANYMORE!
WOW
FEH
SIGH
I CAN'T TELL IF I'M THERE OR NOT... HOW D'YOU TELL?
OH YOU'LL KNOW WHEN YOU ARE...


THAT'S ALL RIGHT... I'M THERE!
ME TOO!
YOU'RE ALMOST THERE, MAN.. I CAN TELL BECAUSE I'M REALLY THERE!
MMPH!
WOW!
YOU'RE WRONG MAN... LIKE, I'M THERE AN' YOU'RE HERE, MAN!
NO.. NO... I'M MUCH MORE THERE THAN YOU!
HORSESHIT, MAN!
OH BALLS! IT DOESN'T WORK FOR ME... I'M A FAILURE AS A POT SMOKER!
DON'T BE SAD... SOME DAY YOU'LL MAKE IT.... REALLY!!

OH BABY DO I FEEL HIGH! I'M FLYIN'!
WHA-
OPEN UP IN THERE!
BANG BANG BANG
SWEET
WOW
CHEESIS! TH' MAN!
WHAT A WONDERFUL WIGGY WORLD! WOOEY!
SCREEEE!
OKAY YOU DIRTY GODDAMN LITTLE BASTARDS!
TH' POT PARTY'S OVER!
WOW
CRASH
LOOKIT THIS BIG FUGGIN' GUN!
LET'S GO! LET'S GO!
BEATNIK PUNKS!
GODDAMN FASCISTS!
POLICE BRUTALITY!
WOW
KPOW KPOW SPROOM
I KILT THE JOHN!
HAR HAR
HAW HAW
KILL! DESTROY!
YOU'LL GET 20 YEARS FOR THIS, MAN!
YEAH... WITH TH' WATER SHORTAGE AN' ALL..
GET THE ONE WITH THE GUN!
WHERE? WHERE? HELP!!
SPLURB
BLUBBLE
GURGLE
BAM BAM
THERE HE IS!
BOINK
HERE'S YOUR OL' GUN, YA RATS!
YAY
LET'S CUT OUT!
WOW


MOTHER OF GOD! I'M A FUGGIN' FUGITIVE!
STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

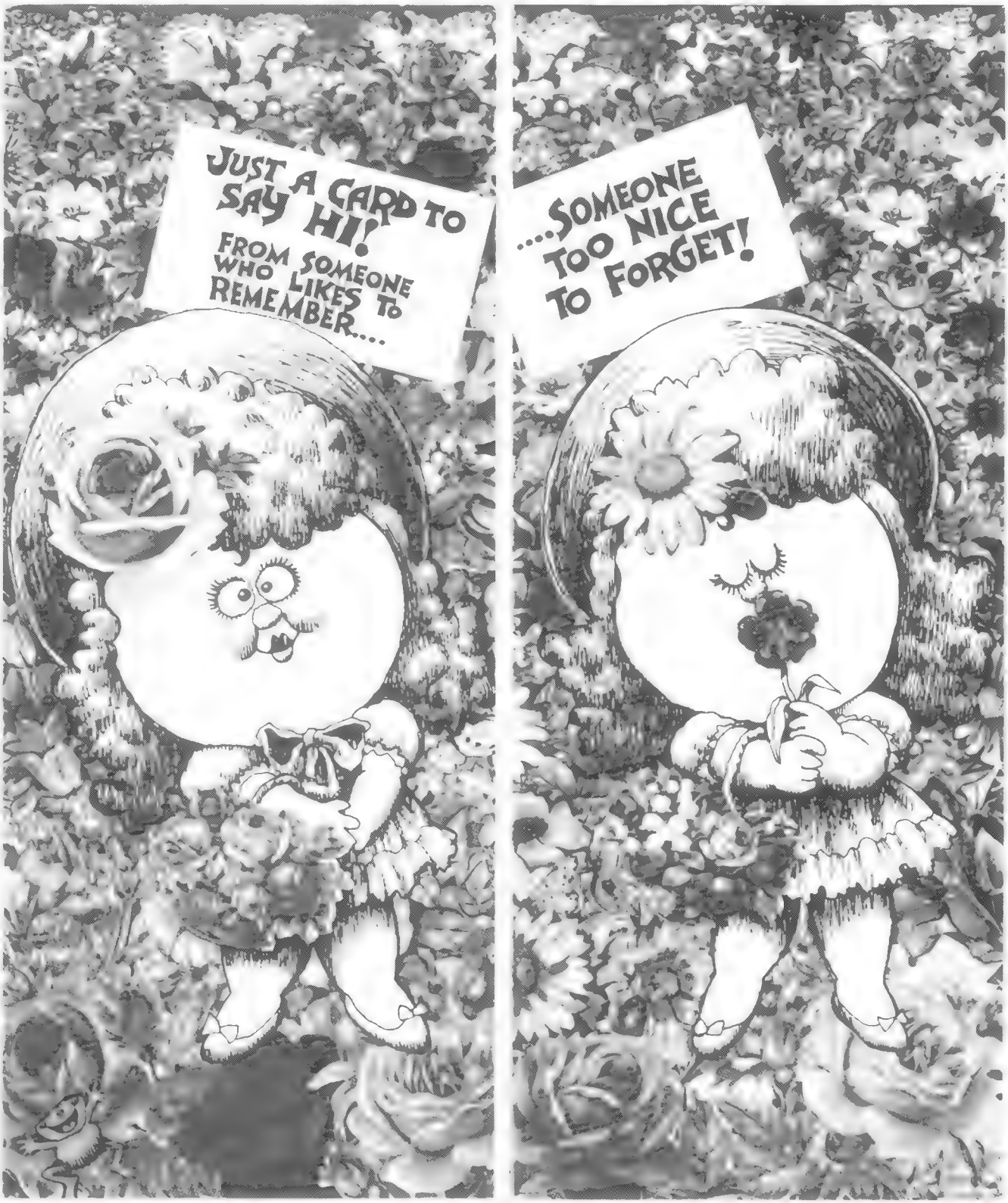
I DON' WAN' NO RICKASHAY ROMENZ
I DON' WAN' NO RICKASHAY LUV...
HIC
HIC
BELCH

MIGHTY CATCHY DITTY YOU'RE HUMMIN' THERE, MATE... COME OVER HERE AND TEACH IT TO ME, WILL YOU?
EH? SOITINLY! SOITINLY! A LOVELY ME LODY! OL' TERESA BREWER FAVORITE! (HIC)

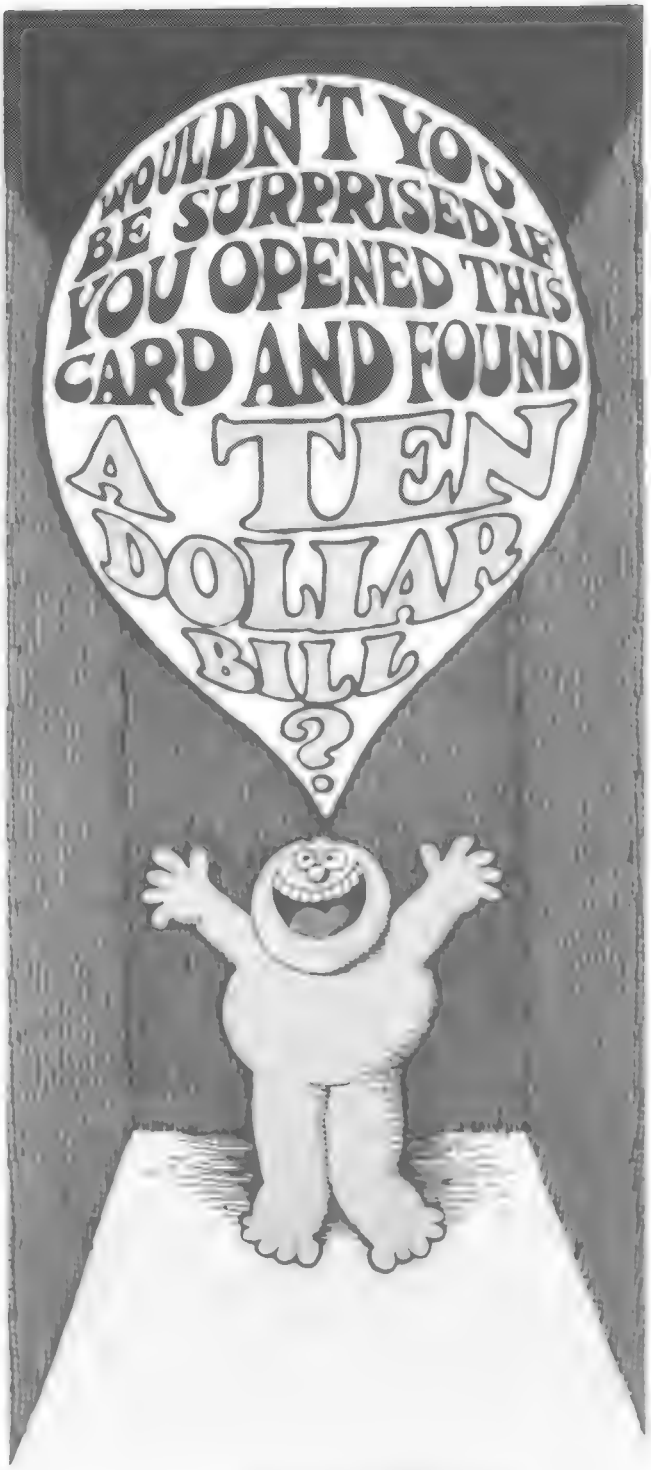
BACK IN THE PARK
WELL WELL! GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN! WHAT'S HAPPENING, AS THEY SAY?
HEY MAN! IT'S FRED ASTAIRE!
IT'S CAMP!

"THE OLD BASTARD WAS FILTHY WITH MONEY! BUT I'M NO CAPITALIST... ALL I LIFTED WAS HIS DINER'S CLUB CARD...IT'S BEEN A VERY WILD SORT OF A DAY...LIKE, STUFF HAPPENED!
YAS!
WHO IS HE?
SOMEBODY FAMOUS, I BET!

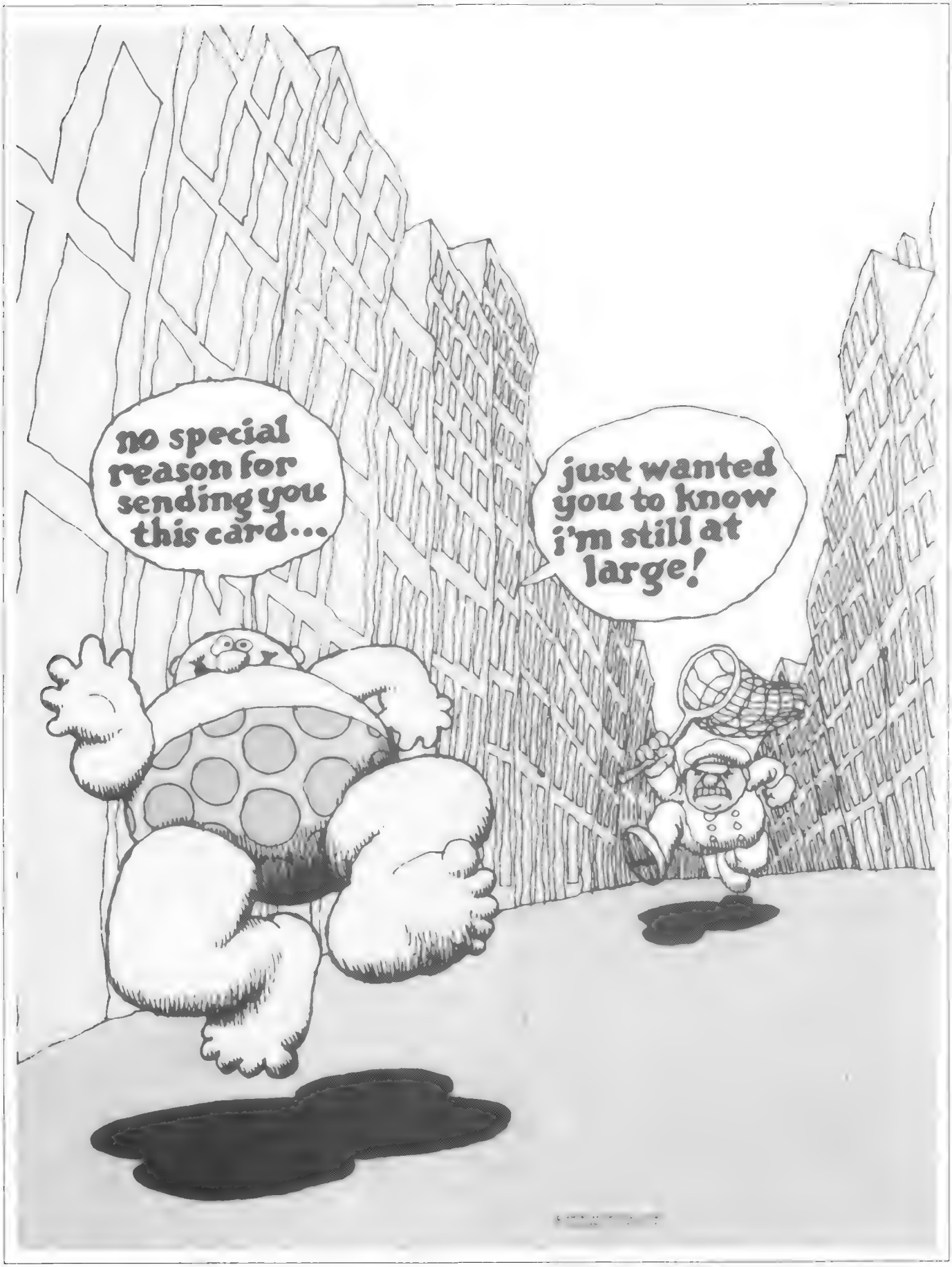
NEXT DAY
WHAT A MOB IN THE PARK TODAY!
Y' KNOW SOMETHIN'? IT'S FRIGHTENING HOW EASY THESE FADS GET STARTED!
END

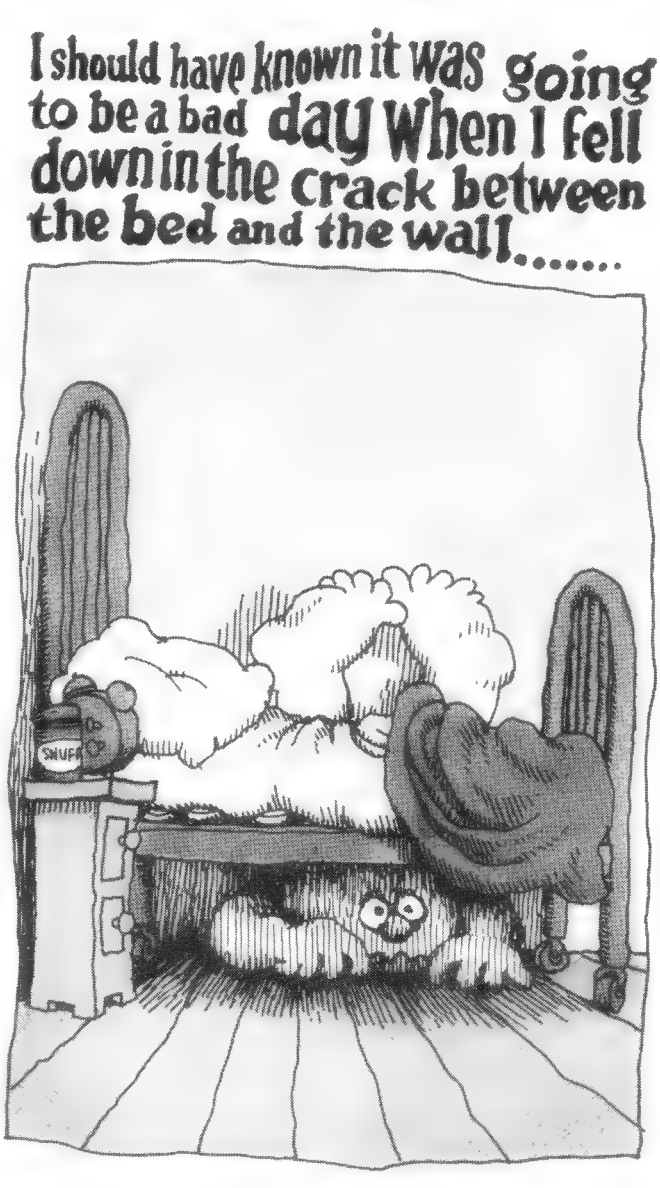

JUST A CARD TO SAY HI!
FROM SOMEONE WHO LIKES TO REMEMBER....
....SOMEONE TOO NICE TO FORGET!

[. . . but my mother said, "no soap!"]



[. . . *I'd* certainly be surprised if you found a ten dollar bill!]


no special reason for sending you this card...
just wanted you to know i'm still at large!



[...and sure enough, that was the day I forgot your birthday.]

[...you cute little DICKENS!]

i made a special trip down town to get you this Birthday card at exactly 8:30 Monday morning.....that's when they change the clothes on the mannequins.
THE
GREAT
JEEPAZ CREEPAZ
THEATRE
TIME
THIRTEE FAMOUS ACTION
ROOF ON THE ROOF
TACULAR!™
BOY
SHOW
TIME
TIME FOR PARTS
GEE WHIZ
THIS IS IT! AT LAST! AT LAST! WE GOT IT FOLKS!
DAINTIES FOR THE
SHARO
ELEGANT LADIES STORE
HA HA
Finest Imported Fashions
ANDY
KEEP YOUR CITY CLEAN
HEY!
Happy Birthday
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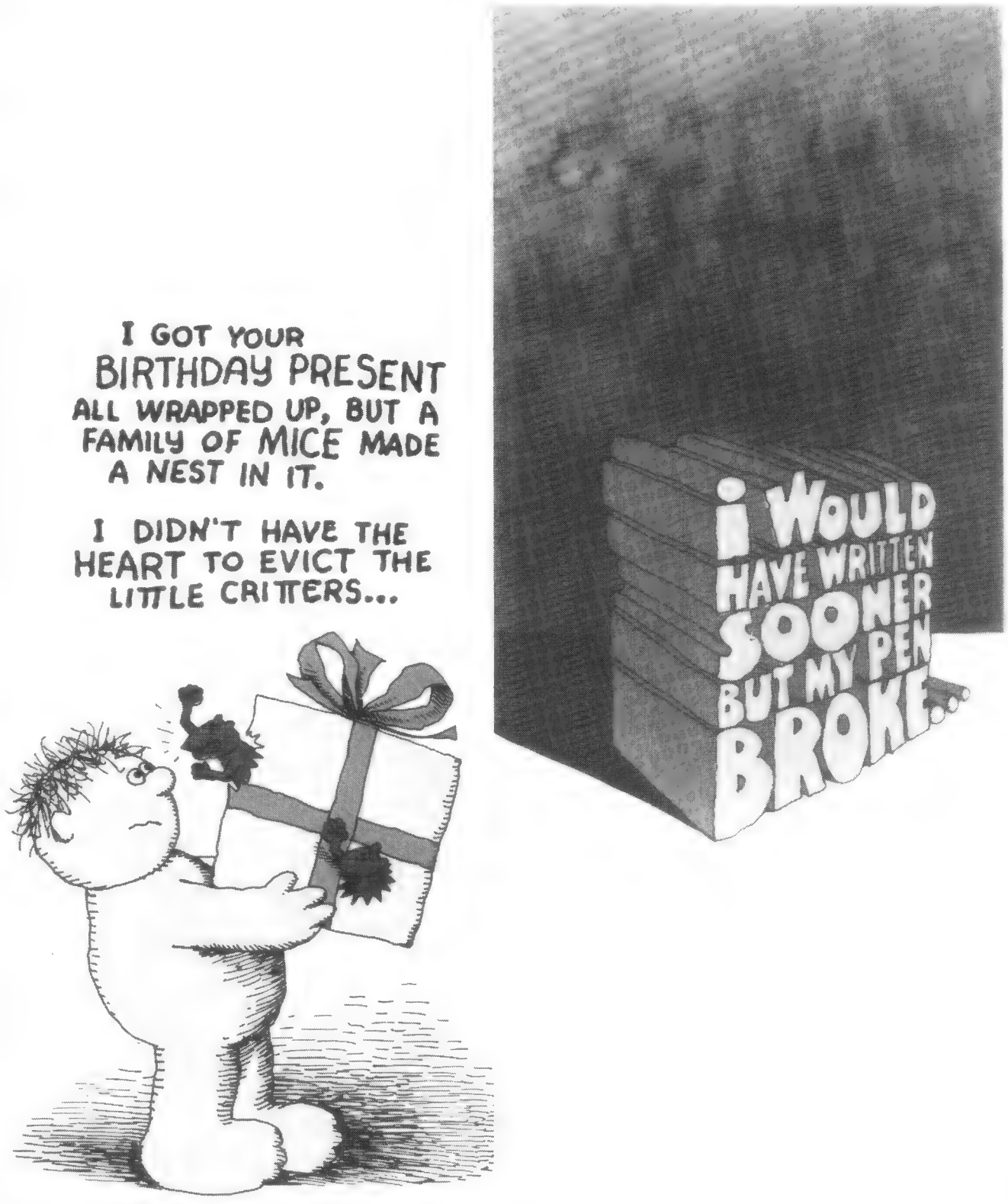
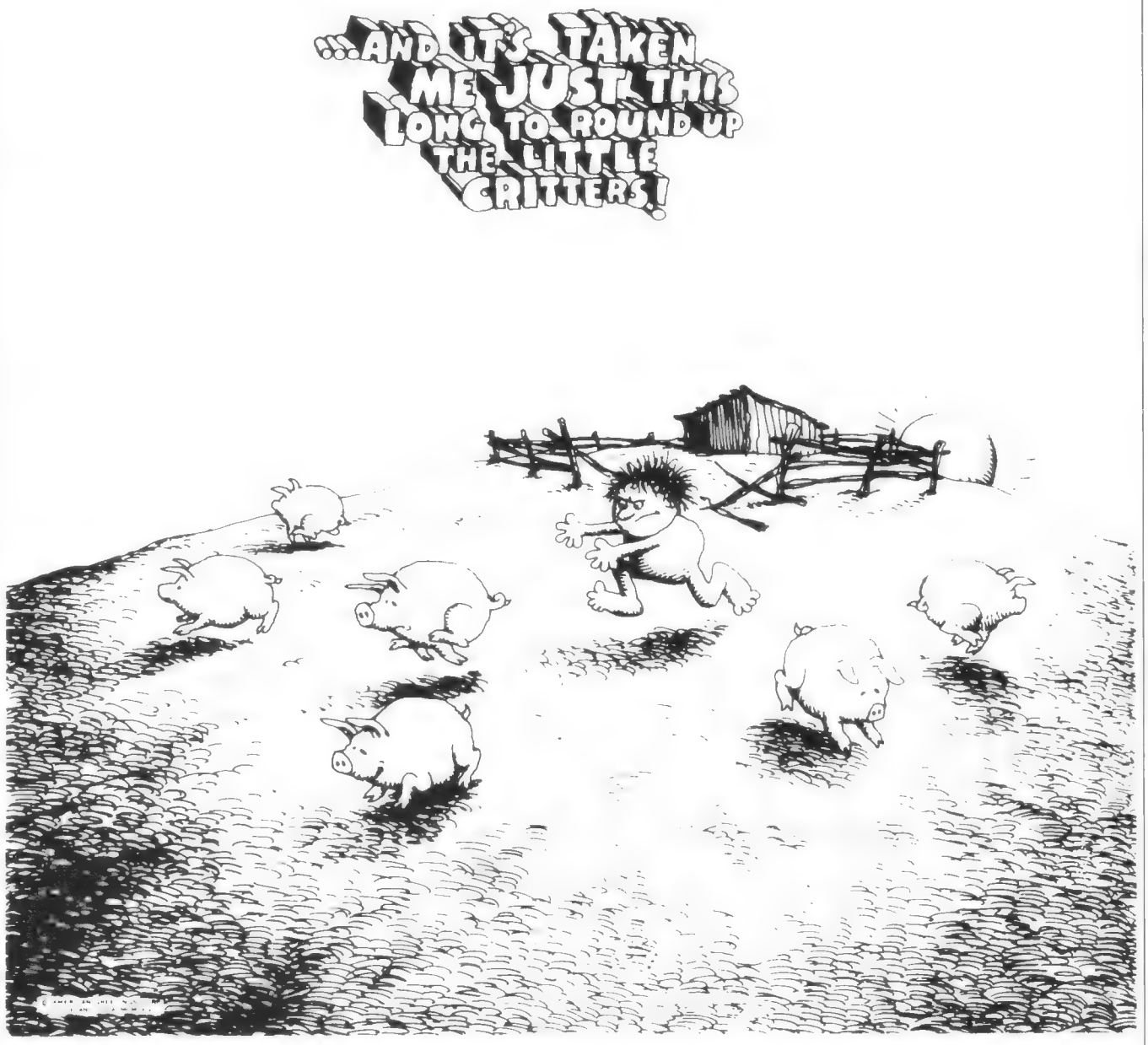
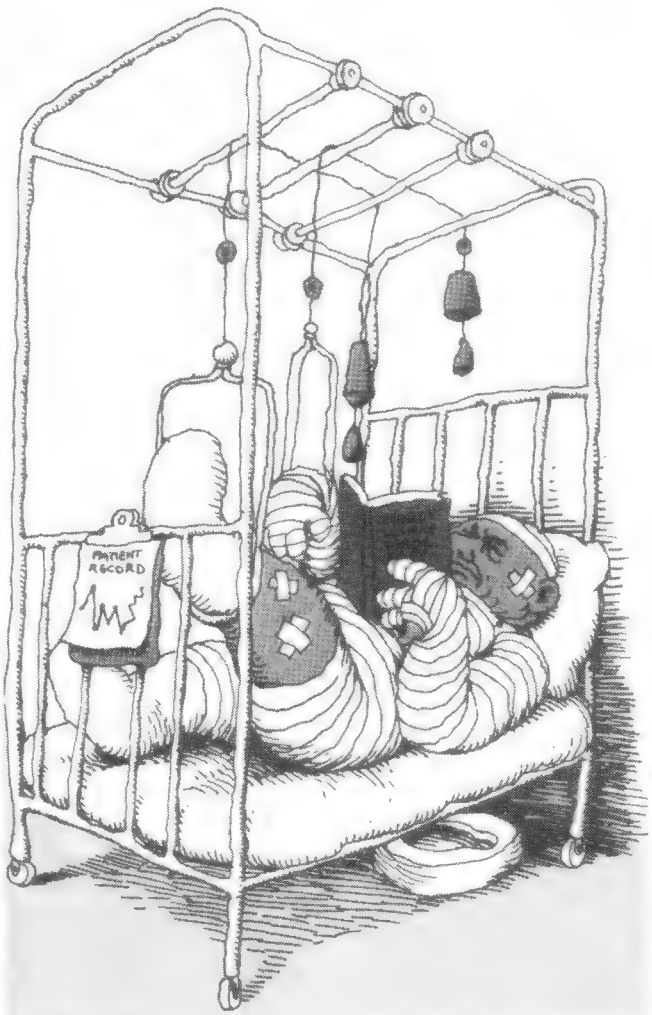

I GOT YOUR BIRTHDAY PRESENT ALL WRAPPED UP, BUT A FAMILY OF MICE MADE A NEST IN IT.
I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO EVICT THE LITTLE CRITTERS...
I WOULD HAVE WRITTEN SOONER BUT MY PEN BROKE...

[The cake would probably taste kind of weird anyway!]


...AND IT'S TAKEN ME JUST THIS LONG TO ROUND UP THE LITTLE CRITTERS!

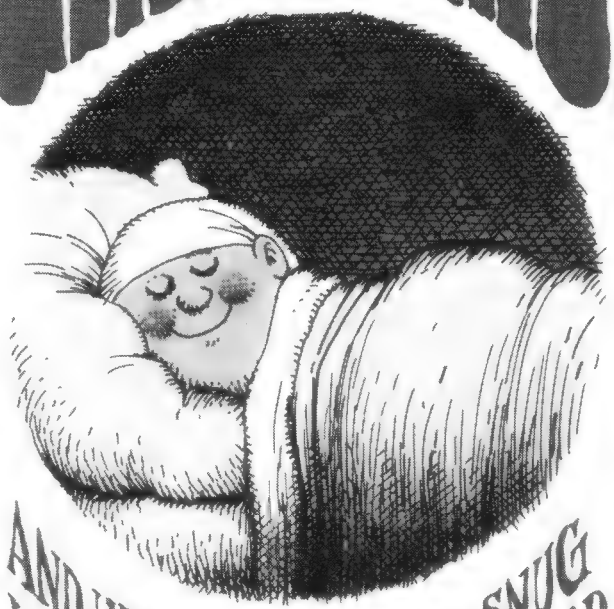
SORRY ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT...

...BUT YOU'RE IN GOOD SHAPE COMPARED TO MY POOR OL' UNCLE CHARLIE! HE'S IN BED WITH 7 BROKEN RIBS, 19 LACERATIONS, 32 FRACTURES, AND 45 BLACK AND BLUE MARKS.



[He took a full swing at a golf ball in a tile bathroom!]

TIS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS,



AND HERE I AM NESTLED SNUG IN MY BED, WHILE VISIONS OF SUGAR PLUMS DANCE IN MY HEAD...

[Hi Sugar Plum!]

When the local press contacted me on your Birthday asking your age and other personal questions, I repeatedly told them "No comment" but I was finally pressured into making a statement.

[*Panel two:* However, I firmly denied a report you were seated in the theater when Lincoln was assassinated! *Panel three:* I told them you were actually in the lobby when the shooting occurred.]

SAY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE SOME FUN?

...I BOUGHT A NEW JIG-SAW PUZZLE THE OTHER DAY, AND I'M SENDING YOU ONE OF THE PIECES...

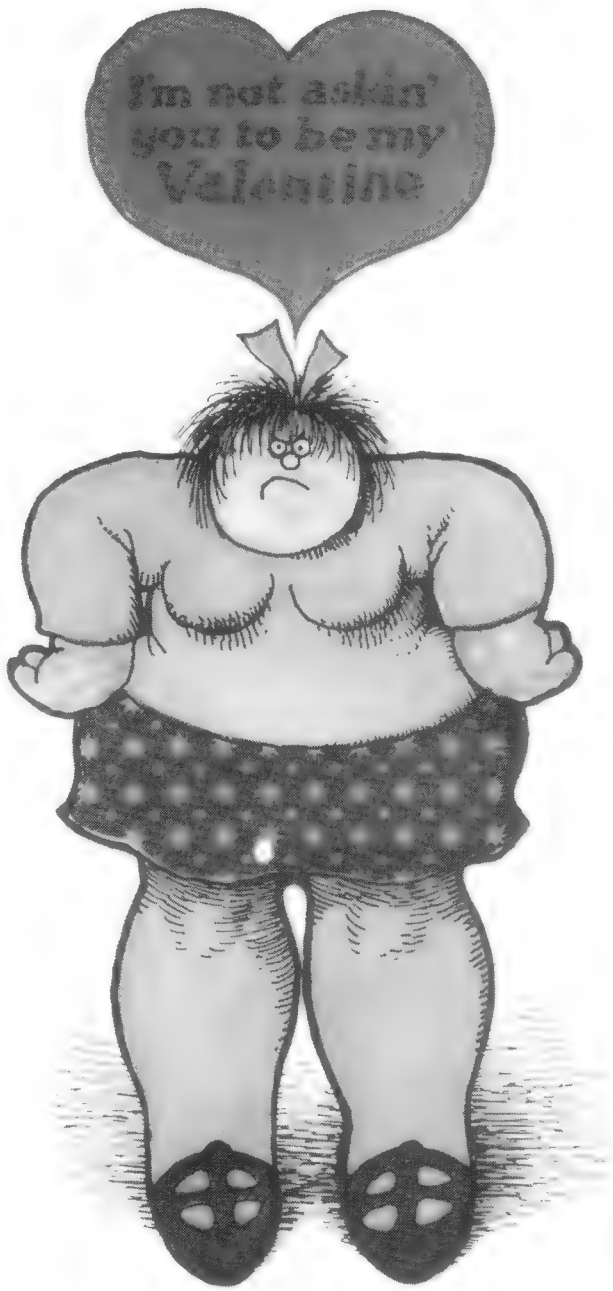
[...Bring it over some night and we'll make the scene!]

[*Photo of a fist.*]

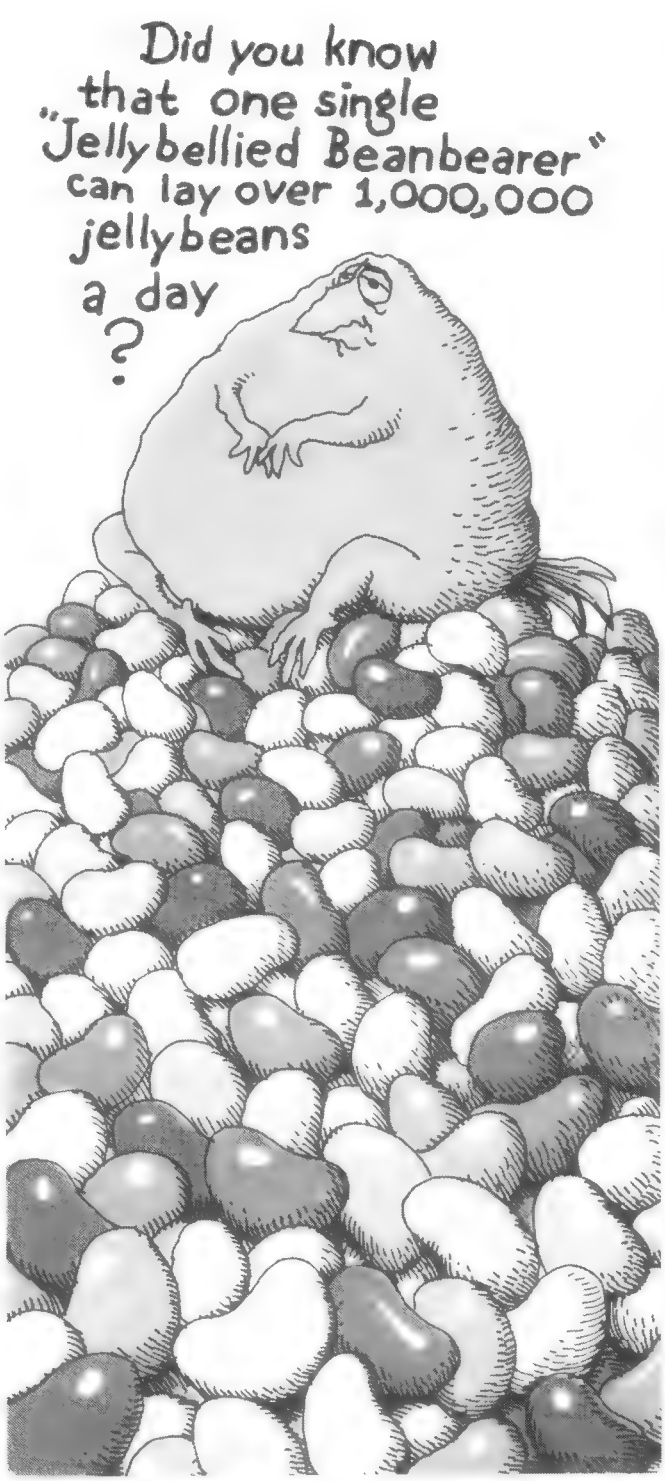
[*Punchline unavailable*]

[. . .you're better!]

[You can always raise BAIL tomorrow!]



[I'm *tellin'* ya!]

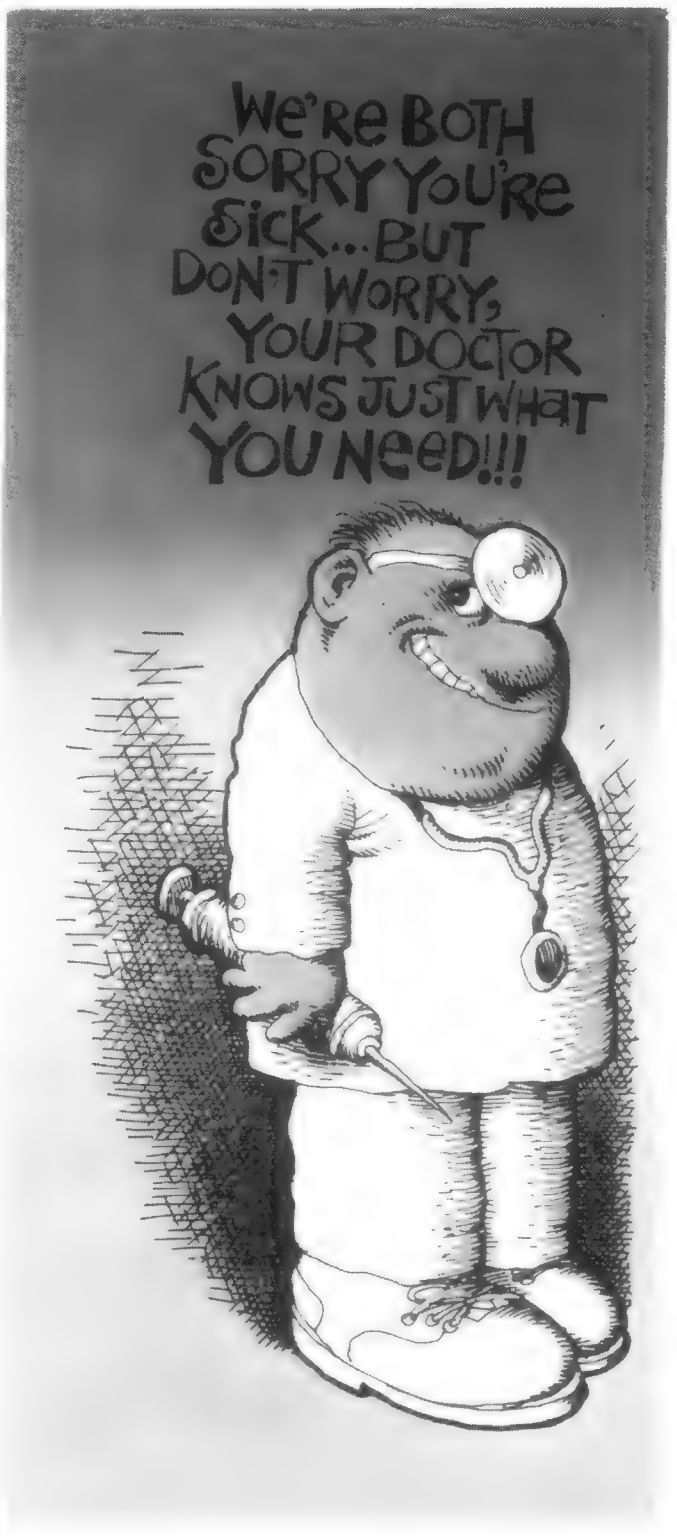


[. . .and there's no telling how many a married one could lay!]

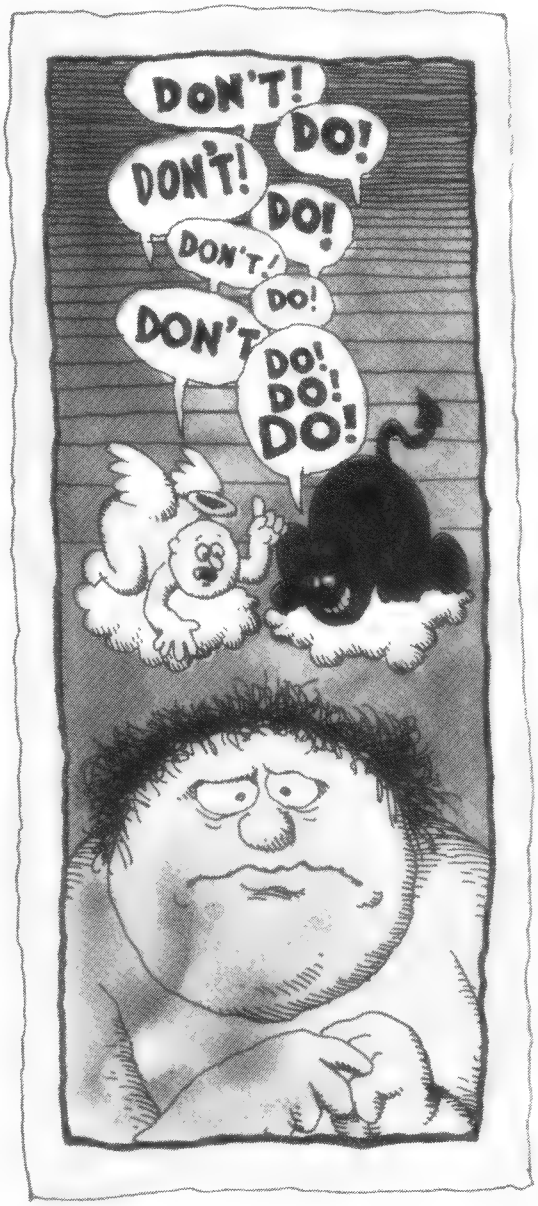
DAD...
HOWDY MISS
...MOM COULD HAVE MARRIED ELMER SMITHERS, THE FEED DEALER....
...OR OSGOOD PERKINS, THE BIG SHOT DENTIST...
...OR EVEN THAT RICH BANKER, THADDIUS TITEPOCKETS.....
.....BUT NO, SHE MARRIED YOU INSTEAD....

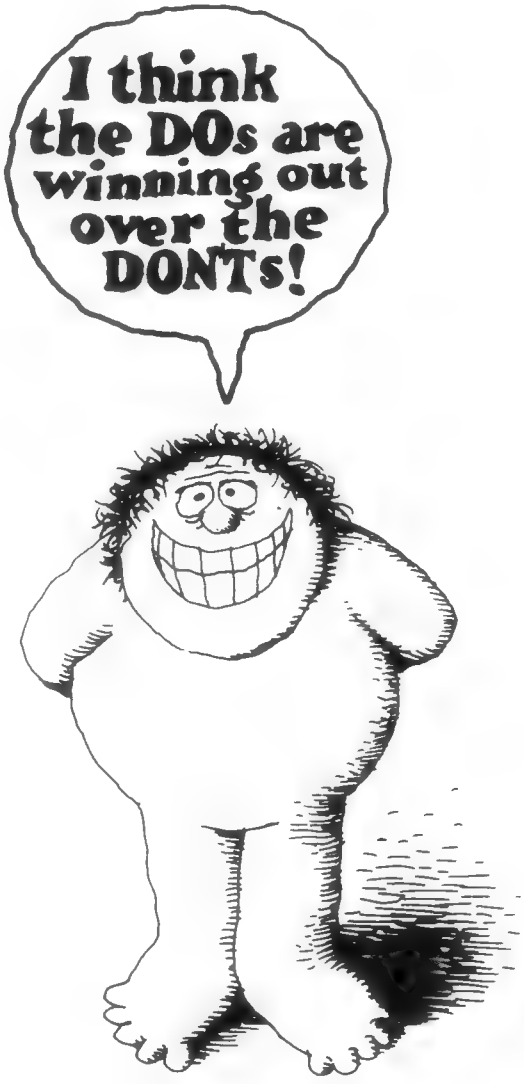
[. . .thank goodness!]

[Just like the Volkswagen!]



[*Punchline unavailable*]


DON'T!
DO!
DON'T!
DO!
DON'T!
DO!
DON'T
DO!
DO!
DO!


I think the DOs are winning out over the DONTs!

(You'd think they'd have designed one that didn't leak by this time!!)

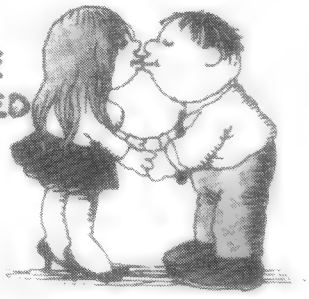
Congratulations!!!

GEE, I'VE BEEN HAVING FUNNY DREAMS ABOUT YOU LATELY!

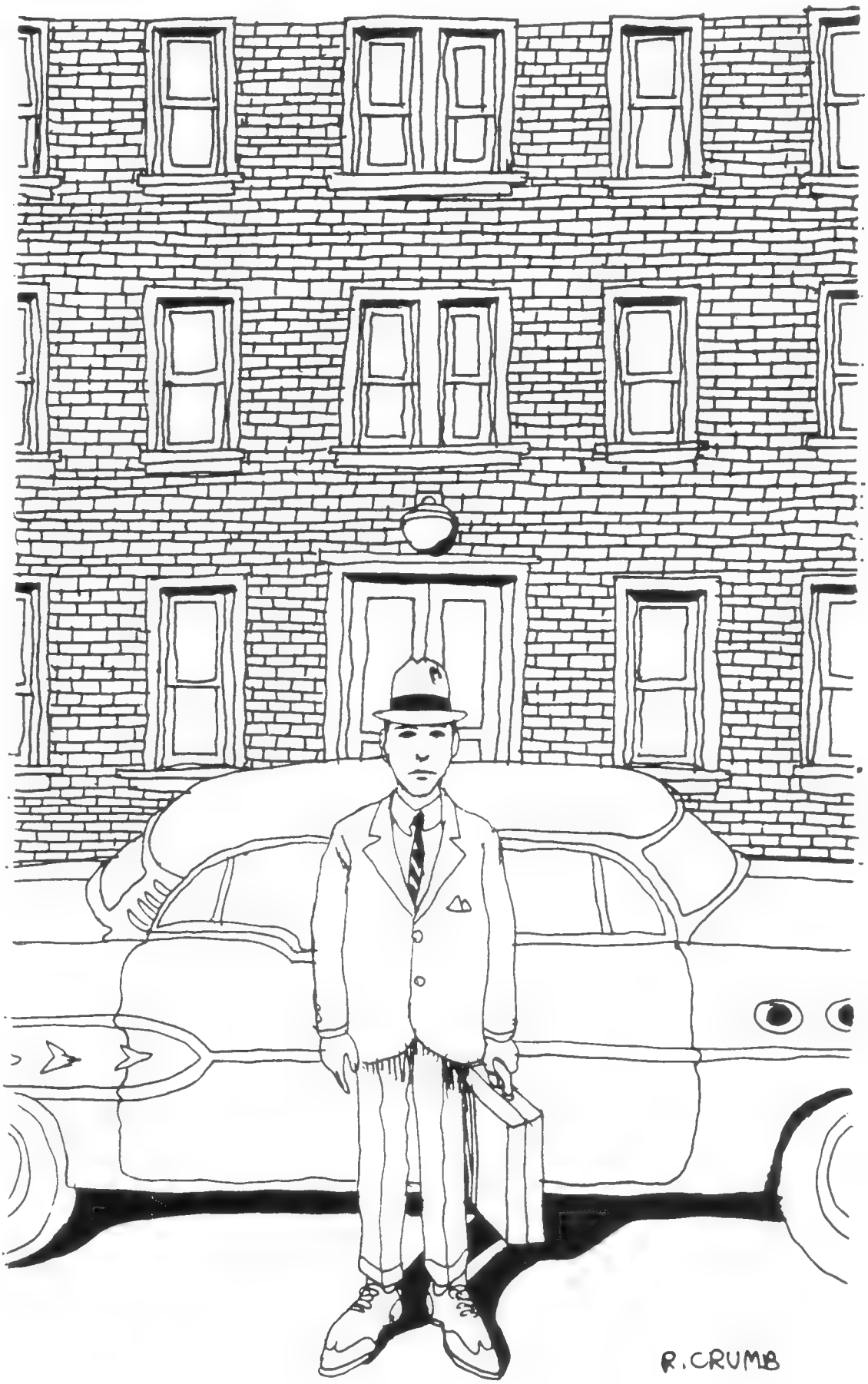
FOR INSTANCE, TWO NIGHTS AGO I DREAMED THAT I HELD YOUR HAND.

I'D WRITE MORE, BUT, HO HUM.... IT'S TIME TO HIT THE OLD SACK AGAIN!!

NIGHT BEFORE LAST I DREAMED THAT I KISSED YOU!



LAST NIGHT I DREAMED THAT I KISSED YOU AND HUGGED YOU ALL OVER!!


R. CRUMB

—continued from front flap

But Robert's own satirical claws were out for Fritz. The cat was a poseur: as struggling student, sensitive *artiste*, self-assured cocksman, stemwinder salesman, even CIA operative supreme. His posturing was taken seriously by others because, first of all, Fritz took it seriously himself. However, Robert saw to it that this egotistic role-playing kept Fritz in hot water. Barrels of it.

Much as Robert liked Europe, he saw that to depend on checks from Cleveland was to tempt famine. So, as soon as his back pay came through, he and Dana caught the first thing Icelandic Airways could lift to the States—and thence to Cleveland once more, and American Greetings.

In 1965, Kurtzman invited Crumb to come work for *Help!*. Robert was "completely thrilled at the idea of working with Kurtzman." Terry Gilliam had left, and Robert was confident he could replace him as assistant on *Help!*. "I jumped at that chance." Crumb and his wife arrived in New York City on a hot day, and found a claustrophobic one-room studio in Yorkville. Then he dropped by the *Help!* office—to learn that the magazine that very day had folded.

What kept Robert afloat during this New York sojourn was a series of assignments from another Kurtzman contact: Woody Gelman of Topps bubble gum cards' art studio. "I was getting the impression very quick in New York that you could work like a dog, but if you didn't get out of this low level, you could live in some shithole of a place and just work your ass off." The precise, technical expertise of the "beaten dogs" at Topps was "demanding, way over what I thought I was capable of handling. I just didn't have the tight finished professional approach. I felt very inadequate about it."

Robert left New York with a head full of guilt and acid fuzz, and under his arm a sketchbook that would one day spin many heads: Not just new comics, but an entirely new *kind* of comics—or comix.

—from the introduction by Marty Pahls

Dana & R. Crumb, 1966.

The Complete Crumb Comics Vol. 3: Starring Fritz The Cat **continues the multi-volume series comprising the complete works of the legendary cartoonist *R. Crumb*, one of America's most original, trenchant, and uncompromising satirists. The series includes the earliest, heretofore unpublished comic strips, as well as his underground comix, dramatic and autobiographical strips, and his classic cartoon creations, Fritz the Cat and Mr. Natural.**

"Newly married, in a strange land thousands of miles from America, Robert Crumb collated the confusion of inspirations and images that both attracted and repelled him about his native country, its inhabitants, and himself: the beatniks and bourgeois, folkers and rockers, blacks and radicals, poets and potheads. He conjured the lure of The Road, big fast cars, hitchhiking, bumming the railroads, crashing parties; even the understated narrow-tie cool of the JFK/LBJ-era government secret agents of paperback and television glory.

"Robert dressed his less-than-Great society in animal skins, and into them he sent a cat named Fritz... Robert first pencilled short, lighthearted Fritz adventures in small, blue-lined composition books. But the impressive, blank, waiting pages of 'the big book' seemed to demand more, both of the artist and his creation."

MARTY PAHLS
from his introduction to this volume

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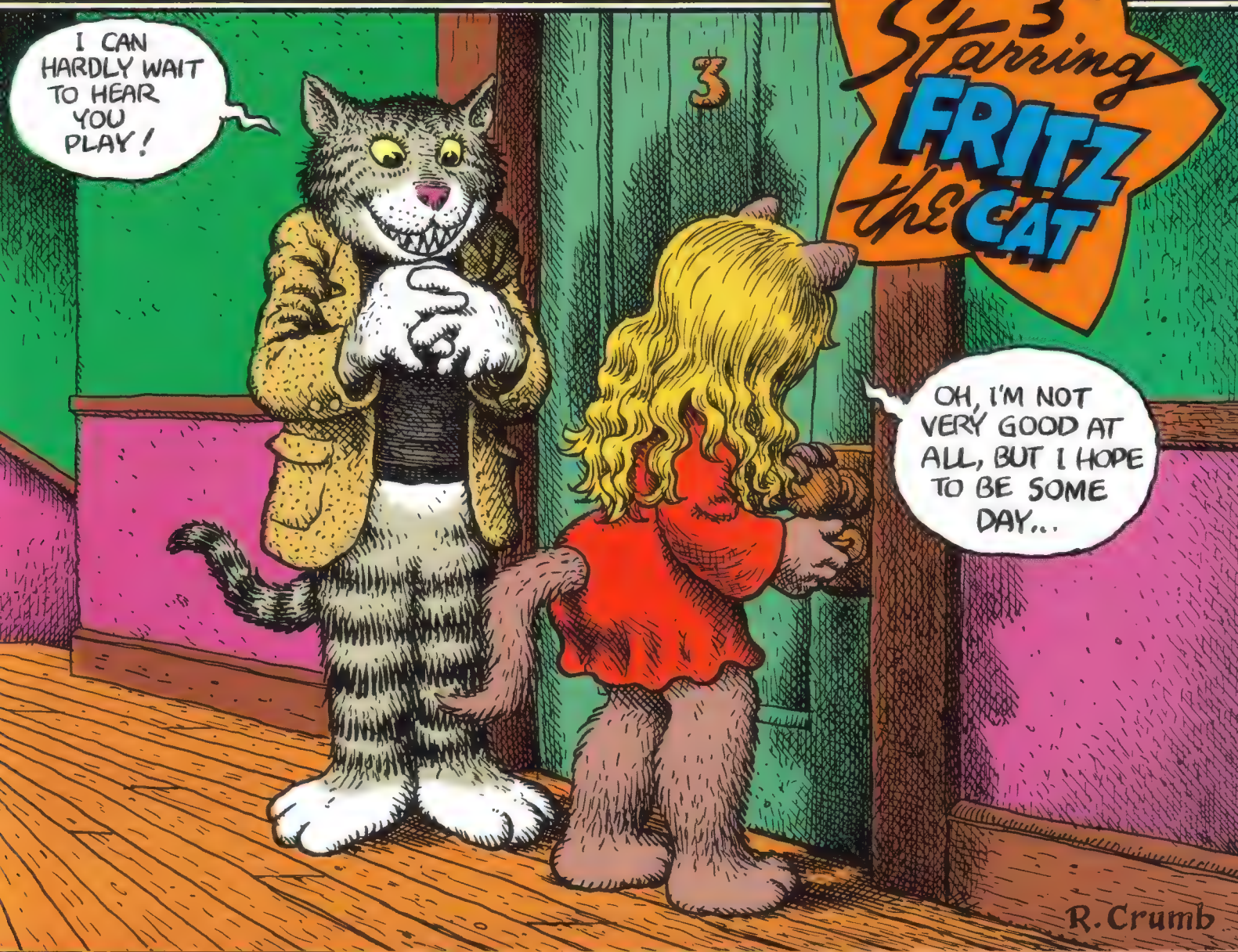
The COMPLETE CRUMB COMICS

VOLUME 3

Starring FRITZ the CAT



"Spring of '64," Robert recalls. "The world seemed full of promise." As he plugged away on American Greetings Corporation's new pseudo-hip Hi Brow series changes were slowly taking place below the outwardly dreary surface of his daily routine. His drawing ability was expanding in quantum jumps: not just his new mastery of inking, rendering, and color media, but also the closely-observed and mordantly depicted satirical content of his concepts. Naturally this got no exposure through the official production of "AG." The nascent Crumb essence was instead birthed in a series of private sketchbooks and notebooks, which only years later (and then fragmentarily) reached the public eye.

The summer's travels to New York and Atlantic City had reignited the old Kerouacian on-the-road wanderlust that Robert had once shared with brother Charles; they'd never taken off on their fantasized cross-country trek, but Robert now had more self-confidence and was rapidly losing his lifelong fear of new people and new situations. "I thought Europe would be better than America. I might even live there."

In September, Robert arranged a freelance-by-mail setup with American Greetings: They would send him Hi Brow card ideas, he would send them back finished art, they would send him payments of around $25 per card—enough, he figured, for a frugal but secure living at the 1964 rate of exchange. As a going-away present, his Hi Brow cronies gave him an enormous, thick hardbound book of blank art paper. In the following months it was destined to be filled with the visualized wanderings of another questing '60s rover: Fritz the Cat.

Newly married, in a strange land thousands of miles from America, he collated the confusion of inspirations and images that both attracted and repelled him about his native country, its inhabitants, and himself: the beatniks and bourgeois, folkers and rockers, blacks and radicals, poets and potheads. He conjured the lure of The Road, big fast cars, hitchhiking, bumming the railroads, crashing parties; even the understated narrow-tie cool of the JFK/LBJ-era government secret agents of paperback and television glory.

Robert dressed his less-than-Great society in animal skins, and into them he sent a cat named Fritz. Fritz had begun as a real cat, a pet of the Crumb family (though much of his imagined character came from another feline named Fred). Robert first pencilled short, lighthearted Fritz adventures in small, blue-lined composition books. But the impressive, blank, waiting pages of "the big book" seemed to demand more, both of the artist and his creation.

Fritz became a picaresque, nine-lived stand-in for Robert himself, enjoying the adventures his creator had only dreamed of in envious fantasy. Fritz was a glib talker, master of any situation, while Robert saw himself as tongue-tied and tense. Fritz was a ladies' man, a heartbreaker, while Robert 'til very recently had been a very reluctant virgin. Fritz was the center of a circle of friends and admirers; Robert, a loner. Fritz was the instigator for any kind of prank or spree, with no moral or ethical hangups; Robert suffered under a quarryload of familial inhibitions and Catholic guilt-trips.

Continued on back flap—

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

VOLUME 3

Starring

FRITZ the CAT

R. CRUMB

Edited by Gary Groth
with Robert Fiore

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

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INTRODUCTION

The First Girl That Came Along

by Marty Pahls

It was a Gypsy palm reader, holding forth at the unromantic locale of Cleveland's East 105 and Euclid, who first told an unhappy young Robert Crumb, "You luck's agonna change." In the spring of 1964, her two-dollar prognostication began to come true.

"Spring of '64," Robert recalls. "The world seemed full of promise." Up until now, his world had seemed full of despair. Fleeing an impossible family situation in Philadelphia, depressed and marginally suicidal, armed with nothing but his raw 19-year-old talent and a few notebooks of pencilled drawings, he had landed at American Greetings Corporation, an assembly-line operation designed to churn out birthday and holiday cards with industrial efficiency and artistic monotony. As he plugged away on the firm's new pseudo-hip Hi Brow series, however, changes were slowly taking place below the outwardly dreary surface of his daily routine. His drawing ability was expanding in quantum jumps: not just his new mastery of inking, rendering, and color media, but also the closely-observed and mordantly depicted satirical content of his concepts. Naturally this got no exposure through the official production of "AG." The nascent Crumb essence was instead birthed in a series of private sketchbooks and notebooks, which only years later (and then fragmentarily) reached the public eye.

Also, and at long last, Robert was beginning to find friends—people who accepted him for himself, who sometimes even thought of him as some kind of indefinable, uncategorized genius. All his life he'd seen himself as a freak, a four-eyed, star-crossed, skinny loner, with a message impossible to communicate to an uncaring and uninterested world. But starting with the Hi Brow crew, and spreading out into the uneven ranks of Cleveland's students, bohemians, and post-beatniks, he was suddenly making contact in a way he'd feared himself incapable of.

He was even, miracle of miracles, meeting girls—and finding to his wonderment that he wasn't poison to them. One of the key players in the drama of extracting Robert Crumb from his own navel was a short, sharp-tongued young woman from Detroit named Liz Johnston. She hung with an artsy-folksy fringe who frequented La Cave, a guitar-and-espresso basement near Case-Western Reserve University and not far from the third-floor walkup Robert and I shared on East 115 Street. Liz took an apartment at East Boulevard and Deering that became the nucleus for a sort of salon: "Apt Four," her establishment, was even intended by several regulars as the name of a literary mag, which (typically Cleveland) never got published.

"At the same time," Robert remembers, "the whole hippie thing was just beginning to coalesce. There were these guys from these black civil rights organizations hanging around that apartment. . . People were going down to Atlanta, Mississippi, and all that stuff." Race riots in East Cleveland and Little Italy, anti-nuclear marches, and Fair Play for Cuba (if not yet marijuana) were all part of the ferment in the Lake Erie air. At Apt Four, Robert rubbed shoulders with local poets, activists, artists, and musicians. Liz's boyfriend, Buzz Linhart, played jazz vibes and was "in and out of there, back and forth to New York"—a path Robert would soon follow. As the Dylan image began to stalk the land, Linhart switched to guitar and vocal, joining the new breed of coffee-house-spawned "singer-songwriters."

Liz was an aspiring artist, and encouraged Robert to take his sketchbook for walks along the lakefront, through parks, and into ethnic neighborhoods, where he would draw while she chattered away, occasionally making a stab at a picture. These invariably failed to come up to Robert's, a constant source of frustration to her.

"Me and Liz tried to get it on sexually a couple of times," says Robert, "but it just didn't work. I wasn't that attracted to her. So she said, 'I've got just the girl for you, Robert.' Years after I kinda thought she did that to get even with me for not being interested in her."

What Liz did was introduce Robert to Dana Morgan, a Cuyahoga Community College student from middle-class Cleveland Heights. Robert had loaned Liz *The Big Yum Yum Book*, a gorgeous full-color fantasy (about a gigantically plump teenage girl and a scrawny, lovesick toad) drawn in a blank-paper book. Liz passed it on to Dana, described its lonely creator, and sat back to watch what would happen.

They met at Liz's pad. "Dana had the book with her and was hugging it to herself. She said, 'I really love this book! It's wonderful!' I was very attracted to her physically: a big robust creature, really beautiful Krishna-like face." Later, after LSD had entered their lives, a tripping Robert would stare at Dana's face as if it were a Hindu devotional painting. "Big oval brown eyes, real classic Jewish-looking face. Tall, really physically strong—big legs and all that." Had the toad

suddenly found his 18-year-old dream girl?

"I said, 'You intrigue me,' or something." Liz left, the conversation wound down, and they spend the rest of the night playing kissing games. Both were monumentally shy virgins, and remained so, for that night at least.

But they kept seeing each other, and, according to Robert, "She really jumped on me fast." One evening after work at American Greetings he arrived back at our apartment on East 115 Street to find Dana waiting for him in his bed. But it was two months, he claims, before they were able to overcome their shyness and consummate things.

Very soon, the inexperienced Robert found himself on a fast track geared to snuff out his new feeling of freedom. "Dana just glommed onto me so intensely that it kinda scared me off from her—threw me into a quandary. Not right from the first night: It took a few weeks. I never got over the feeling she wanted to suffocate me. It took me nine years to get away." She began, says Robert, to talk about this nice little house in Garfield Heights some relatives would let them rent after they were married—and about a baby.

At first, Robert reveled in "young love. . .a big girl that would let me jump on her." But, feeling threatened—especially by the thought of Robert leaving her—"Dana would break down and blubber like a three-year-old child . . .Very quickly she made me feel I would be abandoning her to some terrible fate by leaving her."

Confused and frightened, yet held by what he called "her guilt hooks," Robert told Dana he had to "get away and think." He went to Tom Wilson, his boss at Hi Brows, got a leave of absence, and headed for New York City.

As would happen in the future, seeing a problem escalate into a crisis, Robert opted to deal with it by putting miles between it and himself. "I'm a guy who can't say 'No,'" he explains. "I find it hard to say, 'Back off from me—just back off from me.' I could never do that to this day."

Harvey Kurtzman, creator of *Mad* and initiator of the whole cycle of satire comics and magazines, was then editing an effort for Jim Warren (subsequently publisher of *Eerie, Creepy*, etc.) called *Help!*. It depended less on cartoons than on humorously captioned photos, but Kurtzman nevertheless bought "Fritz Comes on Strong." At first, the soon-to-be originator of "Little Annie Fanny" found it too sexy to print! But, when Robert showed up jobless in New York, the master put the neophyte to work, helping assistant Terry Gilliam (later of Monty Python fame) with *Help!* production chores. He also sent Robert up to sketch Harlem, and to pose for a *Help!* fumetti (as an ill-at-ease partygoer).

Robert, predictably, was intimidated by the big town and by the big-time commercial art world. He didn't see much of Kurtzman, who was "the guy on the go—he'd treat me like a kid. I didn't think I had the skills to get involved in that scene."

The only significant art hookup he made in New York that summer was, oddly, at a quick-draw portrait gallery in Greenwich Village. "It was run by a sleazy joker who also had one in Atlantic City." The idea was to haul in tourists off the street and sketch them, "$2.50 for a five-minute profile, $5 for full face; charcoal on gray paper with white highlights. . .I was fascinated by how it worked, and I said, 'Can I get a job in here?'"

There was an opening at the Atlantic City gallery, and Robert left the hot metropolis and went for it. This was the summer of the Democratic convention, and the Boardwalk was already filling up with visitors with money in their pockets. Robert went to work at once, even though the *alter kocker* who owned the place preferred young girls, regardless of sketching talent. "He'd hire them and be nice to them—give them 'first chair' next to the door. Gradually he'd realize he wasn't getting anywhere with them and he'd start treating them like shit. If you lost favor in Ike's eyes, you got moved to the back. Finally they'd get fed up and leave and he'd hire new ones."

If customers didn't like their portraits, they didn't have to pay ("Old ladies gave us the most trouble"), and Robert had problems at first getting likenesses. Soon, however, as at American Greetings, he found unexpected help and camaraderie from his fellow workers. Besides Ike's girls, they were a raffish lot: "An old, washed-up English artist, who drank—really a good artist. . .A real sardonic junkie, about 30, who said, 'If I didn't hafta draw 'em, I'd spit on 'em.'" Robert was guided by a young Puerto Rican about his age, "an amazing talent. Perfect likeness in a graceful line came very easy to him."

Ike had an assistant, "this other middle-aged monster named Andy that had a steel plate in his head. He'd sit by the front of the gallery and make lewd comments at every woman that went by on the Boardwalk."

Robert found the fading early-century glitz of 1964 Atlantic City "very rich, with the old elegant hotels, the rolling chairs. . ." In

the gallery and on the Boardwalk he found himself, for the first time, meeting and talking freely with girls. "Something in my head changed. . .It hit me between the eyes that women were accessible." Dana seemed far away.

As the convention time approached, Robert left the portrait gallery and hooked up with a caricaturist who had wangled a spot inside the hall. During the near-riot over the attempted seating of the Mississippi Freedom Democrats, he watched the cops threaten Norman Mailer, then grab him and haul him out. Later, Robert went up and talked to Mailer, until "this beautiful blonde came up and he quickly ignored me."

The conventioneers had bucks and doing $5 caricatures was much easier than portraits. But Robert's palmy days ended fast. In August he met a girl he felt especially attracted to, "a thoughtful girl with glasses but also physically my type. . .I was walking on the Boardwalk holding hands with her in the moonlight, and then suddenly, completely out of the blue, there was Dana.

"She was leaning on the railing, looking at the ocean. When I saw her I immediately let go of this girl's hand—I was so guilt-ridden—and this girl just walked out of my life. I never saw her again."

A determined Dana simply took him over and hauled him straight back to Cleveland. A few weeks later they were married at Dana's suburban church. Robert's parents were among the uncomfortable guests that evening, and he was reminded of a prediction his father had made. "We used to argue when I was living at home. I'd say, 'I'm never gonna get married,' and he'd say, 'Aah, you'll marry the first one that comes along.' He pegged me for a desperate, pathetic character—and he was right."

Robert felt her family had a hand in pushing the willing Dana into marriage. There was a poignant moment in the Hotel Cleveland, where her parents had rented them a wedding-night suite, when "Dana burst out crying, saying, 'I don't want to be married.' She suddenly realized what she'd done." But this instant of panic passed, and for the next nine years Dana followed Robert everywhere that he couldn't avoid her.

First came Europe. The summer's travels had reignited the old Kerouacian on-the-road wanderlust that Robert had once shared with brother Charles; they'd never taken off on their fantasized cross-country trek, but Robert now had more self-confidence and was rapidly losing his lifelong fear of new people and new situations. "I thought Europe would be better than America. I might even live there."

In September, Robert arranged a free-lance-by-mail setup with American Greetings: They would send him Hi Brow card ideas, he would send them back finished art, they would send him payments of around $25 per card—enough, he figured, for a frugal but secure living at the 1964 rate of exchange. As a going-away present, his Hi Brow cronies gave him an enormous, thick, hard-bound book of blank art paper. In the following months it was destined to be filled with the visualized wanderings of another questing '60s rover: Fritz the Cat.

They crossed on a Swedish freighter that took nine days, pursued by storms, to make Le Havre. Dana suffered from seasickness, then from culture shock; first in London, then in Zurich, where she had friends from her years as a camp counselor. But Europe fascinated Robert, particularly Zurich with its "quaintness, smallness of scale. . .Old buildings. . .Trolleys from 1910, absolutely pristine condition." The Crumbs' hosts were a traditional Swiss family who dressed for dinner and gave a little musical recital afterwards. They treated Robert and Dana to a day in the mountains, with Lederhosen, chalet, hot chocolate, and accordion music.

Deciding to spend the winter in Switzerland, they heard about a cheap guesthouse in Locarno, and Robert took off alone to check it out, riding across the Alps, down serpentine mountain roads, and through fairytale villages behind an insane Italian motorcyclist. Frau Etter, the Crumbs' landlady for the next several months, was an old alcoholic Bohemian who had been all over Europe in the 1920s and '30s, until the Nazis killed her husband, a hero of the Danish resistance. In the hills above lived her friend Swerzmann, an ancient sculptor with fierce blue eyes blazing out from under his ever-present broad-brimmed hat, and over his flowing white whiskers. Swerzmann was a Communist and the front yard of his hut had

an enormous forearm and clenched fist coming out of the ground. His place was filled with naive-surreal, cartoonlike objects he'd carved, like a tank in the form of a German helmet with a skull sticking out of the turret. Robert was captivated by these strange creations, and Swerzmann, who spoke no English, liked Robert's sketchbooks. "He was 90-something."

Locarno was filled with "rich people, artists, and old guys wearing berets" who mostly sat around the cafes. Robert couldn't make connection with them and spent the winter *chez* Etter, drawing in "the big book." Newly married, in a strange land thousands of miles from America, he collated the confusion of inspirations and images that both attracted and repelled him about his native country, its inhabitants, and himself: the beatniks and bourgeois, folkers and rockers, blacks and radicals, poets and potheads. He conjured the lure of The Road, big fast cars, hitchhiking, bumming the railroads, crashing parties; even the understated narrow-tie cool of the JFK/LBJ-era government secret agents of paperback and television glory.

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Fritz became a picaresque, nine-lived stand-in for Robert himself, enjoying the adventures his creator had only dreamed of in envious fantasy. Fritz was a glib talker, master of any situation, while Robert saw himself as tongue-tied and tense. Fritz was a ladies' man, a heartbreaker, while Robert until recently had been a very reluctant virgin. Fritz was the center of a circle of friends and admirers; Robert, a loner. Fritz was the instigator for any kind of prank or spree, with no moral or ethical hangups; Robert suffered under a quarryload of familial inhibitions and Catholic guilt-trips.

But Robert's own satirical claws were out for Fritz. The cat was a poseur: as struggling student, sensitive *artiste*, self-assured cocksman, stemwinder salesman, even CIA operative supreme. His posturing was taken seriously by others because, first of all, Fritz took it seriously himself. However, Robert saw to it that this egotistic role-playing kept Fritz in hot water. Barrels of it. In "Fritz Bugs Out," "Special Agent for the CIA," and the slightly later college student story, Fritz runs away with the show. One day, Robert would make sure that the upstaging feline got his.

Robert's drawing technique was rolling

ahead at the same time, as fast as one of Fritz's stolen cars. For years he had stuck with using ordinary lead pencil, being intimidated by brushes and croquille pens. But now a Rapidograph mechanical fountain drawing pen, which he mastered at American Greetings, accompanied him everywhere. The rigid point gave him the thin, flowing line seen in "Fritz" and his other 1964-1966 work, and also inspired the heavy —almost obsessive—parallel vertical shading lines. "It was a gimmick," Robert admits, "and it really looks stupid to me now. It made the whole shading thing seem very simple: rather than having to do crosshatching." The verticals could be drawn in almost like applying a mechanical gray, such as Zip-a-tone. Used sparingly, this could be effective, even charming; but it could also make roads and other dark surfaces look wet, distort textures, and confuse backgrounds and foregrounds.

"Shading took me years to get down the way I wanted," says Robert. "During the hippie era, when I had that kind of revivalist big-foot style, shading became very minimal. Then, when I started to come out of that, I once again got very interested in Thomas Nast." Robert considers Nast, the seminal 19th-Century political cartoonist and originator of the Democratic donkey, Republican elephant, and modern Santa Claus, as the all-time master of crosshatching. "In the mid-'70s I tried really hard to learn that. I actually think I got pretty good at it by 1980."

At some point during this isolated but busy winter, a letter arrived from Harvey Kurtzman with an intriguing assignment. Somewhere he'd heard Bulgaria described as "just like *1984*," and he thought, since Robert was in the neighborhood (approximately), he could just pop over and sketch the horrors of Communism as he'd handled Harlem the previous summer. By now Robert was feeling housebound and ready for a new adventure, so he and Dana made quits with Frau Etter and headed for Milano, where they caught the Orient Express.

They shared most of the trip with a third-class carful of Turkish emigrant workers, celebrating as they returned home, their pockets full of Deutschmarks. When the engine crossed into Yugoslavia, time began to turn backward, and as they detrained at Sofia they seemed to be in a 19th-Century Dostoevski novel. "It was so funky. There were no signs of wealth—there never had been any money there." Nor were there tourists, or, to Dana's horror, many English-speakers.

"I liked the way it was there a lot," says Robert. "It was really appealing." He was eager to explore the snowy streets on foot, but Dana just wanted to stay in the hotel room. Robert remembers the big drinking halls ("everywhere the reek of garlic"), and a ballroom orchestra ("straight out of the 1920s") playing Straussian light classics in the pre-war salon manner. At one point, the

Crumbs wandered into what turned out to be the national art school, where an English-speaking student showed them around and pestered Robert to describe the latest American trends in abstract expressionism.

For the *Help!* article, Robert drew many more sketches than were printed. Kurtzman liked the art but felt "there weren't enough gags." So Robert scratched his head and came up with captions mostly based on the conventional anti-Communism of the time.

At this point, Robert and Dana somehow found themselves in Copenhagen, and were possibly the only two people in that happy city to be near starvation. An accounting glitch had delayed the paycheck from AG, and they haunted the streets swiping food from stands and envying well-fed Danes wolfing down sausages. They looked for a cheap run-down area to live at their sub-poverty level, but found to their frustration that Copenhagen has no slums.

Besides the Bulgarian project, Robert finished "Special Agent for the CIA" in Denmark, as well as "The Silly Pigeons," an autobiographical series of gag strips; plus, for Dana, various "little books and drawings . . . love comics . . . sappy stuff I did just to cater to her taste." Dana retains this unpublished material, of which Robert remarks, "Never mind, it's too embarrassing anyway."

Much as Robert liked Europe, he saw that to depend on checks from Cleveland was to tempt famine. So, as soon as the back pay came through, he and Dana caught the first thing Icelandic Airways could lift to the States—and thence to Cleveland once more, and American Greetings.

But something seemed different in that spring of '65. "I remember when I came back to America things had changed since I'd been gone. That whole hipster counter-culture thing had coalesced even more and was moving even faster. In America there was a feeling of excitement in the air. It was about a month and a half after that I first took LSD."

LSD at the time was such a generally unknown substance that the government hadn't even gotten around to making it illegal. "Dana got LSD from her psychiatrist in a glass vial," says Robert, who recalls its strength and purity. "I went to work speechless the next day."

Robert met up with marijuana a short time later, through an Apt Four hanger-on named Mimi. "I remember her lighting up a joint and saying, 'Crumb, I'm going to turn you on.'" Actually, Robert was more turned on by Mimi's pubescent teen-age sister, Alix, who lived with their "awful" parents in a well-to-do enclave east of Cleveland. Their relationship featured a lot of wrestling and giggling. Any morning Alix might call up American Greetings and tell Robert, "I stayed home from school today." He would ditch AG and take the slow Redifer coach out to Cedar Road, to hang out and dodge cops 'til 3:15 p.m., or bus downtown to Gene's Funny House on East Ninth and take goofy photos in the three-for-25[c] booth. "It was fairly innocent," Robert insists—"but that ass!"

Less innocent, particularly from Dana's viewpoint, was his involvement with Bobbie, a Heights High girl whom I had come up with. It was his first behind-the-wife's-back infidelity, and when he "compulsively confessed," there were "weepings and moanings all around."

Perhaps Bobbie, and other women from Robert's growing circle of friends, were the reason Dana was willing once again to pull up stakes in August, when Robert got another call from Harvey Kurtzman, summoning him once more to the Big Town. As for Robert, he had shaken the notion of being a "professional comic artist," but couldn't "connive or plan" anything else. ("I still

Mr. Skethum is back on the Job!
Yo! I'm back, folks! And with cartoons that are bigger, and better than ever!!! You'll split your sides at some of these new, rib tickler's of mine!!!

can't think more than a few days ahead. I don't know what I'm gonna be doing next week. After I took LSD, the whole idea of any kind of career seemed completely absurd.")

Nevertheless, Robert was "completely thrilled at the idea of working with Kurtzman." Gilliam had left, and Robert was confident he could replace him as assistant on *Help!* "I jumped at that chance." They arrived in New York City on a hot day, and found a claustrophobic one-room studio in Yorkville. Then he dropped by the *Help!* office—to learn that the magazine that very day had folded.

"Jim Warren just pulled the plug," Robert remembers. "I think Kurtzman was tired to trying to edit a magazine." By this time, too, he was involved with Hugh Hefner and *Playboy* on "Little Annie Fanny." "He was all jazzed up about that *Playboy* thing," says Robert—not just the money, but the entire sex-and-status dreamworld that the publication held out to males of the post-World War II generation.

"Kurtzman was my hero," Robert says. "I used to go out to dinner at his house a lot. Hanging out with him was very instructive—he showed me a lot of techniques, and how the whole thing worked."

Kurtzman also felt responsible for Robert and Dana's being in New York, and began finding him jobs. One was directly at hand: drawing and painting backgrounds for "Annie Fanny." At this time, several former EC Comics artists, including Jack Davis, Russ Heath, and Frank Frazetta, were assisting Kurtzman and Will Elder on the feature. Robert "slaved on the style and watercolors" for a couple weeks, but just couldn't cut it. He reserves his greatest technical praise for Frazetta "doing Annie Fanny's body—that's the best Annie Fanny ever looked.

"Elder didn't know anything about female anatomy. She looked like an inflatable doll. But Kurtzman said Hefner didn't like Frazetta's Annie Fanny: It was too realistic, the blue veins on the tits and all. This one panel—you see the bottom half of her body underwater. Frazetta made the effect of light coming through the water and this ripple lighting effect on her skin. It was so beautifully, lusciously done!"

Other job leads also fell through, or resulted in minimal work for minuscule compensation. Jerry De Fuccio at *Mad* looked over Robert's portfolio, but told him they didn't need new artists just then. A day spent assisting Jack Davis with storyboards for TV commercials was another strikeout: Robert was too slow for one of the reputed fastest pens in the cartooning world. Kurtzman's tip about *Yell* magazine (a fifth-rate *Mad* imitation) got Robert an interview with "a couple old Jewish guys in some seedy office" who eyeballed his sketchbooks, picked out some drawings of weird customized guitars, and had him redraw them ("Pay was for shit") on a one-shot deal that, again, led nowhere.

What kept Robert afloat during this New York sojourn was a series of assignments from another Kurtzman contact, Woody Gelman of Topps bubble gum cards' art studio. Gelman had animated for the Fleischer films in the 1930s and drawn kiddie comic books (*Jingle Jangle*) for Famous Funnies in the 1940s. As head of Topps' creative department, he was in charge of layout, production, stripping, color separations, and so forth, for sports cards as well as for such series as "Mars Attacks," and the more lighthearted joke sets (like "Monster Greetings," the one he assigned Robert).

Despite the submarginal reputation of gum-card art, standards at Topps were high. "All the big-name cartoonists have gone

through there," Robert claims, on the way up or way down. When Robert's cards were printed, a close look at three or four of them revealed that "somebody had actually very carefully redrawn some of the cards—maintaining my style, but making everything tighter and neater-looking."

Topps' art department was located in their ancient factory on Brooklyn's waterfront, and for a couple months Robert joined the rush-hour crowds on the Lexington Avenue subway to hack out the cards ("the backs of the cards had live models in monster makeup with the punch lines") and a salesman's incentive book (using his sappiest greeting-card style). "The whole neighborhood smelled like Bazooka bubble gum. I remember watching them make it, eating fresh gum right out of the vat. It was good!"

Working here, however, was less than every kid's dream. "The art department was a bleak factory room covered with a century of soot that they put some shoddy broken-down art tables in. The little staff of beaten-dog permanent artists were like a bunch of refugees from Auschwitz. . .So depressed . . .Mostly Jewish. . .They'd punch a time clock, like the 1930s. . .Creaky stairs. . .I betcha anything it's still there, still the same."

Gelman himself had several projects going on the side, mainly publishing a series of books under the Nostalgia Enterprises logo. There were several reprints of early comic strips, of which Gelman was an enthusiast and collector. (His death in the 1970s unfortunately brought his many plans to a premature halt, before today's wider market for his material had developed.) "The Small Small Businessmen" was part of one of these unrealized ideas. It's a thoroughly-researched and beautifully-evoked picture of a Depression-era New York neighborhood, using a non-humorous illustrational technique then rare for Robert, but which he developed much more fully in the 1980s. But he hated doing the work and insists, "I'm not very proud of it now." At the New York Public Library he spent hours, for "a pittance," researching Gelman projects (i.e., the Harry Thaw murder case), cranking microfilms in darkened stalls until he grew nauseous and half-blind.

"I was getting the impression very quick in New York that you could work like a dog, but if you didn't get out of this low level, you could live in some shithole of a place and just work your ass off." The precise, technical expertise of the "beaten dogs" at Topps was "demanding, way over what I thought I was capable of handling. I just didn't have the tight finished professional approach. I felt very inadequate about it."

The longer Robert worked in New York, and the more LSD he took, the more he saw commercial art as a treadmill to nowhere, walked hopelessly by files of despairingly

broken dreamers. "Before, I still had a dream you could be a comic artist with some promise held out. But I didn't want a house in Scarsdale. . .Topps was the bottom."

Nevertheless, on his own time, at the Yorkville apartment, and then in the East Village ("Paradise Alley," East 11th Street and Avenue A), where he and Dana moved in late 1965, Robert continued to draw his own comics. He began thinking of seriously trying to sell them for publication—*somewhere*: The new Fritz story was drawn more professionally on separate sheets of Strathmore paper. (Eventually it appeared in *Head Comix*.) This was part of an abortive pre-underground comic book idea. The cover (*Fug* #1) is published here for the first time. The "Roberta" page was a brief attempt at developing a relatively conventional character he'd created for American Greeting's newssheet.

In the East Village he bought the local hip paper, the *East Village Other*, and got a charge out of Bill Beckman's *Captain High*, "the first underground or hippie-type comic strip I ever saw." The significance should be obvious.

He broke into *EVO* himself in a roundabout way. "I'd taken some fashion ads from the newspaper and redrawn over them and filled out the women's figures. They were laying around Liz Johnston's house and somehow they ended up in the *EVO*."

It was really beginning to look like the '60s. There were go-go joints, "in" bars and coffee houses; the Peace Eye Bookstore had started; MacDougall Street was overrun with Jewish girls from Long Island in peacoats and Bob Dylan caps. "I used to go down to the Village and hang around these coffee houses like the Figaro, but I just couldn't connect with girls. I didn't care about any of the rest of it, but there were all these *girls*, girls, GIRLS!"

Besides Liz and Buzzy, other Clevelanders had come East to latch onto the burgeoning scene—including Bobbie. The old affair flared up again, but "Dana just smelled me and knew right away I'd had sex with another woman."

One thing they did share, along with most of their friends, was drugs. Dana had talked her way into a job in the pharmacy of Roosevelt Hospital, where everyone from doctors down "jut scooped up big handfuls of methadrine tablets out of big barrels, and gave it to friends." They would drop meth or acid and sit up up all night talking.

It was one of these sessions that involved the famous "fuzzy acid," which was to produce the most significant high of Robert's tenure in LSD Land. He thinks Buzzy laid it on him, then called a couple days later and said it was no good, something was wrong with it, don't take it. Dana heeded the warning, but Robert swallowed it anyway.

That night, as his high peaked, he came to a decision. "I said, 'It's now or never. I'm going to tell her, "This is it. I'm leaving."' She freaked out. She went in the bathroom and threatened suicide. Finally, she came out, pushed me down on the couch and sat on me, and told me I wasn't going anywhere.

"I said, 'Well, you hafta get up sooner or later, y'know?'"

Dana finally agreed to go back to Cleveland. But she insisted on fixing them one last meal. "She had this chicken soup left over, and it was real bitter tasting. I spit it out and I said, 'What did you put in this soup?' I got really mad at her and intimidated her, and she admitted she put thirty sleeping pills in the chicken soup.

"She packed up her stuff and put the two cats in a carrying case, and I put her on the plane to Cleveland that day."

The next three weeks Robert describes as "confused, lost, and miserable." He was free of Dana but burdened with guilt over her. "I kept having dreams about Dana, seeing her weeping face in my dreams."

It was a dreary January. After-effects of the "fuzzy LSD" remained, disorienting him, but inspiring a strange progression of drawings in his sketchbook. Robert grew antsy to split.

One night he took acid with Bobbie. "I left her house at dawn. When I got to the subway, I was still high on LSD. People were crowded around the entrance and they were all peering down the stairs. I looked down and there was a girl's body lying at the bottom of the stairs, sprawled out, and police examining her. Evidently she was dead.

"That was like a sign to me that I had to get out of New York."

Robert left New York with a head full of guilt and acid fuzz, and under his arm a sketchbook that would one day spin many heads: not just new comics, but an entirely new *kind* of comics—or comix.